

Anti-War Songs



99 Luftballons (Nena)
Alcide Cervi (Ivan Della Mea)
Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus (Reinhard Mey)
Forever Young (Alphaville)
American Idiot (Musical) (Green Day)
And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda (Eric Bogle)
Army Dreamers (Kate Bush)
Ballade vom Soldaten (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler)
Befragung eines Kriegsdienstverweigerers (Franz Josef Degenhardt)
Blowin' In The Wind (Bob Dylan)
Blowin' in the wind (Marlene Dietrich)
Born in the U.S.A. (Bruce Springsteen)
Brothers In Arms (Dire Straits)
Buffalo Soldier (Bob Marley)
Chanson du déserteur
Chimes of Freedom (Bob Dylan)
Civil War (Guns n' Roses)
Come away Melinda (The Weavers)
Compagni fratelli Cervi (Giovanna Marini)
Das Lied vom Weib des Nazisoldaten (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler)
D-Day Dodgers
Der Graben 1928 (Kurt Tucholsky - Hanns Eisler)
Deutsches Miserere (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler)
Ein bisschen Frieden (Nicole)
El derecho de vivir en paz (Victor Jara)
En voulez-vous des hommes morts
Enola Gay (Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark)
Eve of Destruction (Barry McGuire)
For What It's Worth (Buffalo Springfield)
Fortunate Son (Creedence Clearwater Revival)
Frères (Jean-Jacques Goldman)
Friedenslied (Kinderlied) (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler)
Gegen den Krieg (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler) (SATB)
Gimme Shelter (The Rolling Stones)
Gloire au 17ème (Montéhus)
Gunslinger (Avenged Sevenfold)
Herold Land (Yes)
Hiroshima (Dave Morgan)
Hiroshima (Georges Moustaki) (1)
Hiroshima (Georges Moustaki) (2)
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier (Alfred Bryan - Al Piantadosi)
Imagine (John Lennon)
John Brown (Bob Dylan)
La ballata dell'eroe (Fabrizio De André)
La Butte Rouge (Montéhus)
La chanson de la Craonne
La colombe (Jacques Brel)
La grève des mères (Montéhus)
La guerra di Piero (Fabrizio De André)
La guerre de 14-18 (Georges Brassens)
La paix (Roger Pelletret)
La paix des peuples (Andréa Balbis)
Le déserteur (Boris Vian)
Legende vom toten Soldaten (1) (Bertolt Brecht)
Legende vom toten Soldaten (2) (Bertolt Brecht - Ernst Busch)
Legende vom toten Soldaten (3) (Bertolt Brecht - Ernst Busch-Kurt Schwaen)
Leningrad (Billy Joel)
Les joyeux bouchers (Boris Vian)
Lucky Man (Emerson, Lake & Palmer)

Manhattan Kaboul (Renaud)
Masters of War (Bob Dylan)
Maudite soit la guerre (Auguste Macquet)
Mind Games (John Lennon)
Mort quel est ton maître (Auguste Macquet)
Nè en 17 à Leidenstadt (Jean-Jacques Goldman)
Gorizia
One (Metallica)
Parachutiste (Maxime Le Forestier)
Peace Train (Cat Stevens)
Perlímpimpim (Barbara)
Political Science (Randy Newman)
Power To The People (John Lennon)
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht! (Reinhard Mey)
Russians (Sting)
Sag mir wo die Blumen sind (Marlene Dietrich)
Sail away (Randy Newman)
Sky Pilot (The Animals)
Sloth (Fairport Convention)
Soldat Soldat (Wolf Biermann)
Solidaritätslied (Bertolt Brecht-Hanns Eisler)
Sollt in Frieden leben (Bertolt Brecht - Hanns Eisler) (Kanon)
Study War No More (Down By the Riverside) (The Weavers)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (John Lennon & Yoko Ono)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday (U 2)
That crazy war
The Gates of Delirium (Yes)
The Green Fields of France (Eric Bogle)
The Times They Are A-Changin' (Bob Dylan)
The Universal Soldier (Donovan)
Unknown Soldier (The Doors)
Us And Them (Pink Floyd)
Vier Wiegenlieder für Arbeitermütter; op. 33 (Hanns Eisler - Bertolt Brecht)
Vietnam (Jimmy Cliff)
Violet Hill (Coldplay)
Vor acht Jahren. 16. November 1926 (Kurt Tucholsky - Hanns Eisler)
War (Edwin Starr)
War Pigs (Black Sabbath)
What's Going On (Marvin Gaye)
Where have all the Flowers gone (Marlene Dietrich)
Where Have All the Flowers Gone (Pete Seeger)
Where Is The Love (Black Eyed Peas)
With God on Your Side (Bob Dylan)
Wolgograd (Franz Josef Degenhardt)
Wooden Ships (Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young)
Wozu sind Kriege da (Udo Lindenberg)
Yours is no Disgrace (Yes)
Zogen einst fünf wilde Schwäne
Zombie (The Cranberries)
Zu Straßburg auf der Schanz' (Gustav Mahler)
Журавлі (Марк Бернес) Schurawli
Мы за мир (Жаров - Тулико) (Wir sind für den Frieden!)
Полюшко Поле (Poljuschko Pole)
Хотят ли русские войны (Glaubst du, die Russen wollen Krieg) (Jewtuschenko)

99 LUFTBALLONS

Interpret: NENA
Tonart: F-Dur (Original)
Tempo: ♩=73-96

Musik: J.-Uwe Fahrenkrog-Petersen
Text: Carlo Karges

♩ = 73

Intro

F Gm B^b C

Hast du et - was Zeit für mich, dann sin - ge ich_ ein Lied für dich von

F Gm B^b C[°] F Gm

neun-und neun zig Luft-bal-lons, auf ih-rem Weg_zum Ho - ri zont. Denkst du viel-leicht g'rad an mich, dann

B^b C[°] F Gm B^b C[°]

sin - ge ich_ ein Lied für dich von neun-und neun zig Luft-bal-lons, und dass so was von so was kommt.

♩ = 96 A  Bridge



§ B



f

sf

sf

sf

C F Gm

Refrain 1

Neun - und neun - zig Luft - bal lons, auf
Neun - und neun - zig Dü - sen Flie - ger

mf

B \flat C F Gm B \flat C

ih rem Weg zum Ho - ri - zont hielt man für U - FOs ausdem All, da - rum schick te ein Ge - ne - ral 'ne
je - der war ein gros ser Krie - ger hiel - ten sich für Kap - tain Kirk, es gab ein gros - ses Feu er - werk. Die

simile

F Gm B \flat C

Flie - ger staf - fel hin - ter - her. A - larm zu ge - ben, wenn's so wär, da - bei.
Nach - barn ha - ben nichts ge rafft und fühl - ten sich gleich an - ge - macht da - bei.

F Gm B \flat C F Gm

Bridge

— war'n da am Ho - ri - zont, nur neun - und neun - zig Luft - bal - lons.
schoss man am Ho - ri - zont, auf neun - und neun - zig Luft - bal - lons.

f

B \flat C F Gm B \flat C

E F Gm B \flat C **Refrain 2**

Neun - und neun - zig Dö - sen flie - ger, je - der war ein gro - ßer Krie - ger

mf *simile*

F Gm B \flat C

hiel - ten sich für Cap - tain Kirk, - das gab ein gros - ses Feu - er - werk. Die

F Gm B \flat C

Nach - barn ha - ben nichts ge - rafft, - und fühl - ten sich gleich an - ge - macht da - bei.

F Gm B \flat C D.S. al ϕ Coda **B**

— schoss am — Ho - ri - zont, auf neun - und neun - zig Luft-bal lons. $\phi \rightarrow \phi$

f

ϕ B \flat C F Gm **F** Bridge

neun - und neun - zig Luft - bal lons. we-gen

f

B \flat C F Gm

neun - und neun - zig Luft - bal lons.

f

B \flat m C F Gm B \flat C

neun-und neun-zig Luft bal lons.

F Gm B \flat C $\text{♩} = 73$ **G** Schluss F Gm

Neun-und neun-zig Jah-re Krieg

p *mp*

B \flat C F Gm B \flat C $\%$

lies-sen kei-nen Platz für Sie - ger. Kriegs-mi nis - ter gibt's nicht mehr, und auch kei-ne Dü - sen- flie - ger.

F Gm B \flat C $\%$

Heu - te zieh' ich mei - ne Run - den, seh' die Welt in Trüm-mern lie - gen.

F Gm B \flat C $\%$

Hab 'nen Luft - bal - lon ge- fun - den, denk' an dich und lass ihn flie - gen.

ALCIDE CERVI

Testo e Musica di I. DELLA MEA

È un vec-chio bim - bo sen-za i suoi fi - gli

Re

pie-no d'a - mo - re fat-to di ter - ra.

La7 Re

Là nel suo cam - po c'è set - te cro - ci

Sim

il suo cal - va - rio di li - ber - tà. Lui

Mi7 La7/9

l'al - ze - rà que-sta ban - die - ra

Re

per u - na vo - glia ma dol - ce e an - ti - ca

La7 Re

su-da - ta san - gue sot-to al - l'u - li - vo

Sim

di que - sta mor - - - ta ci - vil - tà. Ha

Mi7 La7/9

vi - sto ma - - - dri get - ta - re i fi - - - gli sen -

Re

- za spe - ran - - - ze e sen - za nien - - - te e

La7 Re

poi la scien - - - za scar - ta - re l'uo - - - mo ma co-me

Sim

se - - - ca - vas-se un den - - - te. E poi la

Mi7 La

scien - - - za scar - ta - re l'uo - - - mo ma co - me

Re

se - - - ca - vas-se un den - - - te. E poi la

La Re Re

1. - te. 2. - te.

È un vecchio bimbo
senza i suoi figli
pieno d'amore
fatto di terra.

Là nel suo campo
c'è sette croci
il suo calvario
di libertà.

Lui l'alzerà
questa bandiera
per una voglia
ma dolce e antica

sudata sangue
sotto all'ulivo
di questa morta
civiltà.

Ha visto madri
gettare i figli
senza speranza
e senza niente

e poi la scienza
scartare l'uomo
ma come se
cavasse un dente.

E poi la scienza
scartare l'uomo
ma come se
cavasse un dente...

Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus

In K - town tief in We - stern Ger - ma - ny zwi - schen

Au - to - markt und Stra - ßen - strich in der Prä - rie, steht

Ga - by's Piz - za Pa - lace und da beißt der G. I. Frank Ko -

wal - ski aus Fort Worth in sei - ne Piz - za Pie. Und er

trinkt bis ihm der Kopf auf die The - ke fällt, in

K - Town, West Ger - ma - ny am En - de der Welt. In

Te - xas ham sie zwei Uhr, Nach - mit - tag. Wie

hoch im We - sten jetzt der Wei - zen ste - hen mag? Und ü - ber

Ga - by's Piz - za Pa - lace hängt der blei - che Pfäl - zer Mond, und Ko -

wal - ski ist jetzt end - lich to - tal zu und stoned. „Fuck the

Ar - my¹¹ lallt er schwan - kend und fällt da - bei glatt auf den

Knüp - pel der Mi - li - tär - po - li - zei.

Refrain

Al - le Sol - da - ten woll'n nach Haus!

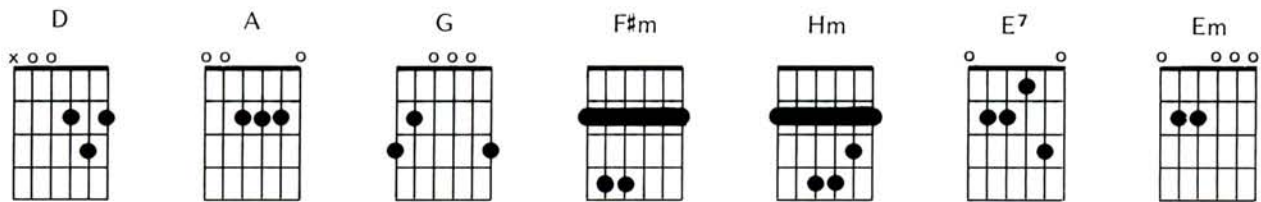
Al - le Sol - da - ten woll'n nach Haus! Sie

woll'n die U - ni - form nicht mehr, den Stahl - helm und das Schieß - ge - wehr und

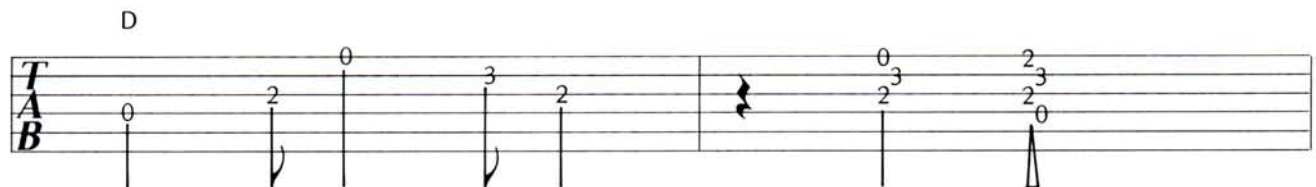
auch nicht in den Kampf hin - aus. Sol -

da - ten woll'n nur eins: Sie woll'n nach Haus.

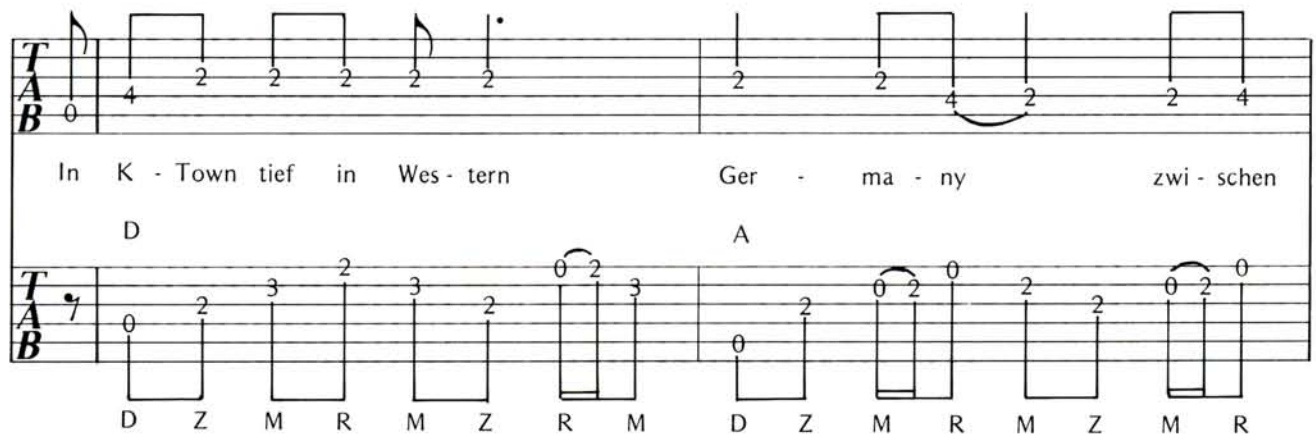
Akkorde



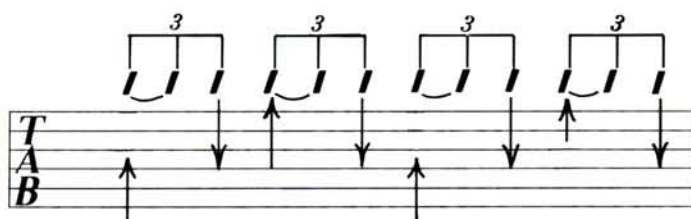
Einleitung



Melodiefanfang und Begleitmuster



Begleitmuster für Schlagtechnik (im Triolenfeeling)



Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus

In K-Town, tief in Western-Germany,
zwischen Automarkt und Straßenstrich, in der Prairie
steht Gabys Pizza-Palace, und da beißt der GI
Frank Kowalski aus Fort-Worth in seine Pizza-Pie.
Und er trinkt, bis ihm der Kopf auf die Theke fällt
in K-Town, Western-Germany, am Ende der Welt.
In Texas ham sie zwei Uhr, Nachmittag.
Wie hoch im Westen jetzt der Weizen stehen mag?
Und über Gabys Pizza-Palace steht der bleiche Pfälzer Mond,
und Kowalski ist jetzt endlich total zu und stoned.
„Fuck the Army“ lallt er schwankend und fällt dabei
glatt auf den Knüppel der Militärpolizei.

Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus,
alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus.
Sie woll'n die Uniform nicht mehr,
den Stahlhelm und das Schießgewehr
und auch nicht in den Kampf hinaus.
Soldaten woll'n nur eins: Sie woll'n nach Haus!

Bei Potsdam in der russischen Garnison
streicht Igor in marxistischer Tradition
die Kasernenmauer an in lebensfrohem Grau.
Die Farbe platzt gleich wieder ab, na klar, das weiß er genau.
Igor fährt Panzer, und wenn er nun den Pinsel schwingt,
dann, weil sein Schrotthaufen in Friedenzeiten nie anspringt.
Vielleicht kommt das Ersatzteil eines Tag's mit der Bahn
an seinem Dorf vorbei im fernen Eriwan.
Da sitzen sie jetzt hinterm Ofen, und er streicht hier allein,
und die Mütze ist so groß und seine Jacke so klein,
und das Brudervolk lacht über ihn hinter der Hand,
und ihm geht's wie dem Genossen einst am Wolgastrand!

An der Grenze, die durch Deutschland und Deutschland geht,
 steht der NVA-Gefreite Jochen M. und steht.
 Und da steht er im Regen, und er steht auf'm Schlauch,
 und er steht sich die Beine in den volkseig'nen Bauch.
 Und jetzt, wo hier keiner mehr in den Westen abhaut,
 von drüben keiner kommt und hier den Sozialismus klaut,
 wo kein Hund mehr nach der Grenze bellt, vergißt der Soldat
 ab und zu schon mal den Arbeiter- und Bauernstaat.
 Dafür kommt ihm dann die junge Brigadeführerin
 aus der LPG 9. November in den Sinn.
 Und er träumt sich mit ihr an den schönsten Platz der Welt:
 In eine Datsche am Stadtrand von Bitterfeld.

19 Jahre alt ist Hinnerk Harms aus Leer.
 Er hat anderthalb Jahre Bi-ba-bundeswehr.
 Und die sind für ihn wie anderthalb Jahre Knast.
 Es ist bitter zu wissen, was er draußen verpaßt!
 Während er hier einen streng geheimen Schlagbaum bewacht
 wird da draußen getanzt und geliebt und gelacht.
 Dafür lernt er endlich, wie man in die Pfütze fällt,
 wie man Männchen macht und Händchen an die Mütze hält.
 Und Hinnerk Harms aus Leer, Ostfriesland, ist total frustriert,
 „Mann, das nervt zu spür'n, wie man hier seine Zeit verliert!“
 Vielleicht in seinem ganzen Leben die beste Zeit
 für nichts und wieder nichts und Leer, Ostfriesland, ist weit!

^D / ^A /
 Der Präsident will auf dem roten Teppich geh'n,
^G / ^A /
 der Kriegsminister eines Tag's sein Denkmal seh'n,
^D / ^A /
 der Rüstungsbonze will, daß alle Räder roll'n,
^G ^A ^G ^D
 und jeder von den dreien will, daß die Soldaten das woll'n.
^{F#m} / ^G ^A
 Aber die das nicht mehr wollen, werden jeden Tag mehr,
^D ^{F#m} ^G ^A
 und die Hoffnung, dieser Traum, ist gar nicht so verquer:
^{Hm} ^{F#m} ^G ^D
 Frank Kowalski nimmt den Ghetto-Blaster und setzt sich in Marsch,
^G ^D / ^A
 Hinnerk Harms schnürt den Persilkarton und sagt: „.....!“, sagt er barsch.
^{F#m} / ^{Hm} /
 Jochen M. eilt in die LPG zu seinem Schatz
^{E7} / ^A /
 und meldet sich zum freiwilligen Ernteeinsatz.
^{Hm} ^{F#m} ^G ^D
 Igor fällt mit einem Stoßseufzer der Pinsel aus der Hand:
^G ^D / ^A
 Ja Freunde, das, das ist der wahre Dienst am Vaterland!

^D ^A ^D
 Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus,
^G ^D ^A ^D
 alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus.
^G ^A
 Sie woll'n die Uniform nicht mehr,
^{F#m} ^{Hm}
 den Stahlhelm und das Schießgewehr
^{Em} ^D ^A
 und auch nicht in den Kampf hinaus.

^D ^A ^D
 Alle Soldaten woll'n nach Haus,
^G ^D ^A ^D
 am liebsten gleich und schnurstracks gradeaus.
^G ^A
 Soldaten sind, man glaubt es nicht,
^{F#m} ^{Hm}
 aufs Sterben gar nicht so erpicht
^{Em} ^D ^A
 und auch nicht auf das „Feld der Ehre“ aus,
^G ^A ^D ^A ^D
 Soldaten woll'n nur eins: Sie woll'n nach Haus!

FOREVER YOUNG

Words by
MARIAN GOLD

Music by
FRANK MERTENS and BERNHARD LLOYD

The musical score is written for guitar, piano, and voice. It is in the key of C major and 4/4 time. The guitar part is shown at the top of each system with chord diagrams for C, G, Am, F, Dm, and F. The piano part is shown in the middle of each system. The vocal melody is shown at the bottom of each system with lyrics.

Let's dance in style, — let's dance for a while — Hea-ven can wait, — we're on - ly watch-ing the skies.

— hop-ing for the best but ex-pect-ing the worst — Are you going to drop the bomb or not? —

Let us die young — or let us live for - ev - er we don't have the pow - er but we ne-ver say ne-

G Dm F Am G

- ver sit-ting in a sand-pit, life is a short trip The music's for the sad— men

C G Am F

Can you i - ma - gine when this race is won? Turn our gold-en fa - ces in - to the sun

G Dm F Am G

prais-ing our lead - ers, we're get-ting in tune— the mu-sic's played by the mad men.—

C G Am F

— For-e - ver young,— I want to be— for-e - ver young—

G Dm F Gsus4 G C G

Do you really want to live for-e - ver, for-e - ver and e - ver For-e - ver young, I want to be

Am F G Dm

— for - e - ver young — Do you real-ly want to live for - e - ver

F Gsus4 G C G C

for-e - ver young. Some are like wa - ter, some are like the heat —

Am F G Dm

— Some are a me - lo - dy and some are the beat — Soon-er or la - ter, they all will be gone.

Why don't they stay young? It's so hard to get old — with-out a cause

I don't want to pe - rish like a fad-ing horse — Youth's like dia - monds in the sun

And dia-monds are for - e - ver. — So ma - ny ad - ven - tures could-n't hap-pen to-day —

So ma - ny songs — we for-got to play So ma - ny dreams swing-ing out of the blue.

D.S. al Coda

CODA

we'll let them come true.

for - e - ver and e - ver

For - e - ver young, — I want to be — for - e - ver young

Do you really want to live for - e - ver — young.

Repeat to Fade

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It features a vocal melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into systems. The first system includes the lyrics 'we'll let them come true.' and 'for - e - ver and e - ver'. The second system includes 'For - e - ver young, — I want to be — for - e - ver young'. The third system includes 'Do you really want to live for - e - ver — young.' and a 'Repeat to Fade' instruction. The score includes various guitar chords (F, Am, G, C, Dm, Gsus4) and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'D.S. al Coda' and the section is labeled 'CODA'.

AMERICAN IDIOT

Lyrics by
BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG

Music by
GREEN DAY
Arranged by
TOM KITT

Moderately fast ♩ = 187

Ab5 Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5 Gb5 Ab5 Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5

Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5 Gb5 Ab5 Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5

Verses 1 & 2:

N.C. Ensemble:

A5 Ab5 Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5 Gb5

1. Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot.
2. Well, may-be I'm the fag - got A-mer-i - ca.

(Drums)

N.C.

A5 Ab5 Db5 Gb5 Db5 Ab5

Don't want a na - tion un - der the new me - di - a.
I'm not a part of a red - neck a - gen - da.

N.C.

A5

Ab5

Db5

Gb5

Db5

Ab5

Gb5

Hey, can you hear the sound of hys - te - ri - a?
 Now ev - ry - bod - y, do the pro - pa - gan - da!

N.C.

A5

Ab5

Db5

Gb5

Db5

Ab5

The sub - lim - i - nal mind - fuck, A - mer - i - ca.
 And sing a - long to the age of par - a - noi - a.

Chorus:

Db

Ab

Wel - come to a new kind of ten - sion. all a - cross the a - li - en - a - tion,

Eb

Ab

— where ev - 'ry - thing is - n't meant to be o - kay.

*Cue size harmony 2nd time only.

American Idiot - 9 - 2
 35149

Db 4

Ab 4

Tel-e-vi-sion dreams of to-mor-row, we're not the ones meant to fol-low,

Eb 6

N.C.

A5 5

for that's e-nough to ar-gue.

(Drums)

1.

Ab5 4 Db5 4 Gb5 Db5 4 Ab5 4 Gb5 4 Ab5 4 Db5 4 Gb5 Db5 4 Ab5 4

2.

Ab5 4 Db5 4 Gb5 Db5 4 Ab5 4 Gb5 4 Ab5 4 Db5 4 Gb5 Db5 4 Ab5 4



15





Musical notation for the first system, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody of chords in the right hand.

N.C.

Musical notation for the N.C. (No Chords) section. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line, while the right hand plays a series of chords. A drum part is indicated by 'x' marks on the bottom staff, with some notes marked with an accent (>).







Verse 3:

Ens. men 1:

Musical notation for Ensemble Men 1. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot, one na - tion con - trolled." The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line and chords.

Ens. men 2:

Musical notation for Ensemble Men 2. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line and chords.

by the me - di - a. Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot,

one na - tion con - trolled by the me - di - a. Don't want to be an A - mer -

mp

(Drums cont. simile)











one na - tion con - trolled by the me - di - a. Don't want to be an A - mer -

i - can id - i - ot, one na - tion con - trolled by the me - di - a.

Ens. women:

Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot, one na - tion con - trolled












i - can id - i - ot, one na - tion con - trolled by the me - di - a.

Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot, one na - tion con-trolled.

by the me - di - a. Don't want to be an A - mer - i - can id - i - ot,





N.C. Johnny, Will, and Tunny:

In-for-ma - tion age of hys-te - ri - a call-ing out to id - i - ot A-mer-i-ca.

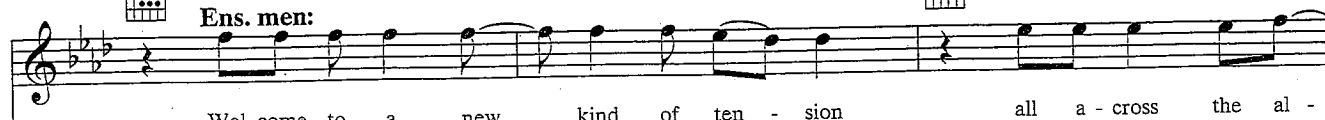
by the me-di - a hys-te - ri - a.

one na-tion con - trolled by hys-te - ri - a.

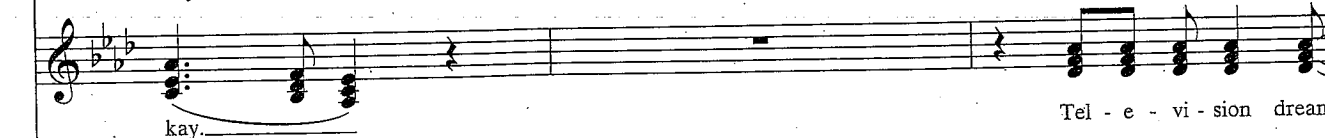
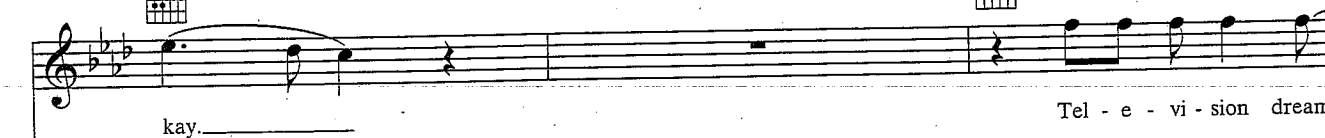
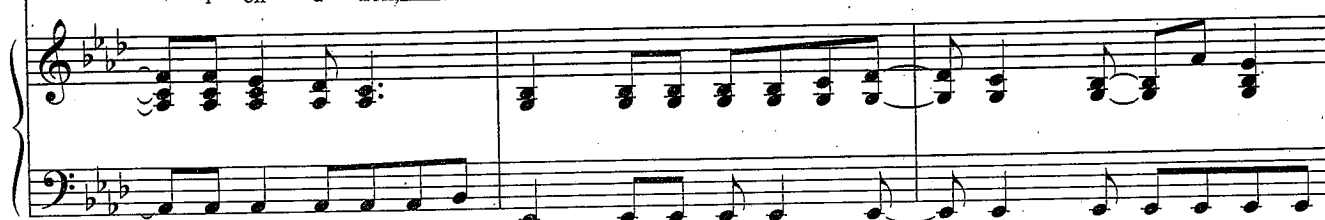
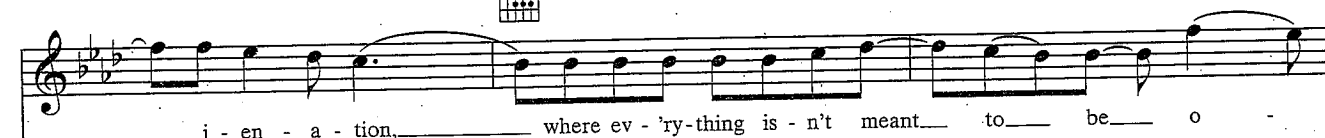
Chorus:



Ens. men:



Ensemble:

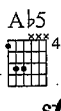
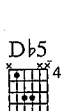


*Vocals written at concert pitch.



— of to - mor - row, we're not the ones — meant to fol - low, —

— of to - mor - row, we're not the ones — meant to fol - low, —



sfz

— for that's e - nough — to — ar - gue. Hey!

— for that's e - nough — to — ar - gue.



mf



And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Now when I was a young man I carried me pack and I
well I re - mem - ber that ter - ri - ble day, how our
lived the free life of a ro - ver. From the Mur - ray's Green
blood stained the sand and the wa - ter. And - how in that
Ba - sin to the dus - ty out back well I waltzed my... Ma - til - da all
hell that they - called Su - vla Bay we were butch - ered... like lambs at the
o - ver. Then in nine - teen fif - teen my coun - try said
slaugh - ter; John - ny Turk he was ready, he'd primed him - self
"Son it's time you stopped ram - bling there's work to be done" So they
well, he showered us with bul - lets and rained us with shell, and in
gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun and they marched me a -
five min - utes flat he'd blown... us all to hell, near - ly blew us right
- way to the war. And the band played
back to Aus - tra - lia. But the band played
Waltz - ing Ma - til - da... as the ship pulled a - way from the
Waltz - ing Ma - til - da... when we stopped... to bu - ry our
quay. And midst all the cheers the flag wav - ing and
slain, we bu - ried ours, and the Turks bu - ried
tears we... sailed - off for Gal - li - po - li. And how
theirs, then we star - ted all o - ver a - gain.

D.S.

Army Dreamers

Words and Music by Kate Bush

Moderato

The first system of musical notation for 'Army Dreamers' is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for three measures, followed by the lyrics 'B. F. P. O. Ar - my'. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, featuring a descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a Bm chord.

B. F. P. O. Ar - my

mf

Bm Em F#m A Bm

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics 'dream - ers' and 'And mam-my's he - ro.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending scale motif. The system ends with an Em chord.

dream - ers And mam-my's he - ro.

Em F#m A Bm Em

The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics 'B. F. P. O.' and 'And'. The piano accompaniment continues its pattern. The system concludes with an F#m chord.

B. F. P. O. And

F#m A Bm Em F#m

The fourth system is marked 'VERSE' and includes two vocal lines. The first line has the lyrics 'mam-my's he - ro.' and '1 Our - lit - tle Ar-my boy, is com-ing home from'. The second line has the lyrics '2 Tears - o'er a tin box, oh Je - sus Christ from'. The piano accompaniment continues with the descending scale motif. The system concludes with an F#m chord.

VERSE

mam-my's he - ro. 1 Our - lit - tle Ar-my boy, is com-ing home from
2 Tears - o'er a tin box, oh Je - sus Christ from

A Bm Em F#m

B. F. P. O. I've a bunch of pur-ple flowers to dec-or-ate a
was-n't to know. Like a chick-en with a fox he can-not win the

A Bm Em F#m

mam-my's he-ro. Mourn-ing in the ae-ro-drome, the weath-er warm-er
war with e-go. Give the kid the pick of pips, and give him all your

A Bm Em F#m

he is cold-er. Four men in un-i-form to car-ry home my
stripes and rib-bons. Now he's sit-ting in his hole, he might as well have

A Bm Em F#m

CHORUS

lit-tle sold-ier. but-tons and bows. What could he do? Should have been a rock star. But he did-n't

A Bm E D

have the mon-ey for a gui - tar. But he nev - er
 What could he do? Should have been a pol - i - ti - cian.

F#m Bm E D

had a pro-per ed - u - ca - tion. But he nev - er
 What could he do? Should have been a fath - er.

F#m Bm E D

ev - en make it to his twen - ties. What a waste of Ar - my dream - ers

F#m Bm D G Bm

Oh — what a waste of Ar - my dream - ers.

G D/F# G Bm G

Oh— what a waste of all them Ar - my dream - ers

G D/F# G Bm

Ar - my dream - ers Ar - my dream - ers.

G Bm G Bm G Bm11

doo 'n doo 'n doo 'n doo. — De oo 'n doo de doo 'n doo. —
B. F. P. — O.

Bm Em F#m A

*D.C. and repeat
introduction to fade.*

THREE TIMES:

(sim)
1st & 3rd time Ar - my dream - ers mam-my's he - ro,

Bm Em F#m A

Ballade vom Soldaten

Bertolt Brecht

Hanns Eisler

Andante (♩ = 84) Tempo I

Das

5

Schieß-ge-wehr schießt, und das Spieß-mes-ser schießt, und das
bit - ter be - reut, wer des Wei - sen Rat scheut. und vom

10

Was-ser frisst auf, die drin wa - ten. Was könnt ihr ge - gen Eis? Bleibt
Al - ter sich nicht lässt be - ra - ten. Ach, zu hoch nicht hin - aus, es

14

weg, sist nicht weis'! Sag - te das Weib zum Sol - da - ten.
geht ü - bel aus! Sag - te das Weib zum Sol - da - ten.

19 Ein wenig rascher (♩ = 96)

Doch der Sol - dat mit der Ku - gel im Lauf, der
Doch der Sol - dat mit dem Mes - ser im Gurt lacht' ihr

23 *rit.*
hör - te die Trom - mel und lach - te dar - auf: Mar - schie ren,
kalt ins Ge - sicht und ging ü - ber die Furt, was könn - te,

28
mar - schie - ren kann nim - mer-mehr scha - den! Hin - ab nach dem
was könn - te das Was - ser ihm scha - den? Wenn weiß der—

34
Sü - den, nach dem Nor - den hin - auf, und das Mes - ser fängt er mit den
Mond ü - berm Wol - ga - fluss steht, kom - men wir wie - der; nimm es

39 *Tempo I*

Hän - den auf! Sag-ten zum Weib die Sol - da - ten. Ach
 auf ins Ge - bet! Sag-ten zum Weib die Sol - da - ten. Ihr ver -

ff *mf*

45

geht wie der Rauch_____ und die Wär-me geht auch,_____ und es

p *p*

50

wär-men uns nicht eu-re Ta - ten! Ach, wie schnell geht der Rauch!Gott be-

54 (♩ = 96)

hü-te ihn auch! Sag-te das Weib dem Sol - da - ten. Und der Sol-

f

60

dat mit dem Mes-ser am Gurt sank hin mit dem Speer, und mit

65 *rit.*

riss ihn die Furt, und das Was-ser, das Was-ser fraß

70

auf, die drin wa-ten. Kühl stand der

74

Mond ü-berm Wol-ga-fluss weiß,

77

doch der Sol - dat trieb hin - ab mit dem Eis. Und was sag - ten dem

82

Weib die Sol - da - ten? Er ver - ging wie der Rauch, und die

88

Wär - me ging auch, und es wärm - ten euch nicht sei - ne Ta - ten. Ach,

93

bit - ter be - reut, wer des Wei - sen Rat scheut! Sag - te das Weib dem Sol - da - ten.

1. Das Schießgewehr schießt,
 und das Speißmesser speißt,
 und das Wasser frisst auf, die drin waten.
 Was könnt ihr gegen Eis?
 Bleibt weg, 's ist nicht weis'!
 Sagte das Weib zum Soldaten.
 Doch der Soldat mit der Kugel im Lauf,
 der hörte die Trommel und lachte darauf:
 Marschieren, marschieren kann nimmermehr schaden!
 Hinab nach dem Süden, nach dem Norden hinauf,
 und das Messer fängt er mit den Händen auf!
 Sagten zum Weib die Soldaten.

2. Ach, bitter bereut, wer des Weisen Rat scheut
 und vom Alter sich nicht lässt beraten.
 Ach, zu hoch nicht hinaus, es geht übel aus!
 Sagte das Weib zum Soldaten.
 Doch der Soldat mit dem Messer im Gurt
 lacht' ihr kalt ins Gesicht und ging über die Furt,
 was konnte, was konnte das Wasser ihm schaden?
 Wenn weiß der Mond überm Wolgafluss steht,
 kommen wir wieder; nimm es auf ins Gebet!
 Sagten zum Weib die Soldaten.

3. Ihr vergeht wie der Rauch,
 und die Wärme geht auch,
 und es wärmen uns nicht eure Taten!
 Ach, wie schnell geht der Rauch!
 Gott behüte ihn auch!
 Sagte das Weib dem Soldaten.
 Und der Soldat mit dem Messer am Gurt
 sank hin mit dem Speer, und mit riss ihn die Furt,
 und das Wasser, das Wasser fraß auf, die drin waten.
 Kühl stand der Mond überm Wolgafluss weiß,
 doch der Soldat trieb hinab mit dem Eis.
 Und was sagten dem Weib die Soldaten?
 Er verging wie der Rauch,
 und die Wärme ging auch,
 und es wärmten euch nicht seine Taten.
 Ach, bitter bereut, wer des Weisen Rat scheut!
 Sagte das Weib dem Soldaten.

A G A H C D A E

(frei gesprochen)hier darf je - - - der ma - chen was er will

(frei gesprochen) A
im rahmen der freiheitlich demokratischen grundordnung versteht sich

Befragung eines Kriegsdienstverweigerers

durch den liberalen und zuvorkommenden Kammervorsitzenden

1. also sie berufen sich hier pausenlos aufs grundgesetz
sagen sie mal
sind sie eigentlich kommunist
ja sie dürfen sitzen bleiben
überhaupt wir sind hier ziemlich liberal
lange haare bärt ketten ringe
ham wir alles schon gehabt
aber in die akten scheißen
mögen wir hier nicht
marx und engels haben sie gelesen sagen sie uns
sagen sie verstehen sie das denn
sie ham doch bloß die volksschule besucht
na nun regen sie sich nicht gleich auf
dafür können sie ja nichts
lesen dürfen sie ja was sie wollen – überhaupt
hier darf jeder machen was er will
im rahmen der freiheitlich-demokratischen grundordnung
versteht sich
2. ja soldat sein das will heute keiner mehr
kann ich auch verstehen
und ich selber hätte keine lust

aber
gründe haben müssen wir dafür
na nun fangen sie nicht wieder an
mit imperialismus den zwei krieg
und die alte klasse ist noch immer an der macht
und sie wollen nicht für die
kastanien aus dem feuer holen
das verstehn wir ja
mag auch alles richtig sein
interessiert uns aber nicht
das ist nämlich politik
hier interessieren nur gewissensgründe
was das ist
hört sich zwar sehr grausam an
trifft den nagel aber auf den kopf
nämlich
ob sie töten können oder nicht
ja hier darf jeder machen was er will
im rahmen der freiheitlich-demokratischen grundordnung
versteht sich

3. also fangen wir mal an
in 'ner kirche sind sie nicht
auch nicht in 'ner anerkannten sekte
sehen sie da wirds schon schwierig
mit gewissensgründen
einen haben wir mal hier gehabt
und der machte auf buddhist
war son typ mit glatze
aber durchgekommen ist er
schlaues kerlchen
also passen sie mal auf
ich werd jetzt ihr gewissen prüfen
nehmen wir mal an
sie gehn spazieren mit ihrer freundin
nachts im park
plötzlich

kommt 'ne horde russen
stockbesoffen und bewaffnet
halt
sagen wir 'n trupp amerikaner
schwer betrunken und bewaffnet
nachts im park
machen sich an ihre freundin ran
SIE haben 'ne MP bei sich
na was machen sie
was sagen sie uns da
sie verbitten sich dies beispiel
meinetwegen bitte schön
hier darf jeder machen was er will
im rahmen der freiheitlich-demokratischen grundordnung
versteht sich

4. schön die russen und amerikaner
fallen also weg
die chinesen sicher auch
und mit negern brauch ich gar nicht erst zu kommen
lassen wir das eben
nehm' wir einfach ein paar ganz normale kriminelle
schwer betrunken und bewaffnet
nachts im park
machen sich an ihre freundin ran
SIE haben wieder die MP dabei
na was machen sie
sagen sie uns bloß jetzt nicht
sie fallen auf die knie und beten
denn mit so was kommt hier keiner durch
der marx und engels liest
wie
was sagen sie uns da
ich red' die ganze zeit von politik
das ist aber wirklich komisch
bilde einen fall
so richtig auf sie zugeschnitten

baue ihnen auch noch goldene brücken
aber sie aber
hier darf jeder machen was er will
im rahmen der freiheitlich-demokratischen grundordnung
versteht sich

5. so nun wolln wir aber wirklich wissen
was sie tun
also noch mal
ein paar schwere jungs
schwer bewaffnet und betrunken
nachts im park
machen sich an ihre freundin ran
SIE haben wieder die MP dabei
na was machen sie
was sagen sie uns da
sie wehren sich
weil sie ja in notwehr sind
ätsch
das ist aber falsch
durften sie nicht sagen
richtig ist die antwort nämlich die
ich werfe meine waffe fort
und dann bitte ich die herrn
mit der vergewaltigung doch bitte aufzuhörn
was sagen sie uns da
sie kämen als soldat doch nie in eine solche situation
fangen sie schon wieder an
ist doch politik
hat doch mit gewissen nichts zu tun
ja grundgesetz ja grundgesetz ja grundgesetz
sagen sie mal
sind sie eigentlich kommunist
na ja
hier darf jeder machen was er will
im rahmen der freiheitlich-demokratischen grundordnung
versteht sich

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Bright, spirited

Piano

mf

REFRAIN



1. How man-y roads must a man walk down be - fore you
 2. How man-y times must a man look up be - fore he can
 3. How man-y years can a moun - tain ex - ist be - fore it's

mf

call him a man? Yes, 'n' How man-y seas must a
 see the sky? Yes, 'n' How man-y ears must
 washed to the sea? Yes, 'n' How man-y years can some



white dove sail be - fore she sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n'
 one man have be - fore he can hear peo-ple cry? Yes, 'n'
 peo - ple ex - ist be - fore they're al - lowed to be free? Yes, 'n'

How man - y times must the can-non balls fly be - fore they're
 How man - y deaths will it take 'till he knows that too man-y
 How man - y times can a man turn his head pre - tend - ing he

for - ev - er banned? _____
 peo - ple have died? _____ The an - swer, my friend, is
 just does-n't see? _____

blow-in' in the wind, The an - swer is blow-in' in the wind. _____

3. Slower
 wind. _____ The an - swer is blow-in' _____ in the wind. _____

l. h.

Blowin' In The Wind

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

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Moderately bright *t. 100*



R 06/09

1. How man - y
2. How man - y

mf

G 000 A x0 0 D xx0

roads must a man walk down be - fore you
times must a man look up be - fore he can

G 000 D xx0

call him a man? Yes, 'n' How man - y
see the sky? Yes, 'n' how man - y

G 000 x0 A 0 D xx0

seas must a white dove sail be - fore she
cars must one - man have be - fore he can

G 000 x0 A 0 D xx0

sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n' how man - y
hear peo - ple cry? Yes, 'n' how man - y

G 000 x0 A 0 D xx0

times must the can - non - balls fly be - fore they're
deaths will it take 'til he knows d and that too man - y

G 000 D xx0 G 000

for - ev - er banned? } The an - swer, my
peo - ple have died? }

The musical score is written for guitar, voice, and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The guitar part includes three chord diagrams: A (x0 0), D (xx0), and G (000). The vocal line includes the lyrics: "friend, is blow-in' in the wind, The an - swer is". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Additional Lyrics

3. How many years can a mountain exist
before it is washed to the sea?
Yes 'n' how many years can some people exist
before they're allowed to be free?
Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
pretending that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

BORN IN THE USA

WORDS & MUSIC BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN.

Moderate Rock (♩ = 120)

Bno3rd



First system of musical notation for piano accompaniment. The treble clef staff contains chords and single notes, while the bass clef staff features a sustained bass line with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Bno3rd/E



Second system of musical notation for piano accompaniment, continuing the harmonic and bass line from the first system.

B



Third system of musical notation, featuring a repeat sign and a key signature change to B major (two sharps) for the vocal entry.

1. Born down in a

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piano accompaniment and vocal line.

Fifth system of musical notation, with lyrics: "dead man's town, — the first kick I took was when I".

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the piano accompaniment and vocal line.

hit the ground. _____ End up like a dog that's been

B/E

beat too much, — till you spend half your life just to cov-er it up — now.

1.2.3.6. To next strain

Chorus:

4.5.

Born in the U. S. A.; — I was

(3rd time instrumental)

born in the U. S. A. — I was born in the

B/E

1.2.3.

D.S.



U. S. A. _____ Born in the U. S. A. _____ now.

4.

U. S. A. _____ I'm a long _____ gone dad - dy in the

D.S.S.

5.

U. S. A., _____ now. U. S. A. _____ I'm a cool _____ rock - in' dad - dy in the

B



U. S. A., _____ now.

B/E

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 2:

Got in a little hometown jam,
 So they put a rifle in my hand.
 Sent me off to a foreign land
 To go and kill the yellow man.

(To Chorus)

Verse 3:

Come back home to the refinery ;
 Hiring man says, " Son, if it was up to me."
 Went down to see my V. A. man; he said,
 " Son, don't you understand, now?"

(To instrumental chorus)

Verse 4:

I had a brother at Khesan,
 Fighting off the Viet Cong;
 They're still there, he's all gone.

Verse 5:

He had a woman that he loved in Saigon,
 I got a picture of him in her arms, now.

Verse 6:

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary,
 Out by the gas fires of the refinery;
 I'm ten years burning down the road,
 Nowhere to run, ain't nowhere to go.

(To Chorus)

Brothers In Arms

Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Gently ♩ = 80

These mist co-vered moun - tains — are a home now for

me but my home is the low - lands

and al - ways will be some day you'll re - turn —

Chord diagrams shown: E, F#, B, Bsus4, D#m/A, G#m, D#m.

G#m D#m E C#m7

to your val - leys and your farms

F#sus4 F# G#m E F#sus4 F#

and you'll no lon - ger burn to be bro - thers in arms.

G#m E G#m E G#m E C#m

G#m(sus2) G#m D#m/A E F#

Through these fields of de - struc - tion

mf

bap - ti - sm's of fi - re I've watched all your suf -
 and the moon's ri - ding high let me bid you -

- fer - ing - as the bat - tle raged higher
 fare - well - eve - ry man has to die

and though they did hurt me so bad - in the fear and a -
 but it's writ - ten in the star - light and ev - ery line on your

larm you did not de - sert me my bro - thers - in arms.
 palm we're fools to make war on our bro - thers - in arms.

To Coda ♦








(Guitar solo)







There's so ma - ny diffe - rent worlds. so ma - ny diffe - rent

mf






suns and we have just one world






but we live in diffe-rent ones.








Guitar solo











G#m F# D.% al Coda

Now the sun's gone to hell__

♩ CODA F#sus4 F#

G#m E C#m7 E G#m7 E

Guitar solo
Ad lib. Guitar solo to FADE

mf

C#m7 G#m E

C#m E F# G#m E C#m7 Repeat to FADE

Buffalo Soldier

Words and Music by Noel George Williams and Bob Marley



Strum Pattern: 5

Verse

Moderate Reggae (♩ - ♩³ ♩)

A F#m A

1. Buf - fa - lo sol - dier, dread - lock Ras - ta; It was a
2. See Additional Lyrics

F#m A

buf - fa - lo sol - dier in the heart of A - mer - i - ca.

F#m A

Stol - en from Af - ri - ca, brought to A - mer - i - ca;

fight - ing on ar - riv - al, fight - ing for sur - viv - val, I mean it.

Bridge

D A D C#m A E F#m

When I an - a - lyze the stench, to me it makes a lot of sense
See Additional Lyrics

D A D C#m A E F#m

how the dread - lock Ras - ta was the buf - fa - lo sol - dier. 2. And he was

2.

Verse

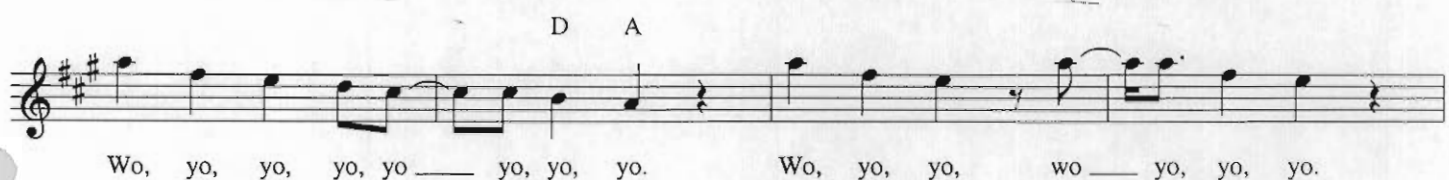
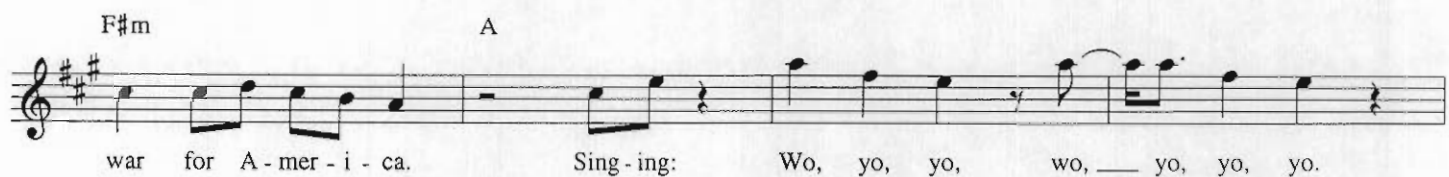
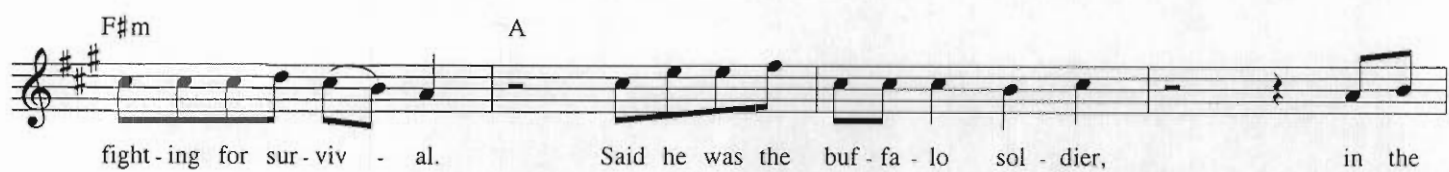
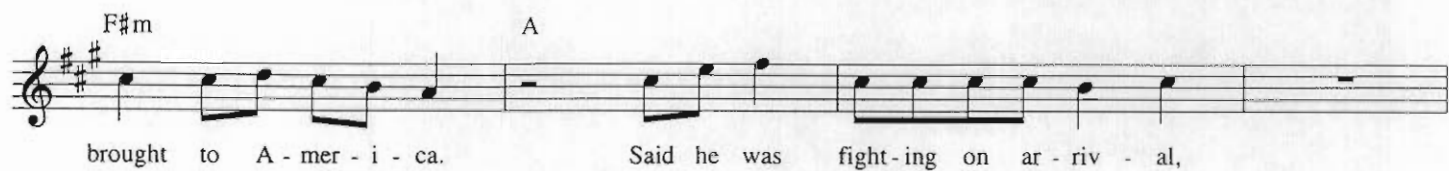
A E F#m A

who the heck do I think I am. 3. I'm just a buf - fa - lo sol - dier in the

F#m A

heart of A - mer - i - ca, stol - en from Af - ri - ca,

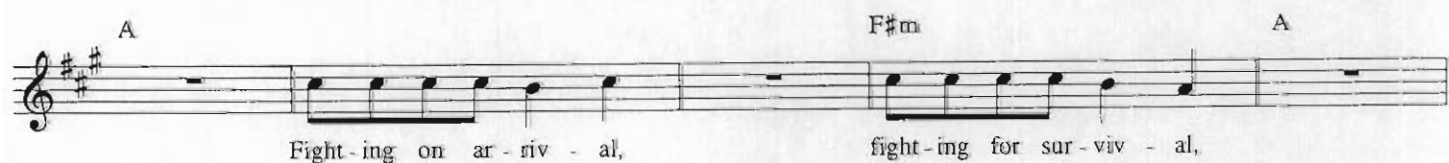
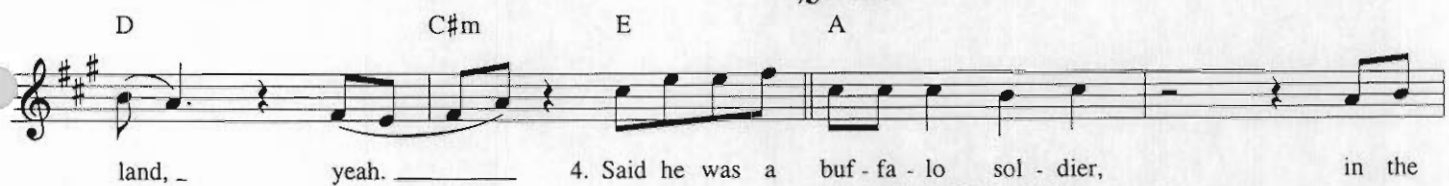
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Interlude



Verse



Outro

A

Wo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo. Wo, yo, yo, yo, yo

1.

2.

3.

D.S.

Repeat and Fade

D A

yo, yo, yo. yo, yo, yo. yo, yo, yo.

Additional Lyrics

2. And he was taken from Africa, brought to America,
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival.
Said he was a buffalo soldier, dreadlock Rasta,
Buffalo soldier in the heart of America.

Bridge If you know your history,
Then you would know where you're coming from.
Then you wouldn't have to ask me
Who the heck do I think I am.

5. Trodding through San Juan in the arms of America.
Trodding through Jamaica, the buffalo soldier.
Fighting on arrival, fighting for survival.
Buffalo soldier, dreadlock Rasta.

CHANSON DU DÉSERTEUR

Chanson traditionnelle suisse (Valais)

1. Qui veut en-ten-dre le cou-ra-ge D'un jeu-ne sol-dat dé-ser-teur, Qui
est à la fleur de son â-ge, S'en va mou-rir d'un très grand cœur.

2. "Tout en rentrant, chers camarades,
Tout en rentrant, chers compagnons,
Que l'on m'apporte la mermite :
Tout ensemble nous dinerons.

3. À ta santé, cher camarade !
Tu n'y boiras plus avec moi.
C'est pour la dernière resarde.
Soldats, menez exemple à moi.

4. Qu'il'on m'apporte un' chemise blanche :
Des restes, servez-vous-en
C'est pour la dernière dimanche.
Je veux paraître proprement.

5. Qu'il'on m'apporte des écritoirs,
Aussi d'l'encre et du papier blanc
T'au paravant et que j'en meure
J'en veux écrire à mes parents.

6. Que dira-t-il, ma tendre mère
Quand on lui annoncera ma mort ?
Aussi ma soeur, mon petit frère
Pleuront bien mon triste sort.

7. Si quelqu'un voit ma tendre mère,
Dites-lui qu'il n'y pleure plus.
Car tous ses pleurs sont inutiles
Et ses soupirs sont superflus.

8. Allons, allons, chers camarades,
Que l'on détruise mon petit corps.
Que l'on me tire à la cervelle,
Afin que je sois vite mort."

9. Quand il fut au milieu du supplice,
S'est mis à crier à haute voix :
- Grand Dieu, je crains votre justice !
Seigneur, ayez pitié de moi !

10. Qui a composé la chansonnette ?
L'en sont trois garçons désertés.
Et ils l'ont faite, ils l'ont chantée
Et regrettant leur compagnon.

CHIMES OF FREEDOM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Medium bright





Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *mf* (L.H.). The right hand plays chords in the treble clef, and the left hand plays a single note in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

Vocal line and guitar accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The guitar part includes chords F, C, and F. The lyrics are: 1. Far be - tween sun - down's fin - ish an' mid - night's

Piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The right hand plays chords in the treble clef, and the left hand plays a single note in the bass clef.

Vocal line and guitar accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The guitar part includes chords C and F. The lyrics are: bro - ken toll We ducked in - side the door - way





Vocal line and guitar accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The guitar part includes chords C7, F, Bb, and F. The lyrics are: thun - der crash - ing. As ma - jes - tic


bells of bolts _____ struck sha - dows in the sounds _____




_____ Seem - ing to be the chimes of free - dom

flash - ing. _____ Flash - ing for the



war - ri - ors _____ whose strength is not to fight, _____

B \flat F G

Flash - ing for the ref - u - gees on the un - armed road of

C7 F C

flight An' for each an' ev - 'ry un - der - dog

F

sol - dier in the night An' we gazed up - on the

B \flat C7 F B \flat F

chimes of free - dom flash - ing. *D.S. (five times)*

2. In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
 With faces hidden while the walls were tightening,
 As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
 Dissolved into the bells of the lightning.
 Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake,
 Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked,
 Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

3. Thru the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
 The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
 That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
 Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
 Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind,
 Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
 An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

4. Thru the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
 For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
 Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
 All down in taken for granted situations
 Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute,
 Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute
 For the misdemeanor outlaw chased an' cheated by pursuit
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

5. Even tho a cloud's white curtain in a far off corner flashed
 An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
 Electric light still struck like arrows fired but for the ones
 Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
 Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless seeking trail
 For the lonesome hearted lovers, with too personal a tale
 An' for each unharmed gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

6. Starry eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught
 Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended
 As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
 Spellbound an' swallowed till the tolling ended
 Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
 For the countless confused, accused, misused, stung out ones an' worse
 An' for every hung up person in the whole wide universe
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

CIVIL WAR

from Use Your Illusion II

Words and Music by
Slash, Duff McKagan
and W. Axl Rose

Moderately slow

Em G

mp

Em G D/F#

Em G D/F#

Look at your young men fight - ing.
Look at the hate... we're breed - ing.

Look at your wom - en cry - ing.
Look at the fear... we're feed - ing.

Look at your young men dy - ing, the way they've al - ways done be - fore...
Look at the lives... we're lead - ing, the way we've al - ways done be - fore...

* Recorded a half step lower.

A5 2fr. A sus4 A7 (no3rd) 2fr.

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 1 - 2 - 3

My hands— are tied.
My hands— are tied.

E5 G D/F#

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 -

The bil-lions shift— from side— to side,— and the
For all I've seen— has changed— my mind,— but still the

E5 G D N.C.

wars go on— with brain-washed pride— for the love of God— and our hu-man rights,— and
wars go on— as the years go by— with no love of God— or hu-man rights,— 'cause

E5 G D/F#

all these things are swept a-side— by blood-y hands— time can't de-ny— and are
all these dreams are swept a-side— by blood-y hands— of the hyp-no-tized— who

E5 G D To Coda

washed a-way— by your gen-o-cide,— And his-try hides the lies— of our civ-il wars.
 car-ry the cross— of hom-i-cide.— And his-try bears the scars— of our civ-il wars.

A B/A C/A D/A

D'you wear a
 dim,

G Bm Em

black arm-band— when they shot the man— who said, "Peace could last for-ev-er"? And in my
mp

G Bm Em C D

first mem-o-ries they shot— Ken-ne-dy,— and I went numb— when I learned to see,— So I

G Bm Em

nev-er fell— for Vi-et - nam, we got the wall of D. C.— to re-mind us all— that you

G Bm Em C D

can't trust free-dom when it's not in your hands,— when ev-'ry-bod-y's fight-in' for their prom-ised land,— and crease.

Chorus G Bm Em

f I don't need— your civ - il war,—

G Bm Em C D

f It feeds the rich— while it bur-ies the poor.—

G Bm Em

Your pow-er hun - gry, sell-in' sol-diers in a hu-man gro - c'ry store, ain't that fresh!

G Bm Em C D

I don't need your civ - il war.

Em G

Look at the shoes, you're fill - ing.
Look in the doubt, we've wal - lowed.
mp

Look at the blood, we're spill - ing.
Look at the lead - ers we've fol - lowed.

Em G D/F#

Look at the world, we've kill - ing, the way we've al - ways done be - fore...
Look at the lives, we've swal - lowed, and I don't want to hear no more...

2nd time, D.S. al Coda

Coda A B/A C/A D/A

D.S. (repeat Chorus) and fade

COME AWAY, MELINDA

Most experts agree that some life would probably survive an atomic holocaust.

Words and music by Fred Hellerman and Fran Minkoff

Simply

C C

1. "Mom - my, Mom - my, come and look — and

see what I have found, — A lit - tle way a - way from here while

Bb C Bb G Eb Bb Gm

dig - ging in the ground." "Come a-way, Me - lin-da, — come in and close the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into three systems. The first system starts with a 'Simply' tempo marking and a key signature change to C major. The second system continues the melody with a key signature change to B-flat major. The third system continues the melody with key signature changes to G major, E-flat major, B-flat major, and G minor. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

1.-4.

Dm Eb Bb Dm Eb G

door. — It's noth - ing but a pic - ture book they had be - fore the war."

5.

an - swer lies in yes - ter-day, be - fore they had the war."

2. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see, oh, Mommy come and look.
There's four or five Melinda girls inside this picture book."
"Come away, Melinda, come in and close the door,
There were lots of little girls like you before they had the war."
3. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see, oh, Mommy hurry, do.
Here's someone grown up very tall who doesn't look like you."
"Come away, Melinda, come in and close the door,
Your father was a man like that before they had the war."
4. "Mommy, Mommy, come and see, such things I've never seen.
There's happy faces all around and all the ground is green."
"Come away, Melinda, come in and close the door,
That's just the way it used to be before they had the war."
5. Mommy, Mommy, come and see, and tell me if you can—
Why can't it be the way it was before the war began?"
"Come away, Melinda, come in and close the door,
The answer lies in yesterday - before they had the war."

In the event that the singer chooses to change "Mommy, Mommy" to "Daddy, Daddy" throughout the song, an alternate third verse would be:

"Daddy, Daddy, come and see, Oh, Daddy, hurry do,
Here's someone in a pretty dress who's all grown up like you."
"Come away, Melinda, come in a close the door,
That someone is a mother, like you had before the war."

COMPAGNI FRATELLI CERVI

Testo e Musica di G. SALVIUCCI

Met-ti la giub-ba di bat - ta - glia, mi-tra, fu - ci-le e bom-be a

Sol Re7

ma - no, per la li-ber-tà lot - tia - mo, per il tuo po-po-lo fe -

Sol Re7

-del. È giun-ta l'o-ra del-l'as - sal-to, il ves - sil-lo tri-co -

Sol Re7 Sol Re7

-lo - re, e noi dei Cer - vi l'ab-biam giu - ra - to vo-gliam pa-ce e li - ber -

Sol Do Sol Mim

-tà, e li-ber-tà. Com - pa - gni, fra-tel-li Cer - vi, co-sa im - por-ta se si

Re7 Sol

muo - re per la li-ber-tà e l'o - no - re al tuo po-po-lo fe - del. È giun-ta

Re7 Sol Re7 Sol

Metti la giubba di battaglia,
mitra, fucile e bombe a mano,
per la libertà lottiamo,
per il tuo popolo fedel.

È giunta l'ora dell'assalto,
il vessillo tricolore,
e noi dei Cervi l'abbiam giurato
vogliamo pace e libertà, e libertà.

Compagni, fratelli Cervi,
cosa importa se si muore
per la libertà e l'onore
al tuo popolo fedel.

È giunta l'ora dell'assalto,
il vessillo tricolore,
e noi dei Cervi l'abbiam giurato
vogliamo pace e libertà, e libertà.

Compagni, fratelli Cervi,
cosa importa se si muore
per la libertà e l'onore
al tuo popolo fedel.

Das Lied vom Weib des Nazisoldaten

Bertolt Brecht

Hanns Eisler

Allegretto

1. Und was be - kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus der al - ten Haupt - stadt Prag? _____

6

— Aus Prag be - kam sie die Stö - ckel - schuh. Ei - nen Gruß und da - zu die

10

Stö - ckel - schuh, — das be - kam sie aus der Stadt — Prag. —

17

— 2. Und was be - kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus War - schau am Weich - sel - strand? _____

22

— Aus War-schau be-kam sie das lei - ne - ne Hemd, so bunt und so fremd wie ein

26

pol-ni-sches Hemd! — Das be - kam sie vom Weich - sel - strand. —

33

— 3. Und was be-kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus Os - lo ü - ber dem Sund? —

38

— Aus Os - lo be-kam sie das Kräg-lein aus Pelz. Hof-fent-lich ge-fällt's, das

42

Kräg - lein aus Pelz! Das be - kam sie aus Os - lo am Sund.

49

4. Und was be-kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus dem rei-chen Rot - ter - dam?

54

Aus Rot - ter - dam be - kam sie den Hut. Und er steht ihr so gut, der hol -

58

län-di-sche Hut. Den be - kam sie aus Rot - ter - dam.

65

5. Und was be-kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus Brüs-sel im bel-gi - schen Land?

70

Aus Brüs-sel be-kam sie die sel - te-nen Spit-zen. Ach, das zu be - sit - zen, so

74

sel - te-ne Spit - zen! Die be - kam sie aus bel - gi - schem Land.

81

6. Und was be-kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus der Lich-ter-stadt Pa - ris?

86

— Aus Pa - ris be - kam sie das sei - de - ne Kleid, zu der Nach - ba - rin Neid das

90

sei-de-ne Kleid, — das be - kam sie aus Pa - ris. —

97

— 7. Und was be-kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus dem li-by-schen Tri-po - lis? —

102

— Aus Tri - po - lis be - kam sie das Kett - chen. Das A - mu - lett - chen am

106

ku-pfer - nen Kett - chen, - das be - kam sie aus Tri - po - lis. _____

114

Ruhiger

8. Und was be - kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus dem wei - ten Russ - land?

123

Aus Russ - land be - kam sie den Wit - wen - schlei - er. Zur To - ten - fei - er den Wit - wen -

131

schlei - er, _____ das be - kam sie aus Russ - land.

1. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus der alten Hauptstadt Prag?
Aus Prag bekam sie die Stöckelschuh.
Einen Gruß und dazu die Stöckelschuh,
das bekam sie aus der Stadt Prag.

2. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus Warschau am Weichselstrand?
Aus Warschau bekam sie das leinene Hemd,
so bunt und so fremd wie ein polnisches Hemd!
Das bekam sie vom Weichselstrand.

3. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus Oslo über dem Sund?
Aus Oslo bekam sie das Kräglein aus Pelz.
Hoffentlich gefällt's, das Kräglein aus Pelz!
Das bekam sie aus Oslo am Sund.

4. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus dem reichen Rotterdam?
Aus Rotterdam bekam sie den Hut.
Und er steht ihr so gut, der holländische Hut.
Den bekam sie aus Rotterdam.

5. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus Brüssel im belgischen Land?
Aus Brüssel bekam sie die seltenen Spitzen.
Ach, das zu besitzen, so seltene Spitzen!
Die bekam sie aus belgischem Land.

6. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus der Lichterstadt Paris ?
Aus Paris bekam sie das seidene Kleid,
zu der Nachbarin Neid das seidene Kleid,
das bekam sie aus Paris.

7. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus dem libyschen Tripolis?
Aus Tripolis bekam sie das Kettchen.
Das Amulettchen am kupfernen Kettchen,
das bekam sie aus Tripolis.

8. Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
aus dem weiten Russland?
Aus Russland bekam sie den Witwenschleier.
Zur Totenfeier den Witwenschleier,
das bekam sie aus Russland.

D-Day Dodgers

The musical score is written on five staves in 4/4 time. The melody is in C major, with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes the following lyrics: We're the D - Day Dod - gers, out in It - al - y, Al - ways on the vin - o - , al - ways on the spree Eighth Ar - my scroun- gers and their tanks, We live in Rome a - mong the Yanks, We are the D - Day Dod - gers in sun - ny It - al - y.

C F G7

We're the D - Day Dod - gers, out in It - al - y,

C

Al - ways on the vin - o - , al - ways on the spree

F G7 F

Eighth Ar - my scroun- gers and their tanks, We live in Rome a -

C G7 C

mong the Yanks, We are the D - Day Dod - gers in

G7 C

sun - ny It - al - y.

1. We're the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy,
Always on the vino, always on the spree.
Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks,
We live in Rome among the Yanks.
We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.
2. We landed at Salerno, a holiday with pay.
The Jerries brought the bands out to greet us on the way.
Showed us the sights and gave us tea,
We all had girls and the beer was free.
We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.
3. Naples and Cassino were taken in our stride.
We didn't go to fight there; we just went for the ride.
Anzio and Sangros they're just names,
We only went to look for dames.
We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.

4. On our way to Florence we had a lovely time.
We ran a bus to Rimini right through the Gothic Line.
On to Bologna we did go.
Then we went bathing in the Po.
For we are the D-Day Dodgers, over here in Italy.
5. Once we had a blue light that we were going home
Back to dear old Blighty, never more to roam.
Then somebody said in France you'll fight.
We said never mind, we'll just sit tight,
The windy D-Day Dodgers, out in Sunny Italy.
6. Dear Lady Astor, you think you know a lot
Standing on a platform and talking tommyrot.
You're England's sweetheart and her pride,
We think your mouth's too bloody wide,
That's from your D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy.
7. Look around the mountains in the mud and rain
You'll see the scattered crosses, there's some that have no name.
Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone
The boys beneath them slumber on,
They are the D-Day Dodgers who stayed in Italy.
They are the D-Day Dodgers who stayed in Italy.

Several versions of a song called "D-Day Dodgers", set to the tune "Lili Marleen" (music by Norbert Schultze in 1938, a favorite song of the troops in the North African Campaign), were sung in the last months of the war and at post-war reunions. The lyrics were written in November 1944 by Lance-Sergeant Harry Pynn of the Tank Rescue Section, 19 Army Fire Brigade, who was with the 78th Infantry Division just south of Bologna, Italy.

There were many variations on verses but the song generally and sarcastically referred to how easy their life in Italy was. There was no mention of Lady Astor in the original lyrics. Many Allied personnel in Italy had reason to be bitter, as the bulk of material support for the Allied armies went to Northwest Europe after the invasion of Normandy. They also noted that they had participated in several "D-days" of their own before the landings in Normandy became popularly known as "D-Day". Italian campaign veterans noted that they had been in action for eleven months before the Normandy landings, and some of those had served in North Africa even before that.

It is listed in the **Roud Folk Song Index** #10499.

It was printed in **Sing Out! Magazine** Volume 10.

Although Hamish Henderson did not write the song, he did collect different versions of it and it is attributed to him in the sleeve notes of the Ian Campbell Folk Group's **Contemporary Campbells** (1965).

It was also recorded by Pete Seeger on **The Complete Bowdoin College Concert 1960** (recorded 1960 released 2011), The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem on **Home Boys Home** (1968), The Leesiders (UK folk duo) on **The Leesiders** (1968), The Spinners (UK folk band) on **By Arrangement** (1973), The Yetties on **Up in Arms** (1974) (track listed as "Lili Marlele"), Hamish Imlach on **A Man's A Man** (1978), Ian Robb on **From Different Angels** (1994), Pete Seeger on **Kisses Sweeter Than Wine** (1996), Kathy Hampson's **Free Elastic Band** (1990s) and The Houghton Weavers on **Songs of Conflict** (2012).

37a. Der Graben

1928

Andante con moto

Gesang

Klavier

1. Mut - ter, wo - zu hast du Dei - nen auf - ge - zo - gen?
2. Jun - ge, kannst du noch an Va - ter den - ken?

Hast dich zwan - zig Jahr mit ihm ge - quält? Wo - zu ist er dir in dei - nen
Va - ter nahm dich oft auf sei - nen Arm. Wollt dir ei - nen —

Arm ge - flo - gen, und du hast ihm lei - se was er - zählt? Bis sie ihn dir weg - ge -
Gro - schen schen - ken, spiel - te mit dir Räu - ber und Gen - darm. Bis sie ihn dir weg - ge -

nom - men ha - ben — Für den Gra - ben, Mut - ter, für den Gra - ben —
nom - men ha - ben — Für den Gra - ben, Jun - ge, für den Gra - ben —

D. A. K. 9

15

3. Drü - ben die fran - zö - si - chen Ge - nos - sen la - gen dicht bei
 4. Seid nicht stolz auf Or - den und Ge - klun - ker! Seid nicht stolz auf

20

Eng - lands Ar - beits - mann. Al - le ha - ben sie ihr Blut ver - gos - sen,
 Nar - ben und die Zeit! In die Grä - ben schick - ten euch die Jun - ker,

und zer - schos - sen ruht heut Mann bei Mann. Al - te Leu - te, Män - ner,
 Staats - wahn und der Fa - bri - kan - ten - neid. Ihr wart gut ge - nug zum

25

man - cher Kna - be in dem ei - nen gro - ßen Mas - sen - gra - be.
 Fraß für Ra - ben, für das Grab, Ka - me - ra - den, für den Gra - ben!

30

5. Denkt an To - des - rö - chein und Ge - stöh - ne, , Drü - ben ste - hen Vä - ter,

Müt - ter, Söh - ne, schuf - ten schwer, wie ihr, ums biß - chen Le - ben. Wollt ihr de - nen nicht die

35

Hän - de ge - ben? Reicht die Bru - der - hand als schön - ste al - ler Ga - ben —

40

— ü - bern Gra - ben, Leu - te, ü - bern Gra - ben — !

13. Deutsches Miserere

(Bertolt Brecht)

Nicht schleppen

1.-3. Ei - nes schö-nen Ta - ges be - fahl'n uns uns'-re O - ber'n

(die klei - ne Stadt Dan - zig	} für
(das schö - ne - re Frank-reich	
(das rie - si - ge Russ - land	

4 sie zu er - o - bern. Wir sind mit Tanks und Bom - bern in

(Po - len ein - ge - bro - chen und	}
(Frank-reich ein - ge - bro - chen und	
(Russ - land ein - ge - fah - ren und	

7 ha - ben es er - o - bert in zwei Wo - chen.
 ha - ben es er - o - bert in fünf Wo - chen.
 kämp-fen um das nack-te Le-ben seit zwei Jah - ren.

11 4. Ei - nes schö-nen Ta - ges be - fahl'n uns noch uns'-re O - ber'n, den

15

Bo - den der Tief - see und den Mond zu er - o - bern. Und es ist schon schwer hier

18

— mit die - sem Russ - land, und der Feind ist stark und der Heim - weg un - be - kannt.

22

Gott be - wahr uns und führ uns

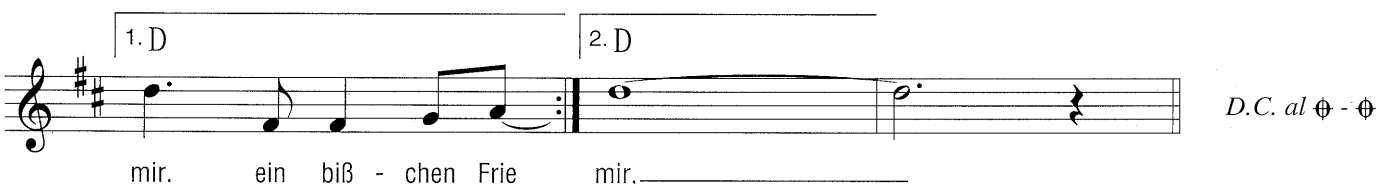
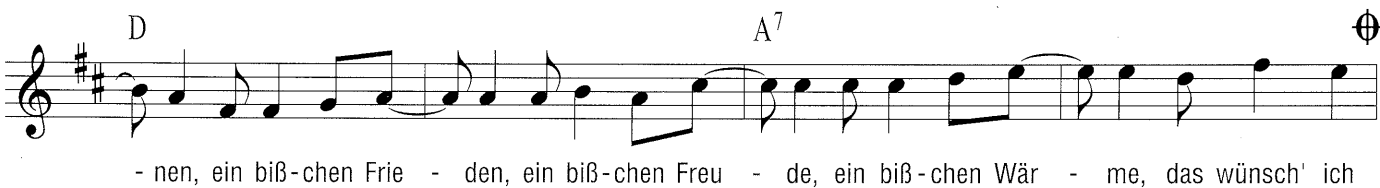
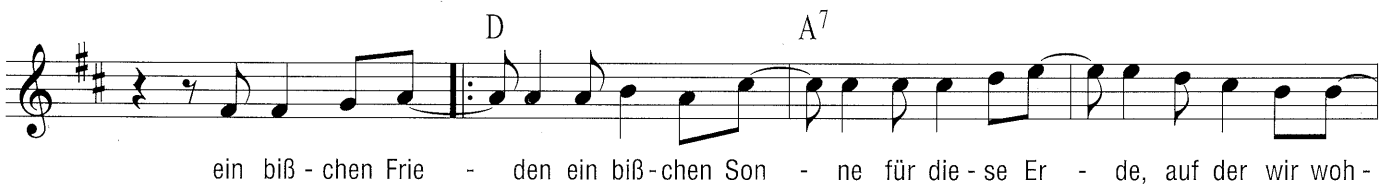
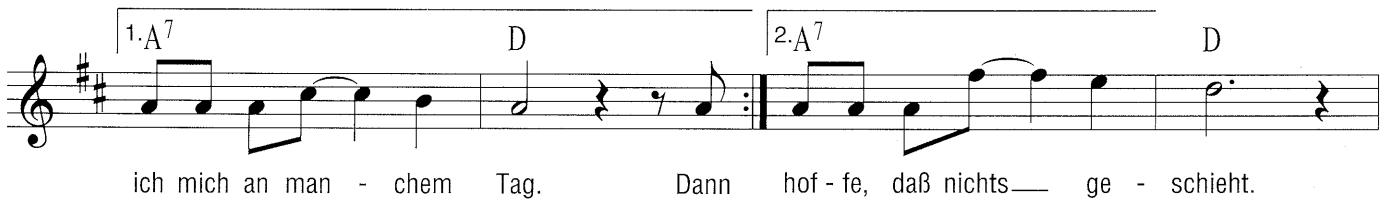
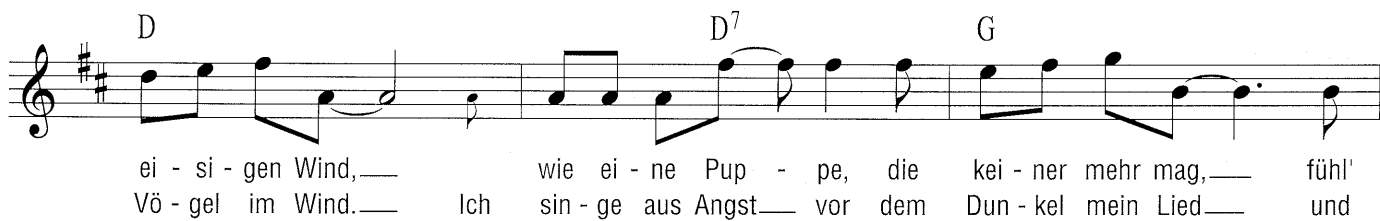
26

wie - der nach Haus, führ uns wie - der nach Haus!

Ein bißchen Frieden

Text: Bernd Meinunger
Musik: Ralph Siegel
Interpretin: Nicole
Rhythmus: Pop
Tempo: Moderato

© 1982 by Edition Meridian Ralph Siegel KG



D
 Solo: Sing
 mit
 A⁷ mir
 ein
 mir. Ein biß - chen Frie - den, ein biß - chen Son - ne für die - se Er -
 klei - - - nes D Lied, daß die
 - de, auf der wir woh - nen, ein biß - chen Frie - den, ein biß - chen Freu -
 A⁷ Welt in 1. Frie - - - den D lebt.
 - de, ein biß - chen Wär - me, das wünsch' ich mir. Ein biß - chen Frie -
 A⁷ 2. Frie - - - den D lebt.
 - me, das wünsch' ich mir.

2. Ich weiß, meine Lieder, die ändern nicht viel.
 Ich bin nur ein Mädchen, das sagt was es fühlt.
 Allein bin ich hilflos, ein Vogel im Wind,
 der spürt, daß der Sturm beginnt.

Refrain

Ein bißchen Frieden, ein bißchen träumen
 und daß die Menschen nicht so oft weinen.
 Ein bißchen Frieden, ein bißchen Liebe,
 daß ich die Hoffnung nie mehr verlier'.

EL DERECHO DE VIVIR EN PAZ

Víctor Jara

Solemne

♩ = 164

Tiple
(cejillo 5ª)

Con Swing

4

A₇ C G₇+B

Tiple

8

Canto

El de - re - cho de vi-

Tiple

Guit.

Bajo

desde 2da. vez

G₆ A₇

12

Canto

vir, po - e - - ta Ho Chi

Tiple

Guit.

Bajo

sigue arpeggio

G₆ A₇ C

16  G_7+/B G_6 A_7

Canto
Minh, que gol - pe - - - a de Viet-

Tiple




Bajo

20 G_6 A_7 C

Canto
nam a to - - - da la hu - ma - ni-

Tiple




Bajo


24  G_7+/B  D_m  E_7

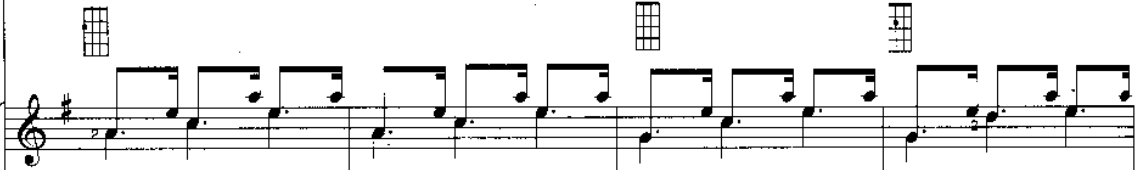

Canto
dad, nin - gún ca - ñón bo - rra-


Tiple


Bajo


28  A_m  A_{m7}/G  A_{m7}/G



Canto 
 rá el sur - - - co de tu a - rro-


Tiple 



Bajo 

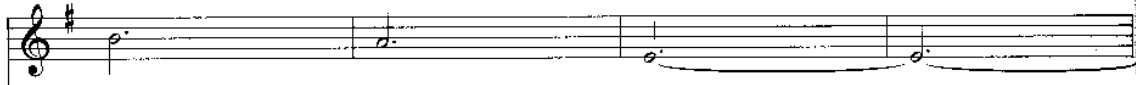
32  G_{7+} G_6 A_7

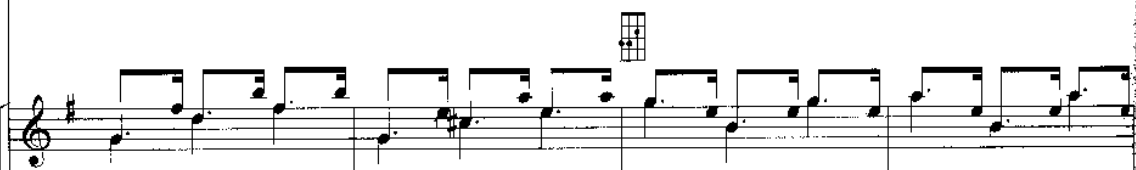

Canto 
 zal. El de - re - - - cho de vi-

Tiple 


Bajo 

36 G_{7+}/B A_7  E_m

Canto 
 vir en paz.

Tiple 


Bajo 

al $\frac{8}{8}$ G₆
6 veces y sigue

40

Canto

El de - re - - - cho

Tiple

Bajo

A₇ G₇+/B A₇

44

Canto

de vi - vir en

Tiple

Bajo

E_m

47

Canto

paz.

Tiple

Bajo

EL DERECHO DE VIVIR EN PAZ

El derecho de vivir;
poeta Ho Chi Minh,
que golpea de Vietnam
a toda la humanidad,
ningún cañón borrará
el surco de tu arrozal.
El derecho de vivir en paz.

Indochina es el lugar;
más allá del ancho mar;
donde revientan la flor
con genocidio y napalm.
La luna es una explosión
que funde todo el clamor.
El derecho de vivir en paz.

Tío Ho, nuestra canción
es fuego de puro amor;
es palomo, palomar,
olivo del olivar;
es el canto universal,
cadena que hará triunfar
el derecho de vivir en paz.

EN VOULEZ-VOUS DES HOMMES MORTS ?

PIANO

L'autre jour un clan po - li - ti - que se par-ta-geait tous les com-tés, En di-sant

pour battre la cli-que Nous ne som-mes pas em- bê-tés. Mais une voix sortant de ter - re E-pou-van-

- ta tous ces pantins, En criant: Al lez-vous vous tai - re, Tas de cre-vés! Tas de pan-tins!

(Parlé) En voulez-vous des hommes morts?.... . Ah! les batêches! I's ont pas d'poil aux pattes!!

Des homm's morts!..... hurla la cohorte,
C'est pour nous fair' reculer,
Craignons rien, nous avons Laporte,
Et pis Beauchamp, et pis Lussier;
Des hommes pareils ont l'âme pure,
Et n'ont pas peur d'un gringolet!
Mais le démon d'une voix dure,
Sans se laisser toujours soufflait:

Quoi donc c'que c'est? dit dans la foule
Martineau, qu'est pas un capon,
Ça n'm'effraye point, j'sus pas t'une poule;
J'sus t'un coq qui chante et qui pond.
Morgan sourit, Doyon frissonne
Au bruit de ce cocorico.
Et bien qu'il n'y eût là personne,
La voix gronda en siroco:

(Parlé) En voulez-vous des hommes morts?.....
Ah! les batêches! I's ont pas d'poil aux pattes!!

(Parlé) En voulez-vous des hommes morts?.....
Ah! les batêches! I's ont pas d'poil aux pattes!!

Alors Morgan, s'armant d'audace,
Se tourna vers Cooke en disant :
Demandons au frère Didace
D'exterminer l'mauvais plaisant.
Mais Mondou, qui était tout pâle,
Vit verdir le doux Pariseau,
Lorsque la voix d'un puissant râle
Leur dégoisa en plein museau :

(Parlé) En voulez-vous des hommes morts ?.....
Ah ! les batêches ! I's ont pas d'poil aux pattes !!

Magnan seul était sans faiblesse,
Parce qu'il n'avait rien compris ;
Mais soudain son âme en détresse
Lui chanta le " De profundis."
Allons, dit-il, pus d'politique,
Si nous voulons sauver nos os,
Car c'est une voix prophétique,
Celle qui nous hurle dans le dos :

(Parlé) En voulez-vous des hommes morts ?.....
Ah ! les batêches ! I's ont pas d'poil aux pattes !!





ENOLA GAY

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

ENOLA GAY

11

Words and music by Andy McCluskey

$\text{♩} = 144$

Chords: F, Gm, C, F, Dm, Bb, C

Dynamics: *mf*, *f*

Lyrics:

1. E - no - la Gay you should have stayed at home yes - ter - day
 2. E - no - la Gay is moth - er proud of little boy to - day

Ah - ha * words can't des - crite the feel - ing and the way you lied
 Ah - ha this kiss you give it's nev - er ev - er going to fade a - way

2. These games you play... they're going to end in more than tears some day...

5. *Instrumental*

mf

F *Dm*

Ah ha E no - la gay... it should-n't ev - er have to end this way...

Bb

F *Dm* *Bb*

(Instrumental)

f

To Coda ♯

3. It's eight fif - teen... and that's the time that it's

5. E - ♯

mf

all - ways been... we got your mes - sage on the ra - di - o... con - di - tions nor - mal and you're

Fm *Bb*

com-ing home

Instrumental

1

2 D.S. al Coda

CODA

6. no - la Gay — it should n't ev - er have to end this way —
 7. eight fif - teen — and that's the time that it's al - ways been —
 8. no - la Gay — is moth - er proud of lit - tle boy to day —

Ah ha E no la Gay — it should n't fade in our dreams a way —
 we got your mes - sage on the ra - di - o con - di - tions nor - mal and you're com - ing home
 Ah ha this kiss you give — it's ne - ver ev - er going to fade a way —

12

Recorded by BARRY McGUIRE on Dunhill Records

EVE OF DESTRUCTION

Words and Music By
P. F. SLOAN**Moderately** (with intensity)

Verse

The East-ern world— It is ex-plod-in', Vi-o-lence flar-in' and bul-lets load-in', You're

 The first line of the verse is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). Above the voice staff are six guitar chord diagrams: D, G, A7, D, G, and A. The lyrics are: 'The East-ern world— It is ex-plod-in', Vi-o-lence flar-in' and bul-lets load-in', You're'.

old e-nough to kill, But not for— vot-in', You don't be-lieve in war, But

 The second line of the verse continues the melody. Above the voice staff are four guitar chord diagrams: D, G, A, and D. The lyrics are: 'old e-nough to kill, But not for— vot-in', You don't be-lieve in war, But'.

what's that gun you're to-tin'? And ev-en the Jor-dan Riv-er has bod-ies float-in'! But you

 The third line of the verse concludes the musical phrase. Above the voice staff are five guitar chord diagrams: G, A, D, G, and A. The lyrics are: 'what's that gun you're to-tin'? And ev-en the Jor-dan Riv-er has bod-ies float-in'! But you'.

Chorus



Tell me o-ver and o - ver and o - ver a - gain — my friend, — Ah, you don't be-lieve we're



To Coda

on the Eve — Of Des-truc-tion. —

Verse



Don't you un - der - stand what I'm try'n to say? — Can't you feel the fear — that I'm

mf



feel-in' to - day? If the but-ton is pushed — there's no run-ning a - way — There'll be

no one to save— with the world in a grave.— Take a look a-round you, boy, It's

bound to scare you, boy, But you

D. S. al Coda

Coda

You don't be-lieve we're

on the Eve-Of Des-truc-tion.—

Extra Verses My blood's so mad feels like coaglatin'
 I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
 You can't twist the truth it knows no regulatin'
 And a handful of Senators don't pass legislation
 Marches alone can't bring integration
 When human respect is disintegratin'
 This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'.

(Repeat Chorus)

Think of all the hate there is in Red China
 Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!
 You may leave here for four days in space
 But when you return, it's the same old place.
 The pounding drums, the pride and disgrace
 You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
 Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace.

(Repeat Chorus)

For What It's Worth

Words and Music by
STEPHEN STILLS

Slow rock beat

There's some-thing hap-pen-ing here, — What it is ain't ex-act-ly clear, —

There's a man with a gun o-ver there, — tell-in' me I've got to be-ware. —

Chorus

I think it's time we stop, chil - dren, what's that sound? —

Ev-'ry-bod-y look what's go-in' down. —

0 A 0 0 E 00 0 A 0

1. There's bat - tle lines be - in' drawn, No - bod - y's
 2. What a field day for the heat. A
 3. Pa - ra - noi - a strikes deep,

0 E 00 0 A 0 0 E 00

right if ev - 'ry - bod - y's wrong Young peo - ple speak - in' their minds,
 thou - sand peo - ple in the street sing - in' songs and car - ry - in' signs.
 in - to your life it will creep. It starts when you're al - ways a - fraid.

0 A 0 0 E 00 1. 2. 0 A 0

Get - tin' so much re - sis - tance from be - hind
 Most - ly say - ing, "Hoo - ray for our side."
 Step out of line the men come and

3. 0 A 0 0 E 00 0 E 00 0 A 0

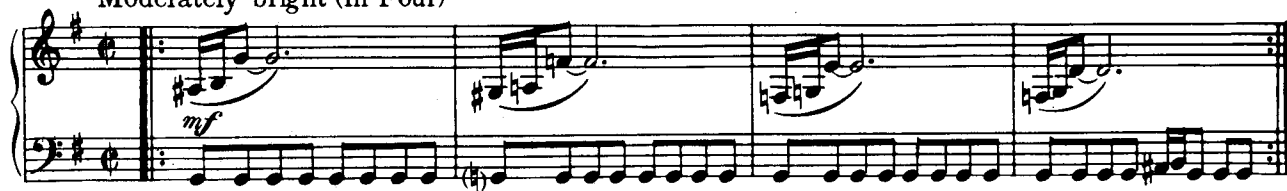
take you a - way. You bet - ter stop, hey, what's that sound? Ev - 'ry - bod - y look what's go - in' down. You bet - ter

Repeat and fade out.

Fortunate Son

By
J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately bright (in Four)



CHORUS

It ain't me, it ain't me— I ain't no { 1. sen-a - tor's
2. mil-lion-aire's } son.
3. mil-i - ta - ry }

It ain't me, it ain't me;— I ain't no for-tun-ate one. one.

To Coda

1. G 2. G *D.S. al Coda*

CODA C7 G G

I ain't no for - tun - ate one. It ain't me,

D7 C7 G

it ain't me;— I ain't no for - tun - ate one.

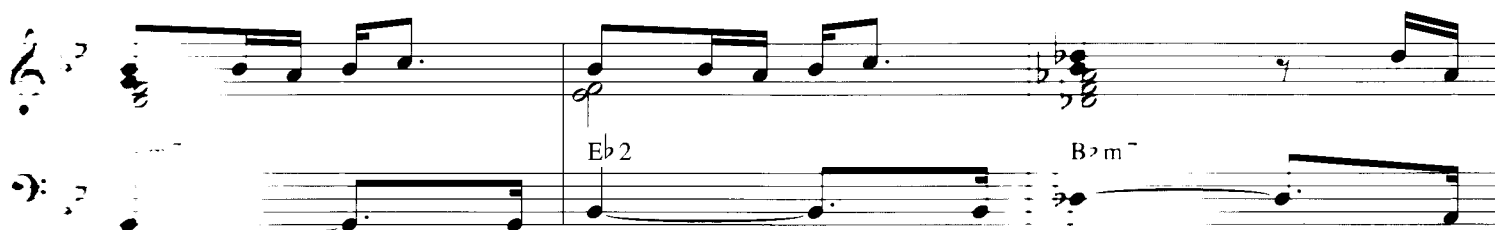
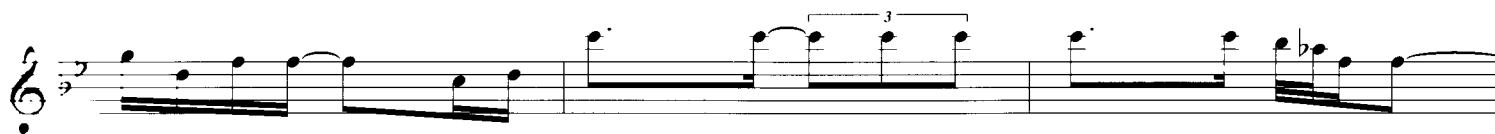
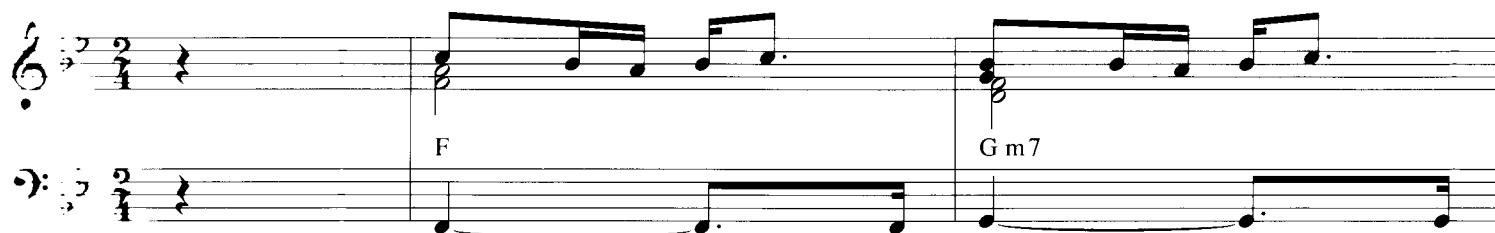
Repeat ad lib. and fade out

HEBES

Paroles & musique : Jean-Jacques Goldman



INTRO GUITARE



First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes. Chord symbols are placed below the bass staff: Db, Eb 9, and Ab 2.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line. Chord symbols are placed below the bass staff: Bb.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line. The lyrics "Je viens des plai - aines" and "je suis des mon - ta - gnes" are written below the staves.

Fourth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line. Chord symbols are placed below the bass staff: F, Bb m, Eb 2, and Bb.

Fifth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line. The lyrics "Ces terres - là sont les miennes" and "ce sont nos cam - pa - a - gnes" are written below the staves.

Sixth system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line. Chord symbols are placed below the bass staff: F, Bb m, Eb 2, and Bb.

A nous de - puis la nuit des temps nous y é - tions a - vant

F B \flat m E \flat 2 B \flat

1 3
Nous com - bat - trons pen - dant mille ans jus - qu'au der - nier sang

F B \flat m E \flat 2 B \flat

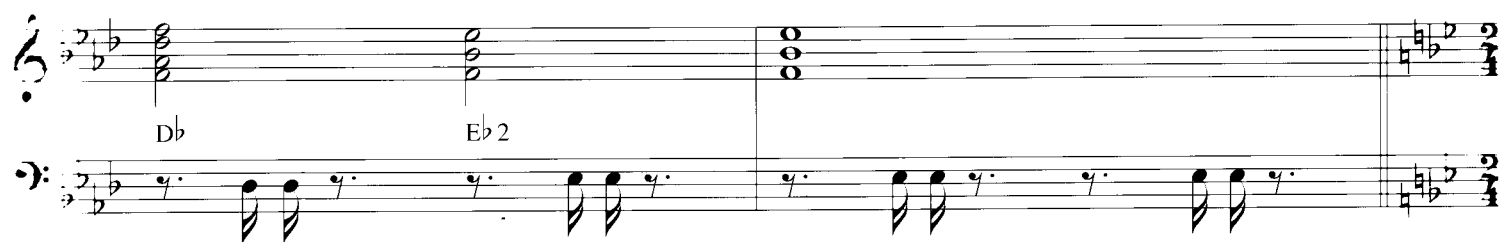
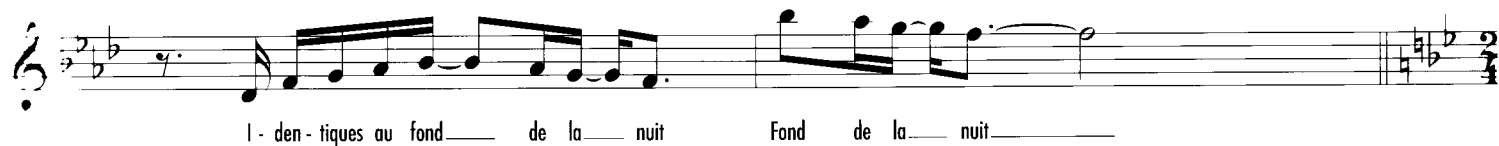
Les mê - mes cris, mê - mes dis - cours

B \flat C D m C

3
Les mê - mes dia - lo - gues de sourds Con - traire et sem - blable aus - si

C D m C 9 B \flat C

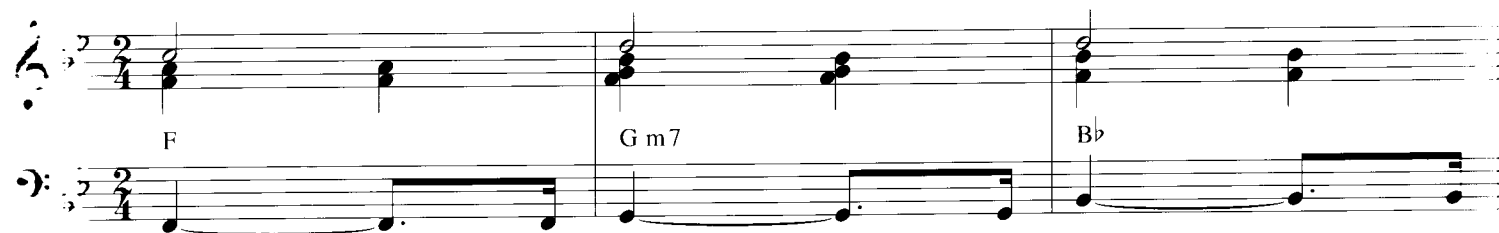
(voix off)



REFRAIN

8

Frè - ères



(chœur) Frè - ères



(chœur) Frè



ères



G m7

Bb

Db

2° fois al coda Θ

même a - cier dans les mè - mes ven - tres dé - chi - rès

D>

Eb 2

Eb 9

A - près, quand tout se - ra fi - ni

B>

C

D m

C 6

Quand la vic - toire au - ra sou - ri

A - près, la vie la belle vie

C

D m

C 9

Bb

C

(voix off)

Bien - tôt quand tout s'ra fi - ni tout s'ra fi - ni

Db Eb 2

⊕ CODA

(chœur) Frè - ères

même a - no - ny - mat, frè -

F G m7 Bb

(chœur) Frè - ères

- res d'ab - sur - di - té

Db Eb 2 F G m7

(chœur) Frè -

frè - res d'at - tente au fond des mê - mes tran - chées

Bb Db Eb 2 F

ères



G m7

Bb

Db



D7

Eb2

Eb9

Frè

ères

mal

F

G m7

Pour finir ad lib.

Du même

a - ni -

Db

Eb2

Friedenslied

〈Kinderlied〉

〈Bertolt Brecht〉

1950

Andante (einleitend)

Klarinette in B

Banjo

Elektr. Gitarre

Gesang

Klavier

Kontrabaß

Klavierauszug

Ruhige d

1. Strophe

Frie - de auf die - ser Er - de, Frie - de auf un - se-rem Feld!

pizz.

p

Ruhige d

p

Elektr. Gitarre

15

2. Strophe

Daß es auch immer ge - hö - re dem, der es gut be - stellt. Frie - de in un - se - rem Lan - de,

20

Frie - de in un - se - rer Stadt! Daß sie den gut be - hau - se, der sie ge - bau - et hat.

20

25

3. Strophe

Frie - de in un - se-rem Hau - se, Frie - de im Haus ne-ben - an! Frie - de dem fried - li-chen

30

Banjo

4. Strophe

Nach - barn, daß je - des ge-dei - hen kann. Frie - de dem Ro-ten Plat-ze und dem Lincoln-

30

35 40

Mo - nu - ment! Und dem Bran - den - bur - ger To - re und der Fah - ne, die drauf brennt! —

35 40

45

p

5. Strophe

Frie - de den Kin - dern Ko - re - as und den Kumpel an Nei - ße und Ruhr! Frie - de den New - Yor - ker Schoß - ren,

45

p

50

6. Strophe

euch Ku - lis von Sin - ga - pur! Frie - de den deut-schen Bau-ern und den Bau-ern im



55

gro-ßen Banat! Frie - de auch den gu - ten Gelehrten eu - rer Stadt Le - nin - grad!

55

60

Elektr. Gitarre

7. Strophe

Frie-de der Frau und dem Man - ne, Frie - de dem Greis und dem Kind! Frie - de der See und dem Lan - de,

65

daß sie uns gün-stig sind!

70

65

70

p

9. Gegen den Krieg

(Bertolt Brecht)

Gemischter Chor a cappella

Thema und Variationen

Thema

Andante con moto

1936

Unisono *f*

Als der letz-te Krieg vor - ü-ber war, gab es Sie-ger und Be - sieg - te. Bei den Be - sieg - ten das
nie - d're Volk hun - ger - te. Bei den Sie - - gern hun - ger - te das nie - d're Volk auch.

1. Var.

p nicht schleppen - nicht eilen!

Frauen *p*

Die das Fleisch weg - neh - - men vom Tisch, leh - ren Zu - frie - den - heit, leh - ren Zu -

Männer *p*

Die das Fleisch weg - neh - - men vom Tisch, leh - ren Zu -

p

frie - den - heit. Die, für die die Ga - ben be - stimmt sind, ver - lan - gen Op - fer - mut.
frie - den - heit. Die, für die die Ga - ben be - stimmt sind,

poco rit.

Die Satt - ge - fres - se - nen spre - chen zu den Hung - ri - gen von - gro - ßen Zei - ten, die kom - men wer - den.
ver - lan - gen Op - fer - mut. Die Satt - ge - fres - se - nen spre - chen zu den Hung - ri - gen kom - men wer - den.

2. Var.

f des $\frac{6}{4}$ = des $\frac{3}{2}$

Sopran *f*

Die - das Land in den Ab - grund stür - zen, nen - nen das Re - gie - ren zu

Alt *f*

Die - das Land in den Ab - grund stür - zen, nen - nen das Re - gie - ren zu

Tenor *f*

Die - das Land in den Ab - grund stür - zen, nen - nen das Re - gie - ren zu

Baß *f*

Die das Land in den Ab - grund stür - zen, nen - nen das Re -

schwer, zu schwer für den ein - - - fa - chen Mann.

schwer, zu schwer für den ein - - - fa - chen Mann.

schwer, zu schwer für den ein - fa - chen, ein - - - fa - chen Mann.

schwer, zu schwer für den ein - - - fa - chen Mann.

gie - ren zu schwer für den ein - fa - chen, ein - - - fa - chen, ein - fa - chen Mann.

3. Var.

energische (nicht laufen, nicht schleppen)

Wenn die O - b'ren vom Frie - den spre - - - chen, Mann auf der

Wenn die O - b'ren vom Frie - den spre - chen, Mann auf der

Wenn die O - b'ren vom Frie - den spre - - - chen, Mann auf der

Wenn die O - b'ren vom Frie - den spre - chen, Mann auf der

4. Var.

Stra - ße, laß al - le Hoff - nung fah - ren. Wenn die O - b'ren Nicht - an - griffs -

Stra - ße, laß al - le Hoff - nung fah - ren. Wenn die O - b'ren Nicht -

Stra - ße, laß al - le Hoff - nung fah - ren. Wenn die O - b'ren Nicht - an - griffs -

Stra - ße, laß al - le Hoff - nung fah - ren. Wenn die O - b'ren Nicht -

pak - te schlie - - - ßen, klei - ner Mann, mach dein Te - sta - - - ment.

an - griffs - pak - te schlie - ßen, klei - ner Mann, mach dein Te - sta - - - ment.

pak - te schlie - - - ßen, klei - ner Mann, mach dein Te - sta - - - ment.

an - griffs - pak - te schlie - ßen, klei - ner Mann, mach dein Te - sta - - - ment.

5. Var.

Andante (einfach)

Alte Tenor

mf Wenn der Krieg kommt, wird sich vie - les ver - grö - ßern. Es wird grö - ßer

mf Wenn der Krieg kommt, wird sich vie - - - les ver - grö - ßern.

wer - den der Reich - tum der Herr - schen - den. Es wird grö - ßer wer - den: das E - lend der

Es wird grö - ßer wer - den der Reich - tum der Herr - schen - den. Es wird grö - ßer wer - den:

ff Aus - ge - beu - te - ten, der Hun - ger, die Un - ge - rech - tig - keit und Un - ter -

8 E - lend, Hun - ger, Not, die Un - ge - rech - tig - keit und

- drük - kung. *mf* Die wer - den grö - ßer wer - den.

8 Un - ter - drük - kung. *ff* Die wer - den grö - ßer wer - den.

6. Var.

Ruhige

Sopran Alte Tenor Baß

p Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie wol - len Krieg. Der es ge -

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie

8 Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie wol - len Krieg. Der es ge -

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie

schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - len, ge - fal - len.

wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - len.

8 schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - len, ge - fal - len.

wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - len.

7. Var.

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat,

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat,

Auf der Mau - er stand ge - schrie - ben: Sie

ist schon ge - fal - len. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - - - len.

wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - - - len.

ist schon ge - fal - len. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - - - len.

wol - len Krieg. Der es ge - schrie - ben hat, ist schon ge - fal - - - len.

8. Var.

Etwas hastig, rhythmisch, aber nicht laufen

Frauen Wenn die O - bren vom Frie - den re - den, weiß das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es Krieg gibt. Wenn die

Männer

O - bren den Krieg ver - flu - chen, sind die Ge - stel - lungs - be - feh - le schon aus - ge - schrie - ben.

9. Var.

Sopran Wenn die O - bren von Eh - re re - den, weiß das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es

Alt Wenn die O - bren von Eh - re re - den, weiß

Tenor Wenn die O - bren von Eh - re re - den, weiß das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es

Baß Wenn die O - bren von Eh - re re - den, weiß

Krieg gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren uns Ruhm ver - spre - chen, sind die Ge -
 das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es Krieg gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren uns
 8 Krieg gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren uns Ruhm ver - spre - chen, sind die Ge -
 das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es Krieg gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren uns

stel - lungs - be - feh - le schon aus - ge - schrie - ben, aus - - ge - schrie - ben. Wenn sie
 Ruhm ver - spre - chen, sind die Ge - stel - lungs - be - feh - le schon aus - ge - schrie - ben.
 8 stel - lungs - be - feh - le schon aus - ge - schrie - ben, aus - - ge - schrie - ben. Wenn sie
 Ruhm ver - spre - chen, sind die Ge - stel - lungs - be - feh - le schon aus - ge - schrie - ben.

10. Var.

re - den von gro - ßen Zei - ten, weiß das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es
 Wenn sie re - den von gro - ßen Zei - ten, weiß
 8 re - den von gro - ßen Zei - ten, weiß das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es
 Wenn sie re - den von gro - ßen Zei - ten, weiß

Blut gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren von Op - fern spre - chen, so mei - nen
 das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es Blut gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren von
 8 Blut gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren von Op - fern spre - chen, so mei - nen
 das ge - mei - ne Volk, daß es Blut gibt. Wenn die O - b'ren von

sie un - ser Blut, — nur un - ser Blut, — un - ser Blut. —
 Op - fern spre - chen, so mei - nen sie un - ser Blut, un - ser Blut. —
 sie un - ser Blut, — nur un - ser Blut, — un - ser Blut. —
 Op - fern spre - chen, so mei - nen sie un - ser Blut, un - ser Blut. —

Intermezzo

11. Var.

Moderato (sehr ruhig)

Sopran (die Hälfte) *pp* Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Eh - re. — Ma - rie, — wei - ne nicht.
 Alt (die Hälfte) *pp* Sie re - den wie - der von gro - ßen Zei - ten. — Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht. —
 Tenor (die Hälfte) *pp* Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Sie - gen.

12. Var.

Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Eh - re. — Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht.
 Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Eh - re. — Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht.
 Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Eh - re. — Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht.
 Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Eh - re. — Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht.

13. Var.

a tempo

Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht, wei - ne nicht, wei - ne nicht, wei - ne nicht.
 Sie re - den wie - der, wie - der von Sie - gen. — Ma - rie, Ma - rie, wei - ne nicht.
 gro - ßen Zei - ten. Ma - rie, — wei - ne nicht, wei - ne nicht, wei - ne nicht.

14. Var.

Marschierend (nicht schleppen, nicht eilen!)

Sopran *mf* Wenn es zum Mar-schie-ren kommt: Eu - er Feind marschier an der Spit-ze. Die Stim - me, die

Alt *mf* Wenn es zum Mar-schie-ren kommt: Eu - er Feind marschier an der Spit-ze. Die Stim - me, die

Tenor *ff* Wenn es zum Mar-schie-ren kommt:

Baß *ff* Wenn es zum Mar-schie-ren kommt:

euch kom - man-diert, ist die Stim - me eu - res Fein - des. Wer da vom Feind spricht, ist

Eu - er Feind steht an der Spit - ze, an der Spit - ze. Wer da vom Feind spricht, ist

l'istesso tempo

un - ser Feind. In der Schlacht habt ihr den Feind im

un - ser Feind. Wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt, wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt,

Rük - - ken. Wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt, wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt. (longa)

wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt, wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt, wenn es zum Mar-schie - ren kommt.

ff

15. Var. *)

Marschtempo

Sopran *f* Ge-ne-ral, dein Tank ist ein star-ker Wa-gen. *ff* Er bricht Wäl-der nie-der. Er zermalmt

Alt *f* Ge-ne-ral, dein Tank ist ein star-ker Wa-gen. *ff* Er bricht Wäl-der nie-der.

Tenor *f* Ge-ne-ral, dein Tank ist ein star-ker Wa-gen. *ff* Er bricht Wäl-der nie-der. Er zermalmt

Baß *f* Ge-ne-ral, dein Tank ist ein star-ker Wa-gen. *ff* Er bricht Wäl-der nie-der.

Solosprechstimme (einer der Chorsänger)

Pesante *a tempo, poco leggiero*

hun-dert Men-schen. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh-ler.

— Er zer-malmt hun-dert Men-schen. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh-ler.

8 hun-dert Men-schen. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh-ler.

— Er zer-malmt hun-dert Men-schen. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh-ler.

(vernünftig sprechen, nicht brüllen!)

Er braucht einen Fahrer.

16. Var.

l'istesso tempo

(Alt und 1. Baß gut hervortreten)

Sopran *ff* Ge-ne-ral, dein Bom-ben-flug-zeug ist stark, ist stark, —

Alt *ff* Ge-ne-ral, dein Bom-ben-flug-zeug ist stark. Es fliegt schneller als der Sturm und

Tenor *ff* Ge-ne-ral, dein Bom-ben-flug-zeug ist stark, ist stark, —

Bässe *ff* Ge-ne-ral, dein Bom-ben-flug-zeug ist stark. Es fliegt schneller als der Sturm und

Solosprechstimme Ge-ne-ral, dein Bom-ben-flug-zeug ist

*) Die 15., 16., 17. Var. ohne Unterbrechung, nur mit den notwendigsten Atempausen

fff *a tempo, poco leggiero* *p*

ist stark. A-ber es hat ei-nen Feh-ler, es hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

trägt mehr als ein E - le - fant. A-ber es hat ei-nen Feh-ler, es hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

ist stark. A-ber es hat ei-nen Feh-ler, es hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

trägt mehr als ein E - le - fant. A-ber es hat ei-nen Feh-ler, es hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

stark, ist stark. A-ber es hat ei-nen Feh-ler, es hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

(wie vorher)

Es braucht einen Monteur.

17. Var.

Viel ruhiger als vorher, zurückhalten

Sopran *f* *p*

Ge-ne-ral, der Mensch ist sehr brauch-bar, er kann flie - gen, er kann

Alt *f* *p*

Ge-ne-ral, der Mensch ist sehr brauch-bar, er kann flie - gen, er kann

Tenor *f* *p*

Ge-ne-ral, der Mensch ist sehr brauch-bar, er kann tö -

Baß *f* *p*

Ge-ne-ral, der Mensch, der Mensch ist sehr brauch-bar, er kann flie - gen,

Solosprechstimme

fff *poco leggiero* *p*

tö - - - ten, tö - ten. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

tö - ten, er kann tö-ten, er kann tö-ten, tö - ten. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

ten, tö - - - ten. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

er kann tö - ten, tö - - - ten. A-ber er hat ei-nen Feh-ler, er hat ei-nen Feh - ler.

(wie vorher)

Er kann denken.

18. Var.

Andante <Zeit lassen, nie eilen>

Sopran *pp*
 (mit geschlossenem Munde summend)

Alt *p*
 Das Brot der Hung-ri-gen ist auf ge - ges - sen. Das Fleisch kennt man nicht mehr, das

Tenor *pp*
 8 (mit geschlossenem Munde summend)

Baß *p*
 Das Brot der Hung-ri-gen ist auf - ge - ges - sen. Das Fleisch kennt man nicht mehr, das

(*pp*)
 Aus den Schlo - ten der Mu - ni - tions - fa - bri - ken steigt Rauch. *p*

Fleisch kennt man nicht mehr. *pp*
 (mit geschlossenem Munde summend)

8 Aus den Schlo - ten der Mu - ni - tions - fa - bri - ken steigt Rauch. *p*

Fleisch kennt man nicht mehr. *pp*
 (mit geschlossenem Munde summend)

19. Var.

(l'istesso tempo)

p Der Schweiß des Vol - kes ist nutz - los ver - gos - sen. *mf* Der Schweiß des Vol - kes ist

8 *p* Der Schweiß des Vol - kes ist nutz - los ver - gos - sen. *mf* Der Schweiß des Vol - kes ist

nutz - los ver - gos - sen. *fff* Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Aus den Schlo - ten der Mu - ni - tions - fa - bri - ken steigt Rauch. *ff*

8 nutz - los ver - gos - sen. *fff* Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Aus den Schlo - ten der Mu - ni - tions - fa - bri - ken steigt Rauch. *ff*

Fuge

20. Var.

Fließende ♩ (nicht eilen, nicht schleppen)

Sopran
Alt
Tenor
Baß

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

mf 21. Var.

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

22. Var.

die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

Sopr. mf
Alt mf
Ten
Baß

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

- ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die -

23. Var.

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg, nicht un - ser Krieg, nicht un - ser Krieg, nicht un - ser Krieg.

Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg.

- ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg.

- ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un - ser Krieg.

24. Var.

Krieg, nicht un-ser Krieg, nicht un-ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un-ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un-ser Krieg. Die - ser Krieg ist nicht un-ser Krieg.

Coda

Krieg, Krieg, Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg. Krieg, Krieg, Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg. Krieg, Krieg, Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg. Krieg, Krieg, Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg, ist nicht un-ser Krieg.

Finis

GIMME SHELTER

Words and Music by
MICK JAGGER and
KEITH RICHARDS

Moderate

C

Oh, _____ a storm _____ is threat - 'ning my ver - y life to - day. _____

mf

If I _____ don't get _____ some shel - ter, oh yeah, _____ I'm gon-na fade _____ a-way. _____

War chil- dren, it's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way.

C B^b A^b

See _____ the fire _____

C B^b A^b C

_____ sweep - in' our ver - y street to - day. _____ Burns like a red _____ coal car - pet,

mad bull lost _____ it's way _____

1. 2. War, chil- dren, —
3. 4. Rape, mur- der!

C B^b

Gimme Shelter - 1

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A^b *C* *B^b*

it's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way.
it's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way.

A^b *C*

The floods is threat - 'ning my ver-y

life to - day. Gim-me, gim - me shel - ter or I'm gon-na fade a - way.

C *B^b* *A^b*

War, chil- dren, it's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way.
Love, sis- ter, it's just a kiss a - way. It's just a kiss a - way.

C *B^b* *A^b* *B^b A^b B^b A^b B^b A^b B^b A^b*

It's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way. It's just a shot a - way.
It's just a kiss a - way. It's just a kiss a - way. It's just a kiss a - way.

B^b A^b B^b B^b A^b B^b *C* *B^b* *A^b* Repeat and fade

It's just a kiss a - way.

Les Nouvelles Œuvres de Montéhuz

Gloire au 17^{ème}



*Chanson
lancée dans
le Peuple
par l'Auteur*

MONTÉHUS

*Piano:
P^t format:*

Paroles de

MONTÉHUS

Musique de

R. CHANTEGRELET . P. DOUBIS

Editions musicales Georges KRIER

51-53, Faubourg Saint-Denis, Paris (X^e)

TOUS DROITS D'EXECUTION DE REPRODUCTION
ET D'ARRANGEMENTS RÉSERVÉS POUR TOUT PAYS

J'écris comme le peuple parle
C'est pourquoi il me comprend,
MONTÉHUS

GLOIRE AU DIX-SEPTIÈME

CHANSON

Paroles de
G. MONTÉHUS

Musique de
CHANTEGRELET et DOUBIS

1^{er} COUPLET

Lé-gi - tim' était vo-tre co -
lè - re Le re - fus était un grand de - voir On ne
doit pas tuer ses père et mè - re Pour les grands qui sont au pou -
voir Sol - dats votre conscience est net - te On n'se tue
pas en - tre fran - çais Re - fu - sant d'rougir vos baïon -
net - tes Pe-tits sol-dats oui vous avez bien fait Sa -
lut, — sa-lut à vous — Braves sol-dats du dix-sep -
tiè - me Sa - lut — braves piou-pious — Chacun vous

Georges KRIER Editeur, 51, F^s St Denis, Paris

Droits d'Érection, Traduction
K.

très doux

ad_mire et vous ai - me Sa - lut, — sa lut à
vous — A vo - tre ges - te ma - gni - fique Vous au -
- riez en ti - rant sur nous — Assas - si - né la Ré - pu -
- bli - que

2

Comm' les autres vous aimez la France
J'en suis sûr même vous l'aimez bien
Mais sous votre pantalon garance
Vous êt's restés des citoyens
La Patrie c'est d'abord sa mère
Cell' qui vous a donné le sein
Et vaut mieux même aller aux galères
Que d'accepter d'être son assassin

au Refrain

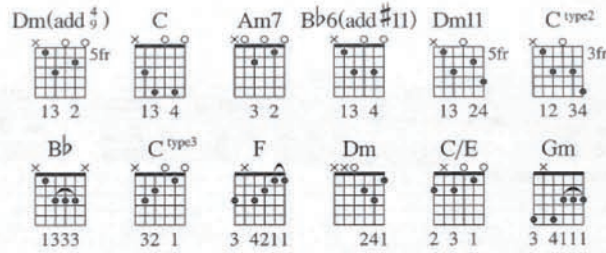
3

Espérons qu'un jour viendra en France
Où la paix la concord' règnera
Ayons tous au cœur cette espérance
Que bientôt ce grand jour viendra
Vous avez j'té la premièr' graine
Dans le sillon d'humanité
La récolte sera prochaine
Et ce jour-là vous serez tous fêtés

au Refrain

Gunslinger

Words and Music by Matthew Sanders, James Sullivan, Brian Haner, Jr. and Zachary Baker



Drop D tuning:
(low to high) D-A-D-G-B-E

Intro

Moderately slow ♩ = 81

*D5 Dm D5 Dsus2

Gtr. 2 (acous.)

mp
w/ slide

TAB

Gtr. 1 (acous.)

mp
let ring throughout

TAB

*Chord symbols reflect basic harmony.

D5 Dm D5 Dsus2

Rhy. Fig. 1

End Rhy. Fig. 1

TAB

Verse

Gtr. 2 tacet

D5

Dsus2

1. Yeah, _____ you've been a - lone. _____ I've been gone _____

Rhy. Fig. 2

D5

for far too long. But with all _____

Gtr. 1

Bb6(add #11) C

_____ that we've been through, af - ter all _____ this time I'm com - in' home to you. _____

Gtr. 2

Gtr. 1

End Rhy. Fig. 2

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2

D5 Dm D5 Dsus2 D5

Ne- ver let it show, —

Gtr. 2

8 10 8 10 10 8 5 8 5 9 8 6 5 7 (7)

Gtr. 2 tacet

Dsus2 D5

the pain — I've grown to know. 'Cause with all —

Bb6(add #11) C

these things we do, it don't mat - ter when I'm com - ing home to you. —
I

Gtr. 2

10 7 5 9 10

Chorus

Dm(add #) C

Gtr. 1

reach t'wards the sky, — I've said — my good - byes. — My —

7 7 9 9

Am7

Bb6(add #11)

Dm(add ♯)

Dm11

D Dm11

⑥
open

heart's al - ways with you, now. I won't ques - tion why so man -

(Heart's al - ways with you.)

- y have died. My prayers have made it through, yeah. 'Cause with all

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (last 2 meas.)

these things we do, it don't mat - ter when I'm com - in' home to you.

Interlude

D5 F5 G5 G#5 C5

Gtr. 2 tacet

D5 F5 D5

Yeah, _____ yeah, _____

*Gtr. 3 (elec.)

f w/ dist. P.M. Harm. 8va

*Doubled throughout

Gtr. 2

2.6 2.6 2.6 2.6

Pitch: F

**Harm. located approx. three-fifths the distance between the 2nd & 3rd frets.

F5 G5 G#5 C5 D5 F5 D5

yeah, _____ yeah, _____ oh, _____

Gtr. 3

loco

P.M. Harm. 8va

Pitch: F

Verse

D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 F5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5

2. Let _____ ters keep me warm, _____

Riff A

loco

5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 8 8 8 8 5 3 5 3 5 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

End Riff A

C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 F5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5 C5 D5

Bb5

B♭5 C5

— that we've been through, af - ter all — this time I'm com - in' home to you. —

The Rose Tree

D5

D5 C5

reach t'wards the sky, I said my good - bytes, My

[illegible]

Gtr. 4 (elec.)

[illegible]

Gtr 3

Rhy. Fig. 3

[illegible]

A5

Bb5

heart's al - ways with you, now. I

5 3 9 7 7 5 9 7 7 5 9 10 9 7 9 10

5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 7 5 9 7 7 5 9 10 9 7 9 10

End Rhy. Fig. 3

2 6 2 6 2 6 2 6 2 6 2 6 3 1 3 1 3 1 3 1 3 1

Gtr. 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3

D5

C5

won't ques - tion why so man - y have died. My prayers

8 6 8 6 8 6 5 5 5 5 6 7 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 9 8 7 9

7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

A5

Bb5



End Riff B

Gtr. 5 tacet

C5



End Riff C



Bridge

Bb

Rhy. Fig. 5

C type3



Voc. Fig. 1



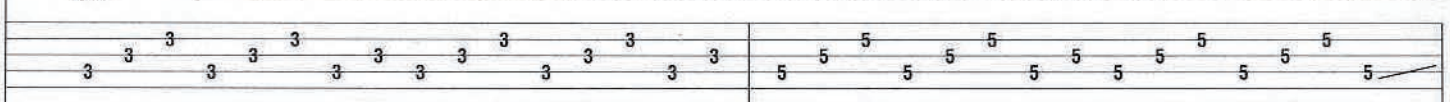
(Oo,

ah,

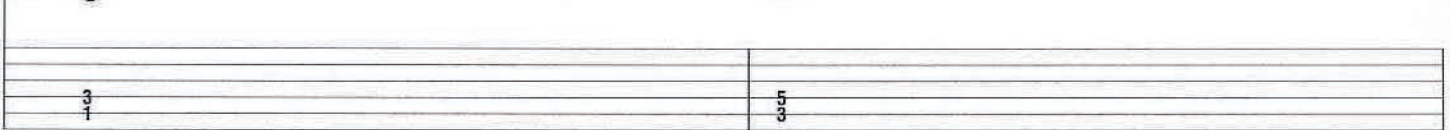
Riff D



P.M.



Gtr. 3 Rhy. Fig. 5A



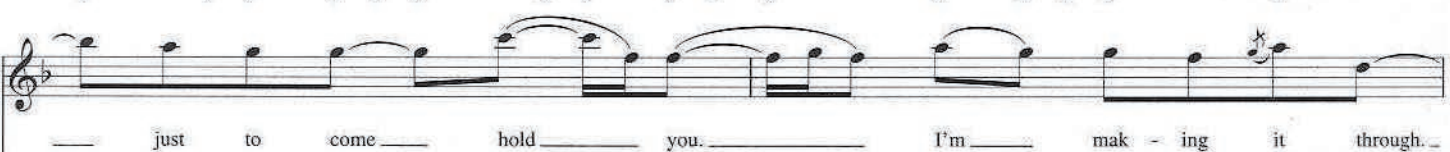
F

C

Dm

C type3

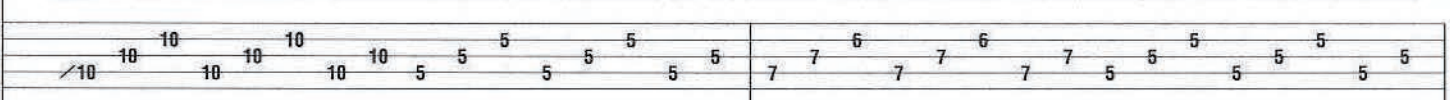
End Rhy. Fig. 5



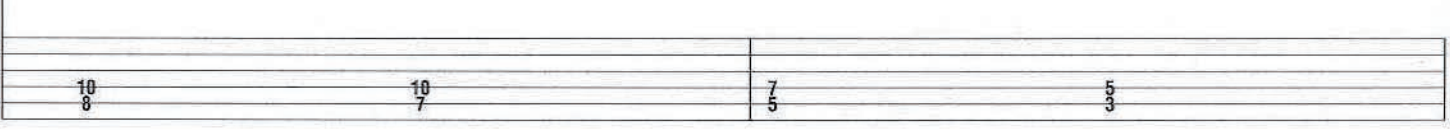
End Riff D



P.M.



End Rhy. Fig. 5A



Gtrs. 1 & 3: w/ Rhy. Figs. 5 & 5A.
 Gtr. 4: w/ Riff D

B \flat C

It's been far too long. We've proven our love

Oo, ah,

Oo, ah,

F C Dm C

o - ver time's so strong in all that we do.

ah. End Voc. Fig. 1

ah.

B \flat C type 3

Gtr. 1

The stars in the night, they lend me their light

Oo,

Oo,

Gtr. 4

P.M.

P.M.

Gtr. 3

P.M.

Dm C/E F Gm F
 to bring me clos - er to heav - en with you.

P.M.

7 7 6 7 6 7 7 7 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 12 12 12 10 10 10

7 5 10 7 10 8 12 10 8

Guitar Solo

Bkgd. Voc.: w/ Voc. Fig. 1
 Gtrs. 1 & 3: w/ Rhy. Figs. 5 & 5A (2 times)
 Gtr. 4: w/ Riff D (2 times)

Bb

C

Gtr. 6 (elec.)
 f w/ dist. P.H. 1/2

13/15 (15) 9 15 17 18 17 (17) 9/17 17 18 20 17

F

C

Dm

C

Bb

8va 1/2 1

(17) (17) 20 20 (20) 18 (18) 17 (17) 17 17 15 (15) 15 17 18 17

C F C Dm C

But with all _

8va *loco* *8va* *loco* *8va*

P.H.

(17) (17) 13 15 14 (14) 13 14 14 12 12 12 12 17 17 17 20 (20) (20)

1/2 1/2 1/2 1 1

Bb C type3

Gtr. I

that we've been through, af - ter all this time I'm com - in' home to you. I

8va

Gtr. 6

fdbk. *fdbk.*

15 (15) (15) 13 15 (15) 1 (15) (15)

8va

Gtr. 7 (elec.)

mf w/ dist. *fdbk.*

15 (15)

Pitch: G

Gtr. 3

P.M.

3 1 (3) 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Gtr. 1: tacet
Gtr. 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2 times)
Gtr. 4: w/ Riff B

D5

C5

A5

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system, including a half rest and a quarter rest. The system ends with a double bar line.

reach t'wards the sky, — I said — my good-byes. — My — heart's al - ways — with you, —

Handwritten notes: "8va" with an arrow pointing to the C5 note in measure 1, and "loco." above the staff in measure 2.

Printed notes: "Gtr. 6" above the staff in measure 1, and "w/ bar" below the staff in measure 1.

(15) 

Gtr. 7

8va

w/ bar

7

(15) 

Gtr. 5

let ring

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 7 5 7 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 5 5 7 5 2 0 5 3 7 3 9 7

Bb5 D5 C5

now. I won't ques-tion why— so man - y have died. My — prayers

Gtr. 5

let ring 4

Gtr. 4: w/ Riff C (1 1/2 times)

A5

Bb5

Ch. 4, w/ Km C (1 1/2 times)

_____ have _ made _ it through, _ yeah. _____ 'Cause with all _____ these things we _ do, it don't

let ring - - - | let ring - - - - - |

2 0 5 5 7 5 9 7 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 3 5 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 8 6 6 5 7 6 8 8

C5

Bb5

mat - ter when I'm com - ing home to you, And with all that we've been through, af - ter all

let ring

8 10 8 9 10 8 8 10 8 9 9 10 8 6 6 5 7 6 6 6 6 8 6 6 5 7 6 8

C5

Dm

this time I'm com-ing home to you.

Gtr. 5
let ring - - - - -
8 10 8 9 9 10 8 8 8 10 8 9 10 10 0 | 5 6 7 7 5

Gtr. 4

7 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 | 7 5

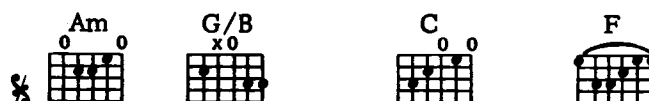
Gtr. 3


HAROLD LAND

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE and BILL BRUFORD

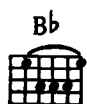
Moderately

Tacet



Har - old Land with a wave of his hand said
march-ing sol - diers in the rain as
Har - old Land with a wave of his hand stood

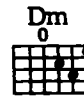
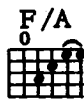
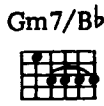
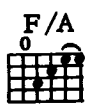
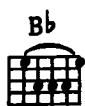
mf



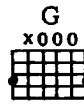
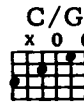
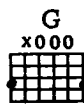
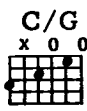
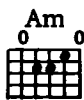
good - bye _____ to all that. _____ He paid his bills
on to _____ war they rode. _____ A long thin line
sad - ly _____ on the stage, _____ clutch-ing red rib-bons



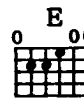
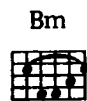
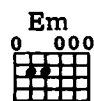
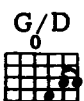
and stopped the milk, then put on his hat. _____
of hu - man mind, dam na - tion as their load. _____
from a badge, but he did - n't look his age. _____



He tried to say his last fare - wells_ as quick-ly as he could,_
 In the mud in cold-ness dark, he'd shiv-er out his fear,_
 On - ly two years had passed be - tween_ his leav-ing home and back;_



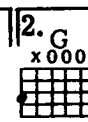
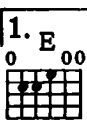
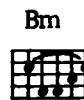
prom - is - ing_ that he would re - turn,_ but
 what dis - ap - point - ing sights he'd seen_ in -
 he had lost_ his love and youth_ while



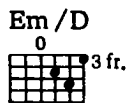
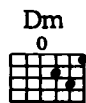
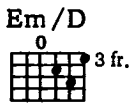
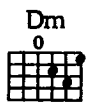
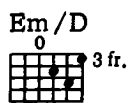
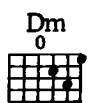
To Coda

doubt - ed that he would,_
 stead of ones so dear,_
 lead - ing the at - tack,_

in - stead of that he
 lead - ing ones so
 the at -

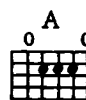
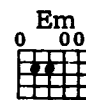
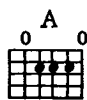
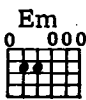
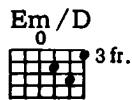
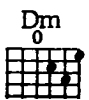


would,_ so doubt - ed. Now he's dear.
 dear,_



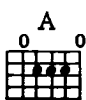
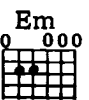
He's go - ing home to the land he loved so well.

Go - ing home, go - ing



He fought for two whole years, he nev - er fell. He's go - ing home,

home, go - ing home,



No chord

D. S. al Coda ♦

he's go - ing home. go - ing home.

Coda



tack.




In con - ver - sa - tion it could be said, —










well af - ter war your heart is dead. Well, it's not hard to un - der -





stand, — there is no heart in Har - old Land.

Hiroshima

Moderato

Text & Musik: Dave Morgan

Ballade, Funk Rock

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The second staff continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The third staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The fourth staff continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The fifth staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The sixth staff continues with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The score includes two repeat signs: one at the end of the first staff and another at the end of the fifth staff. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The chords are indicated by letters (Em, G, Am, D) above the notes.

Em G Am

There's a sha-dow of a man at Hi - ro - shi - ma, —
Fly the me - tal bird to Hi - ro - shi - ma, —

5 Em D Em G

where he'd passed the moon. — In a won - der - land at
and a - way your load. — Speak a ma - gic word to

8 Am Em D Em

Hi - ro - shi - ma, — 'neath the au - gust moon. —
Hi - ro - shi - ma, — let the sky ex - plode. —

11 G D Am C

And the world re - mem - bers his face, — re - mem - bers the place — was
And the world re - mem - bers your name, — re - mem - bers the flame — was

14 1. D 2. D Am (D) Em

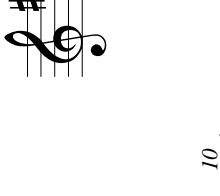
here. here. Hi - - - ro - shi - ma.

19 Am (D) Em Am (D) Em

Hi - ro - shi - ma. Hi - ro - shi - ma.

1. There's a shadow of a man at Hiroshima,
where he'd passed the moon.
In a wonderland at Hiroshima,
'neath the august moon.
And the world remembers his face,
remembers the place was here.
Hiroshima. Hiroshima. Hiroshima.

2. Fly the metal bird to Hiroshima,
and away your load.
Speak a magic word to Hiroshima,
let the sky explode.
And the world remembers your name,
remembers the flame was here.
Hiroshima. Hiroshima. Hiroshima.



Par la co-lombe et l'o-li-vier
 Par tous ceux qui sont dé-jà morts
 Par l'en-fant
 Par ceux qui

la dé-tresse du pri-son-nier
 Par tous ceux qui vi-vent en-core
 de tous les jours
 les mots de tous les jours
 les faibles, a-vec les forts

qui n'y est pour rien
 vou-draient vivre en-fin
 Peut-ê-tre vien-dra-t-el-le de-main...
 Peut-ê-tre vien-dra-t-el-le de-main...

A-vec les ges-tes de l'a-mour
 A-vec tous ceux qui sont d'ac-cord
 A-vec la peur, a-vec la faim
 Ne se-raient-ils que quel-ques uns
 Peut-ê-tre
 Peut-ê-tre

vien-dra-t-el-le de-main...
 vien-dra-t-el-le de-main...
 Par
 Par

A Hi-ro-shi-ma ou plus loin,
 A Hi-ro-shi-ma ou plus loin,
 A Hi-ro-shi-ma ou plus loin,
 A Hi-ro-shi-ma ou plus loin,
 A Hi-ro-shi-ma ou plus loin,

Par l'es-pé-rance a-ban-don-née
 vien-dra-t-el-le de-main...
 A

La Paix.

Hiroshima

Georges Moustaki

Par la co - lombe et l'o - li - vier Par la dét -

resse du pri - son - nier, par l'en - fant qui n'y

est pour rien, peut - êt - re vien - dra - t'e - lle de - main

1. Par la colombe et l'olivier
Par la détresse du prisonnier
Par l'enfant qui n'y est pour rien
Peut-être viendra-t-elle demain

2. Avec les mots de tous les jours
Avec les gestes de l'amour
Avec la peur avec la faim
Peut-être viendra-t-elle demain

3. Par tous ceux qui sont déjà morts
Par tous ceux qui vivent encore
Par ceux qui voudraient vivre enfin
Peut-être viendra-t-elle demain

4. Avec les faibles avec les forts
Avec tous ceux qui sont d'accord
ne seraient-ils que quelques-uns
Peut-être viendra-t-elle demain

5. Par tous les rêves piétinés
Par l'espérance abandonnée
À Hiroshima ou plus loin
Peut-être viendra-t-elle demain LA PAIX

1. Im Namen der Taube und des Ölbaums
Im Namen des verzweiferten Gefangenen
Im Namen des Kindes, das nicht für nichts hier ist
Vielleicht kommt er (der Frieden) morgen

2. Mit Hilfe der täglichen Worte
Mit Hilfe der Gesten der Liebe
Mit Hilfe der Angst mit Hilfe des Hungers
Vielleicht kommt er morgen

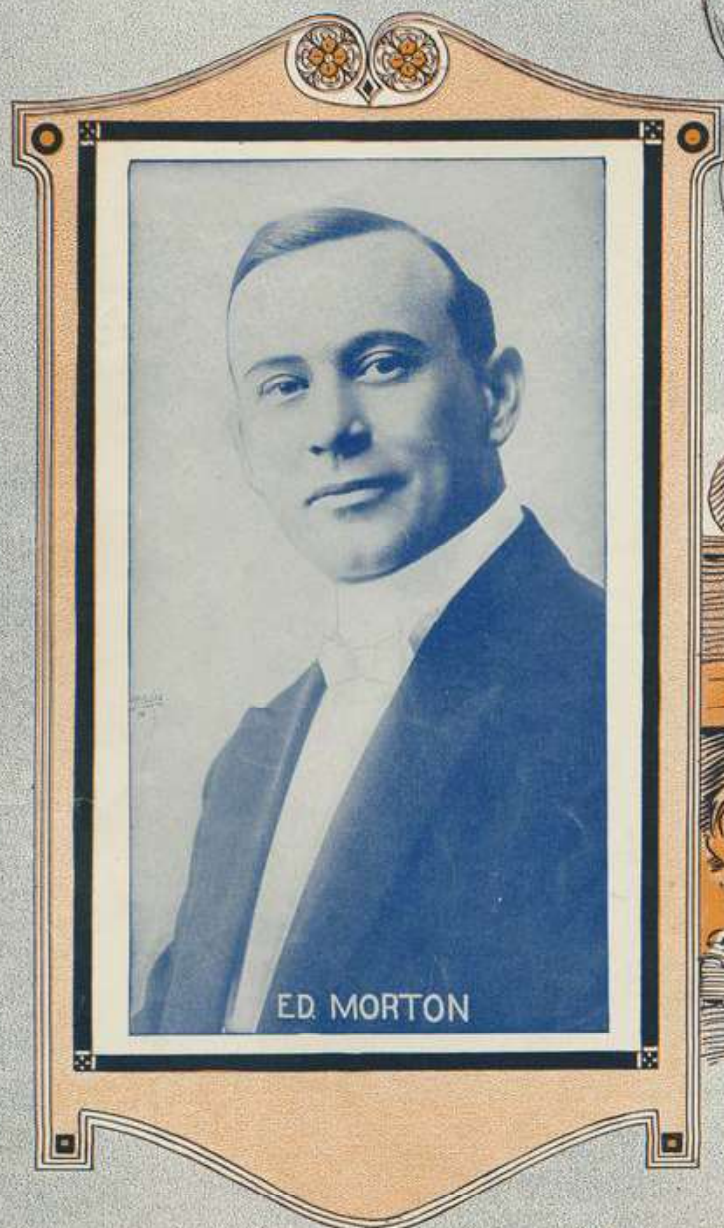
3. Im Namen aller, die schon tot sind
Im Namen aller, die noch leben
Im Namen aller, die endlich leben wollen
Vielleicht kommt er morgen

4. Mit Hilfe der Schwachen mit Hilfe der Starken
Mit Hilfe derer, die genauso denken
Und wären es nur einige
Vielleicht kommt er morgen

5. Um aller mit Füßen getretenen Träume willen
Um der schon aufgegebenen Hoffnung willen
In Hiroshima oder anderswo
Vielleicht kommt er morgen DER FRIEDEN

ED. MORTON'S SENSATIONAL ANTI-WAR SONG HIT

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER



LYRICS BY
ALFRED BRYAN

MUSIC BY
AL. PIANTADOSI



Vp. 001966
1915
I did

POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST NEW YORK
ATCHERBERG, HOPKINS & CREW, LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN

by the Writers of
"Good Luck, Mary"

Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI

Marziale

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Marziale' and 'ff' (fortissimo). The introduction features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with the lyrics 'Ten What' appearing below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The third system contains the main vocal melody with the lyrics: 'mil - lion sol - diers to the war have gone, Who may vic - tor - y can cheer a moth - er's heart, When she'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'nev - er re - turn a - gain, Ten looks at her blight - ed - home? What'. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

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mil - lion moth - ers' hearts must break For the
vic - tor - y can bring her back All she

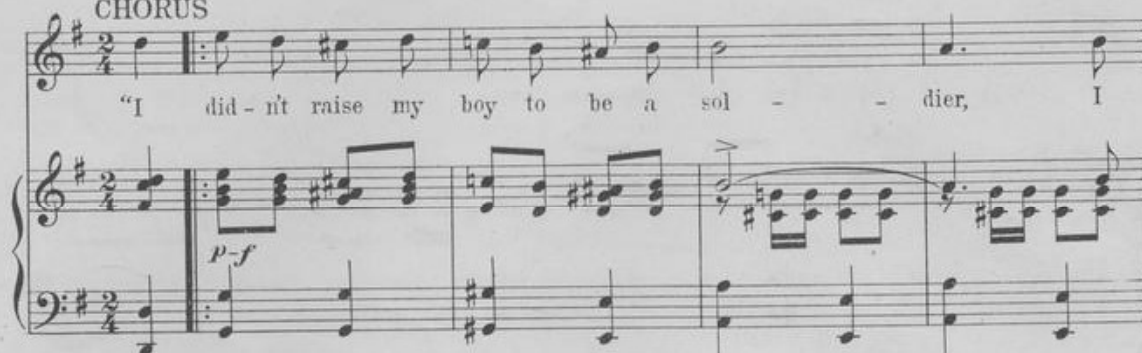
ones who died in vain.
cared to call her own.

marcato
Head bowed down in sor - row In her lone - ly years, I
Let each moth - er an - swer In the years to be, Re -

heard a moth - er mur - mur thro' her tears:
mem - ber that my boy be - longs to mel'

CHORUS

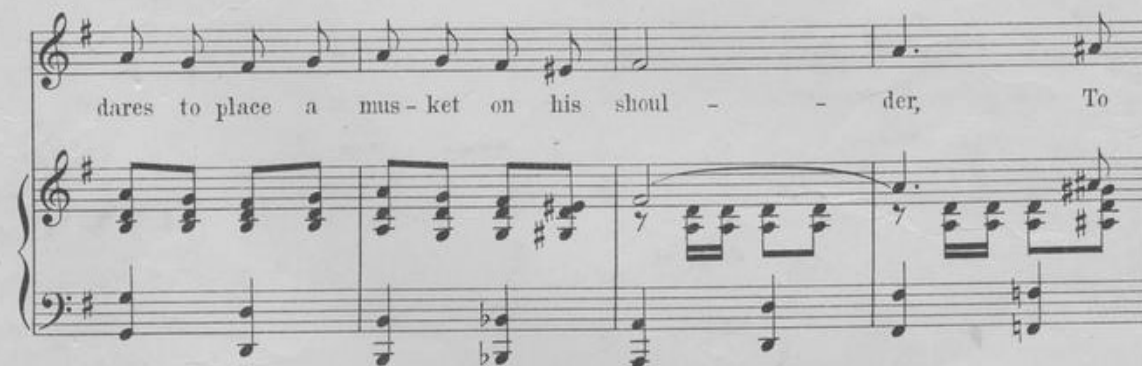
"I did - n't raise my boy to be a sol - - dier, I



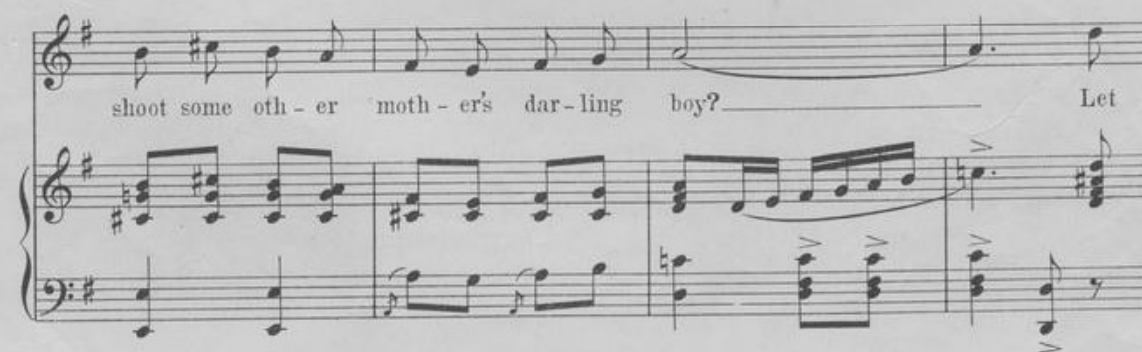
brought him up to be my pride and joy, Who



dares to place a mus - ket on his shoul - - der, To



shoot some oth - er moth - er's dar - ling boy? Let



na-tions ar - bi - trate their fut - ure trou - - bles, It's

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

time to lay the sword and gun a - way, There'd

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D, followed by eighth notes E and F, then a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

be no war to - day, If moth - ers all would say, "I

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note A, followed by eighth notes B and C, then a quarter note D. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

did - nt raise my boy to be a sol - dier." "I dier."

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a quarter note E, followed by eighth notes F and G, then a quarter note A. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and single notes. The system includes first and second endings for both the vocal and piano parts.

L.F.



"ABA DABA
HONEY MOON"

CHORUS

I've got a feel-ing i-dea a-bout the girls, And that's to love 'em I want to
love 'em When I was six months old I loved my nurse, And
ev-ry day the feeling has been growing worse, And ev-ry time I'm next to the

CHORUS

Ab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, Said the Chimp-ee to the

Monk, Bab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, dab-a, Said the

Mon-key to the Chimp-ee All night long they'd chatter a-way,

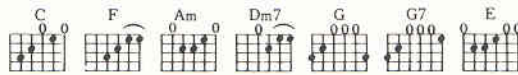
LEO FEIST, Inc., FEIST Bldg., 231 W. 40th St., New York City

**.imagine
john
lennon**



IMAGINE

Guitar chords used in this composition



Words and Music by
JOHN LENNON

20 bars per minute

The musical score for 'Imagine' is presented in 4/4 time, with a tempo of 20 bars per minute. The piano accompaniment is written in the left hand, and the vocal melody is in the right hand. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:

Vocal: I - ma-gine there's no heav - en — It's eas - y if you

Piano: C F

System 2:

Vocal: try — No hell — be - low — us —

Piano: F C F

System 3:

Vocal: A - bove us on - ly sky I - ma-gine all the peo -

Piano: C F F Am/E

- ple — Liv-ing for to-day — A - ha —

Dm7 Dm7/C G C/G G7

Imagine there's no coun - tries — It is - n't hard to do —
Imagine no pos - ses - sions — I won - der if you can —

C F C

No-thing to kill — or die — for
No need for greed — or hun - ger

F C F

And no re - li - gion too — I - ma - gine all the peo -
A broth - er - hood of man — I - ma - gine all the peo -

C F F Am

ple ple Liv-ing life in peace yu - huh
ple Shar-ing all the world yu - huh

Dm7 G C G7

You may say I'm a dream-er But I'm not the on-ly one

F G C E F G G

I hope some day you'll join us

C E F G C E

And the world will be one Live as one

F G C C

JOHN BROWN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderate rock

poco rit. *f*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The tempo is marked 'poco rit.' and the dynamics are 'f'.

F7#9

verse



mf

1. John Brown went off to war to fight on a for - eign
 2. son. You look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of
 3. that old train pulled out John's ma be - gan to
 4. let - ter once in a while and her face broke in - to a

The first verse is set to a piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a melody with some grace notes, and the left hand continues the bass line. The dynamics are marked 'mf'.

shore. His ma - ma sure was proud of him!
 mine, you make me proud to know you hold a gun.
 shout, tell - in' ev - 'ry - one in the neigh - bor-hood:
 smile as she showed them to the peo - ple from next door.

The second verse continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand melody is more active, and the left hand bass line remains steady. The dynamics are not explicitly marked but follow the 'mf' from the previous section.

He stood straight and tall in his un - i - form and
 Do what the cap - tain says, lots of med - als you will
 "That's my son that's a - bout to go, he's a sol - dier now, you
 And she bragged a - bout her son with his un - i - form and

to Coda
for final ending ☼

all. his ma - ma's face broke out all in a grin.
 get, and we'll put them on the wall when you come home."
 know." She made well sure her neigh - bors un - der - stood.
 gun, and these things you called a good old - fash - ioned war.

1., 2., 3. | 4. *interlude*

C7

2. "Oh
 3. As
 4. She got a

Oh! Good old -

*D.S. for additional verses*

⊕ Coda

- fash - ioned war! _____ 5. Then the

Additional lyrics

5. Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come.
 They ceased to come for about ten months or more.
 Then a letter finally came saying, "Go down and meet the train.
 Your son's a-coming home from the war."

6. She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around
 But she could not see her soldier son in sight.
 But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last
 When she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

7. Oh, his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off
 And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
 He whispered kind of slow in a voice she did not know,
 While she couldn't even recognize his face!

interlude

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face.

8. "Oh, tell me, my darling son, pray tell me what they done.
 How is it you come to be this way?"
 He tried his best to talk, but his mouth could hardly move
 And the mother had to turn her face away.

9. "Don't you remember, Ma, when I went off to war
 You thought it was the best thing I could do?
 I was on the battle ground, you were home...acting proud.
 You wasn't there standing in my shoes."

10. "Oh, and I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?
 I'm a-tryin' to kill somebody or die tryin'.
 But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close
 And I saw that his face looked just like mine."

interlude

Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

11. "And I couldn't help but think, through the thunder rolling and stink
 That I was just a puppet in a play.
 And through this roar and smoke this string is finally broke,
 And a cannon ball blew my eyes away."

12. As he turned away to walk his Ma was still in shock
 At seein' the metal brace that helped him stand.
 But as he turned to go, he called his mother close
 And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

La ballata dell'eroe

Testo e Musica di
F. DE ANDRÉ

Lento e triste
(Armonica)

5 *mp*



E - ra par -

- ti - to per fa - re la guerra, per da - re il suo a - iu - to al - la sua

ter - ra. Gli a - ve - va - no da - to le mo - stri - nee le stel - le

e il con - si - glio di ven - de - re ca - ra la pel - le. E quan - do gli

dis - se - ro dian - da - re a - van - ti trop - po lon - ta - no

si spin - se a cer - ca - re la ve - ri - tà. O - ra che è

Chord symbols: Rem, Sol7, Do, Lam, Fa, Mi, Mi7

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Tutti i diritti riservati

mor-to la Pa-tria si glo-ria d'un al-tro e-ro-e al-la me-

Rem Sol7 Do Rem Lam Mi

1. -mo-ria. (Armonica) 2. -mo-ria. (Armonica)

Lam Lam mf Rem Sol7

Do Rem Lam Mi7 Lam

rall.

Era partito
per fare la guerra,
per dare il suo aiuto
alla sua terra.
Gli avevano dato
le mostrine e le stelle
e il consiglio di vendere
cara la pelle.

E quando gli dissero
di andare avanti
troppo lontano
si spinse a cercare
la verità.

Ora che è morto
la Patria si gloria
d'un altro eroe
alla memoria.

Ripresa:

Ma lei che lo amava
aspettava il ritorno
d'un soldato vivo,
d'un eroe morto
che ne farà?

Se accanto, nel letto,
le è rimasta la gloria
d'una medaglia
alla memoria.

PF 150/114

LA BUTTE ROUGE

Paroles de
MONTEHUS

Musique de
GEORGES KRIER

ÉDITIONS
PAUL BELUSCHER

25-27, BOULEVARD BEAUMARCHAIS, 75004 PARIS

LA BUTTE ROUGE

CHANSON

Paroles de
MONTEHUS

Musique de
GEORGES KRIER

Valse 4/4 8/4 4/4 4/4

Sur c'te butt' - là ya - vait

pas d'gi - go - let - tes, Pas de mar - lous, ni de beaux mus - ca - dins;

Ah! c'é - tait loin du Mou - lin d'la ga - let - te Et de Pa - nam, qu'est le

roi des pat' - lins. C'qu'elle en a bu, du beau sang, cet - te ter - re!

Sang d'ouvri - ers et sang de pa - y - sans, Car les ban - dits qui sont

cau - se des guer - res, N'en meur'nt ja - mais, on n'tue qu'les in - no -

REFRAIN 4/4 *ten* *ten*

cents! La Butt' Rouge c'est son nom, l'baptême s'fit un ma - tin Où tous ceux qui mon -



2

Sur c'te butt'-là on n'y f'sait pas la noce
 Comme à Montmartre où l'champagn' coule à flots;
 Mais les pauvr's gars qu'avaient laissé des gosses
 Y f'saient entendre de terribles sanglots!
 C'qu'elle en a bu des larmes, cette terre,
 Larm's d'ouvriers, larmes de paysans,
 Car les bandits qui sont cause des guerres
 Ne pleur'nt jamais, car ce sont des tyrans!

REFRAIN

La Butt' Roug' c'est son nom, l'baptêm's'fit un matin
 Où tous ceux qui grimpaient roulaient dans le ravin...
 Aujourd'hui y a des vign's, il y pouss' du raisin,
 Qui boit de ce vin-là boit les larm's des copains!

3

Sur c'te butt'-là on y r'fait des vendanges,
 On y entend des cris et des chansons;
 Filles et gars doucement y échangent
 Des mots d'amour qui donnent le frisson.
 Peuv'nt-ils songer, dans leurs folles étreintes,
 Qu'à cet endroit, où s'échang'nt leurs baisers,
 J'ai entendu, la nuit, monter des plaintes
 Et j'y ai vu des gars au crân'brisé!

REFRAIN

La Butt' Roug' c'est son nom, l'baptêm's'fit un matin
 Où tous ceux qui grimpaient roulaient dans le ravin...
 Maintenant y a des vign's, il y pouss' du raisin
 Mais, moi, j'y vois des croix portant l'nom des copains!



LA CHANSON DE CRAONNE

♩ = 180

G


D


Em


Quand au bout d'huit jours, le r'pos ter - mi - né, On va re - prendre
 Huit jours de tran - chées, huit jours de souf - france Pour - tant on a
 C'est mal - heu - reux d'voir sur les grands boul' - vards Tous ces gros qui
 Ceux qu'ont le po - gnon, ceux - là re - vien - dront Car c'est pour eux

mf

Bm

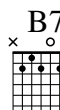
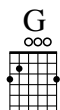

C


Am7


D

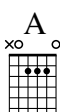
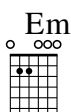

7
 les tran - chées No - tre place est si u - tile Que sans nous on
 l'es - pé - rance Que ce soir vien - dra la r'lève Que nous at - ten -
 font la foire Si pour eux la vie est rose Pour nous c'est pas
 qu'on crè - ve C'est fi - ni, car les trouf - fions Vont tous se met -

15



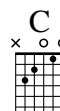
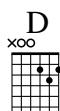
prend la pi - le Mais c'est bien fi - ni, on en a as - sez Per -
 dons sans trê - ve Sou - dain dans la nuit et dans le si - lence On
 la même cho - se Au lieu d'se ca - cher tous ces em - bus - qués F'raient
 tre en grè - ve Ce se - ra votr' tour, mes-sieurs les gros De

22



sonne ne veut plus mar - cher Et le cœur bien gros, comm' dans un san -
 voit quel-qu'un qui s'a - vance C'est un of - fi - cier de chas-seurs à
 mieux d'mon - ter aux tran - chées Pour dé-fendre leurs biens, car nous n'a - vons
 mon - ter sur le pla - teau Car si vous vou - lez Fai - re la

29



glot On dit a - dieu aux civ' - lots Mê - me sans tam - bours, mê -
 pied Qui vient pour nous rem - pla - cer Dou - ce - ment dans l'ombre sous
 rien Nous autres les pauv' pu - ro - tins Tous les ca - ma - rades sont
 guerre Pa - yez là de vo - tre peau

36

C#dim



D



D#m7#5



Em



C#dim

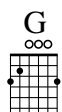
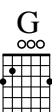


D



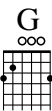
me sans trom - pettes, On s'en va là - haut En bais - sant la tête.
la pluie qui tombe Les pe - tits chas - seurs vont cher - cher leur tombe.
en - ter - rés là Pour dé - fendr' les biens de ces mes - sieurs là.

43



A-dieu la vie, a-dieu l'a - mour, A-dieu tou - tes les femmes. C'est bien fi -

52



ni, c'est pour tou - jours De cet-te guerre in - fâ - me C'est à Cra - onne

61

C G Dsus2 G C

Sur le pla - teau Qu'on doit lais - ser sa peau Car nous sommes tous con-dam -

69

G C D7 G

nés Nous sommes les sa - cri - fiés

LA COLOMBE

Paroles et Musique de
Jacques Brel

COUPLETS

Am

Am

1. Pour - quoi cet - te fan - fare
2. Pour - quoi l'heur' que voi - là
3. Pour - quoi les mo - nu - ments
4. Pour - quoi ton cher vi - sage

Lam

Lam

Dm6

Quand les sol-dats par quatre
Où fi - nit notre en - fance
Qu'of-fri-ront les dé - faites,
Dé - gra - fê par les larmes

At - ten-dent les mas - sacres
Où fi - nit no - tre chance
Les phra-ses dé - ja faites
Qui me ren-dait les armes

Sur le quai d'u - ne
Où no - tre train s'en
Qui sui-vront l'en-terr' -
Aux sour-ces du voy -

Rém6

Am Bm Am

gare?
va?
- ment?
- age?

Pour-quoi ce train ven - tru
Pour-quoi ce lourd con - voi
Pour-quoi l'en - fant mort - né?
Pour-quoi ton corps qui sombre

Qui ron-ronne et sou - pire
Char - gé d'hom-mes en gris
Que se - ra la vic - toire?
Ton corps qui dis - pa - raît

Lam Sim Lam

G F Fm

A - vant de nous con - duire
Re-peints en u - ne nuit
Pour-quoi les jours de gloire
Et n'est plus sur le quai

Jus-qu'au ma - len - ten - du?
Pour par - tir en sol - dats
Que d'autres au - ront pay - és?
Qu' u - ne fleur sur un tombe?

Pour-quoi les chants, les
Pour-quoi ce train de
Pour-quoi ces coins de
Pour-quoi ces pro-chains

Sol Fa Fam

G7 Em Dm F Am

cris
pluie
terre
jours

Des foul's ve - nues fleu - rir
Pour-quoi ce train de guerre
Que l'on va peindre en gris
Où je de - vrai pen - ser

Ceux qui ont le droit d' partir
Pour-quoi ce ci - me - tière
Puis - que c'est au fu - sil
A ne plus m'ha - bil - ler

Sol7 Mim Rémi Fa Lam

B7 E D Am

REFRAIN

Au nom de leurs conn' - ries?
En mar - che vers la nuit?
Qu'on é - teint la lu - mière?
Que d'un moi - tié d'a - mour?

Nous n'irons plus au bois, la colombe est bles - sée

REFRAIN

Si7 Mi Ré Lam

D Am

FIN

Nous n'al - lons pas au bois, nous al - lons la tu - er.

Ré Lam

es Nouvelles Œuvres de MONTÉHUS

La Grève des Mères



Chanson

Lancée dans le Peuple

par l'Auteur

MONTÉHUS

no : 5^f
it format : 1^f

Paroles de
MONTÉHUS

Musique de
R. CHANTEGRELET

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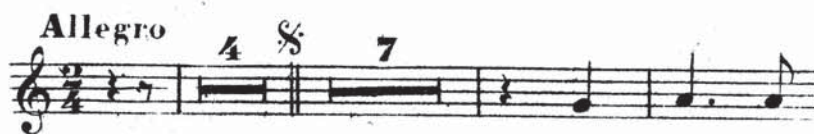
LA GRÈVE DES MÈRES

CHANSON

Paroles de
G MONTÉHUS

Musique de
R. CHANTEGRELET
et **P. DOUBIS**

1^{er} COUPLET



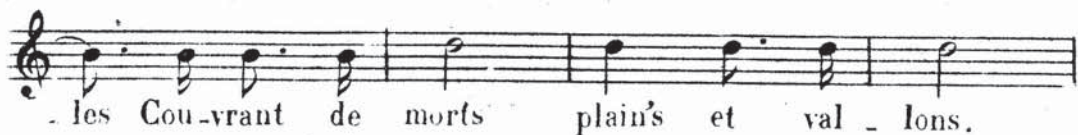
Puis - que le



feu et la mi - trail - le, Puis - que les fu - sils les ca -



nons Font dans le mon - de des en - tail -



les Cou - vrant de morts plain's et val - lons.



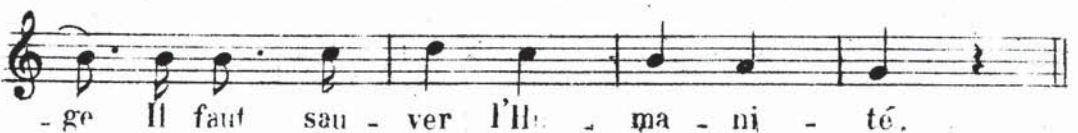
Puis - que les hom - mes sont des sau - va -



ges Qui r'nient le dieu Fra - ter - ni - té,



Femme de - bout, femme à l'ou - vra -



- ge Il faut sau - ver l'hu - ma - ni - té.

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J. Y. 590 R.

REFRAIN



Re - fu - se de - peu - pler la - ter -
 - re Ar - rê - te ta fé - con - di - té Dé - cla - re
 la grê - ve des mè - res Aux bour - reaux
 erie ta vo - lon - té! Défends ta chair, Dé - fends ton
 sang, A bas la guerre et les ty - rans!

2

Pour faire de ton fils un homme
 Tu as peiné pendant vingt ans,
 Tandis que la guêpe en assomme,
 En vingt second's, des régiments.
 L'enfant qui fut ton espérance,
 L'êtr' qui fut nourri de ton sein
 Meurt dans une horrible souffrance,
 Te laissant vieill' souvent sans pain.

Au refrain

3

Est-ce que le ciel a des frontières?
 Ne couvre-t-il pas l'monde entier?
 Pourquoi sur terre des barrières?
 Pourquoi d'éternels crucifiés?
 Le meurtre n'est pas un victoire;
 Qui sèm' la mort est un maudit;
 Nous n'voulons plus pour votre gloire
 Donner la chair de nos petits.

Au refrain

ANCIEN RÉPERTOIRE

Aux Victimes du Maroc
Ballade au Cimetière
Colère de Triboulet
Drapeau du Peuple (le)
Fusil pourquoi es-tu
Histoire d'un Crimé
Il a refusé la Croix
Ma Patrie
Officier Crâneur (l')
On va m'fusiller
Pourquoi qu'j'enlèr'rai mon Chapeau
Prière du Vagabond
Refus d'Obéissance
Rêve d'un Humain
Sur la tombe d'un camarade
T'as tort d'avoir raison
Triboulet devant la foule
» » la justice
» » l'huissier
» » les moines

Tirez donc-nous de Dieu
Vous auriez dû m'envoyer Doriane
Les As
Cri d'une Mère (le)
Deux Martyrs (les)
Le Mutilé
Fiancée du Mutilé (la)
Fils du bon Dieu (le)
Jean misère
Mauvais Bergers (les)
Pinard (le)
Pour ceux qui n'ont pas de Fleurs
Pour les Proprios
Rêve de Jean-Pierre (le)
Trois Brisques (les)
Le Pain de Guerre
Les Larmes de Guillaume

Fabrizio De André
LA GUERRA DI PIERO

Testo e Musica di F. DE ANDRÉ

Andante

Rem]

Dor - mi se -

Rem]

- pol - to in un cam - po di gra - no non è la ro - sa, non è il tu - li -

La7

Rem

Solm

Do7

pa - no che ti fan ve - glia dal - l'om - bra dei fos - si ma so - no

Fa

La7

Rem

mil - le pa - pa - ve - ri ros - si. "Lun - go le

Solm

La7

Rem

§ spon - de del mio tor - ren - te vo - glio che scen - da - no i luc - ci ar - gen -

La7

Rem

Solm

- ta - ti, non più i ca - da - ve - ri dei sol - da - ti por - ta - ti in - brac - cio dal - la cor -

Rem

Do7

Fa

La7

-ren-te". Co-sì di - ce - vi ed e - ra d'in - ver - no e co-me

gli al - tri, ver - so l'in - fer - no te ne vai tri - ste co - me chi

de - ve, il ven - to ti spu - ta in fac - cia la ne - ve. *Orch.*

1. 2. Fer - ma - ti 3. Ca - de - sti a

ter - ra sen - za un la - men - to e ti ac - cor - ge - sti in un so - lo mo -

- men - to che il tem - po non ti sa - reb - be ba - sta - to a chie - der per 1. do - no per o - gni pec -

- ca - to. Ca - de - sti a 2. reb - be sta - to ri - tor - no. "Ni - net - ta

Dal § al ⊕, poi segue

Chords: Rem, La7, Solm, Do7, Fa, Orch., ⊕

Dor-mi se - pol-to in un cam-po di gra - no non è la

ro - sa, non è il tu-li - pa - no che ti fan ve-glia dal-l'om-bra dei fos - si ma so-no

mil - le pa - pa - ve - ri ros - si.

Dormi sepolto in un campo di grano
non è la rosa, non è il tulipano
che ti fan veglia dall'ombra dei fossi
ma sono mille papaveri rossi.

“Lungo le sponde del mio torrente
voglio che scendano i lucci argentati,
non più i cadaveri dei soldati
portati in braccio dalla corrente”.

Così dicevi ed era d'inverno
e come gli altri, verso l'inferno
te ne vai triste come chi deve,
il vento ti sputa in faccia la neve.

Fermati Piero, fermati adesso
lascia che il vento ti passi un po' addosso,
dei morti in battaglia ti porti la voce,
chi diede la vita ebbe in cambio una croce.

Ma tu non lo udisti e il tempo passava
con le stagioni a passo di “java”
ed arrivasti a varcar la frontiera
in un bel giorno di primavera.

E mentre marciavi con l'anima in spalle
vedesti un uomo in fondo alla valle
che aveva il tuo stesso identico umore
ma la divisa di un altro colore.

Sparagli Piero, sparagli ora
e dopo un colpo sparagli ancora
fino a che tu non lo vedrai esangue,
cadere in terra, a coprire il suo sangue.

“E se gli sparo in fronte o nel cuore
soltanto il tempo avrà per morire,
ma il tempo a me resterà per vedere,
vedere gli occhi di un uomo che muore”.

E mentre gli usi questa premura
quello si volta, ti vede, ha paura
ed imbracciata l'artiglieria
non ti ricambia la cortesia...

Cadesti a terra senza un lamento
e ti accorgesti in un solo momento
che il tempo non ti sarebbe bastato
a chieder perdono per ogni peccato.

Cadesti a terra senza un lamento
e ti accorgesti in un solo momento
che la tua vita finiva quel giorno
e non ci sarebbe stato ritorno.

“Ninetta mia, crepare di maggio
ci vuole tanto, troppo coraggio.
Ninetta bella, dritto all'inferno,
avrei preferito andarci in inverno”.

E mentre il grano ti stava a sentire
dentro a le mani stringevi il fucile,
dentro a la bocca stringevi parole
troppo gelate per sciogliersi al sole.

Dormi sepolto in un campo di grano
non è la rosa, non è il tulipano
che ti fan veglia dall'ombra dei fossi
ma sono mille papaveri rossi.

La guerre de 14-18

(Der Krieg 14-18)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

♩ Ré

De-puis que l'homme éc - rit l'his - toi - re, de-puis qu'il ba - taille à cœur

5 Fa⁷ Ré Ré⁷ La⁷

joie en - tre mille et une guerr's no - toi - res, si j'é - tais te - nu d'faire un

9 Ré Ré⁷ Sol La⁷ Ré Ré⁷ Sol Do^{#7}

choix, a l'en-con - tre du vieil Ho - mè - re, je déc - la - re - rais tout de

13 Fa^{#m} Ré⁷ Sol La⁷ Ré Mim La⁷

suit': »Moi, mon co - lon, cell' que j'pré - fè - re, c'est la guerr' de qua-torz' dix -

17 Ré Ré⁷ Sol La⁷ Ré Mim La⁷ Ré La⁷ **FIN**

huit! Moi, mon co - lon, cell' que j'pré - fè - re, c'est la guerr' de qua-torz' dix-huit!«

1. Depuis que l'homme écrit l'Histoire,
Depuis qu'il bataille à cœur joie
Entre mille et une guerr's notoires,
Si j'étais t'nu de faire un choix,
A l'encontre du vieil Homère,
Je déclarerais tout de suit':
»Moi, mon colon, cell' que j' préfère,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!«

2. Est-ce à dire que je méprise
Les nobles guerres de jadis,
Que je m'souci' comm' d'un' cerise
De celle de soixante-dix?
Au contrair', je la révère
Et lui donne un satisfecit,
Mais, mon colon, cell' que j' préfère,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!

3. Je sais que les guerriers de Sparte
Plantaient pas leurs épés dans l'eau,
Que les grognards de Bonaparte
Tiraient pas leur poudre aux moineaux
Leurs faits d'armes sont légendaires,
Au garde-à-vous j'les félicit',
Mais, mon colon, cell' que j' préfère,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!

4. Bien sûr, celle de l'an quarante
Ne m'a pas tout à fait déçu,
Elle fut longue et massacranche
Et je ne crache pas dessus,
Mais, à mon sens, ell' ne vaut guère,
Guèr' plus qu'un premier accessit,
Moi, mon colon, cell' que j' préfère,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!

5. Mon but n'est pas de chercher noise
Aux guérillas, non, fichtre! non,
Guerres saintes, guerres surnoises
Qui n'osent pas dire leur nom,
Chacune a quelque chos' pour plaire,
Chacune a son petit mérit',
Mais, mon colon, cell' que j' préfère,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!

6. Du fond de son sac à malices,
Mars va sans doute, à l'occasion,
En sortir une - un vrai délice! -
Qui me fera grosse impression ...
En attendant, je persévère
A dir' que ma guerr' favorit',
Cell', mon colon, que j' voudrais faire,
C'est la guerr' de quatorz'-dix-huit!

1. Seit der Mensch Geschichte schreibt,
kämpft er frohgemut.
Müsst ich aus 1001 Kriegen,
die bekannt sind, einen aussuchen,
würd ich, gegen den alten Homer,
sofort erklären:
»Jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit!«

2. Soll das heißen, ich verachte
die edlen Kriege von einst,
geb keinen feuchten Futz
für den von 70-71?
Im Gegenteil, ich ehre ihn
und geb ihm ein Befriedigend,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit!

3. Ich weiß, dass Spartas Krieger
das Schwert nicht ins Wasser bohrten,
dass Napoleons Alte Garde
nicht mit Pulver auf Spatzen schoss . . .
Ihre Waffentaten sind legendär,
ich steh stramm und beglückwünsche sie,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

4. Natürlich hat der von anno Vierzig
mich auch keineswegs enttäuscht,
er war schön lang und ein Gemetzel,
und ich spucke nicht darauf,
aber für mich ist er doch kaum
mehr als ein Ausreichend wert
jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

5. Ich will hier keinen Streit beginnen
mit Guerillas, nein, dreimal nein,
heilige Kriege, tückische Kriege,
die nicht beim Namen genannt werden wollen,
jeder hat etwas Nettes,
jeder hat seine kleinen Verdienste,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

6. Tief aus seiner Wundertüte
wird Mars bestimmt bei Gelegenheit
einen herausziehen - eine Köstlichkeit! -,
der mir gewaltig Eindruck macht ...
Bis dahin bleibe ich dabei
und sage, mein Lieblingskrieg
jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

LA PAIX

CHANSON ROSSE

Paroles de
Roger PELLETRET

Musique de
Maurice GOSSIOME

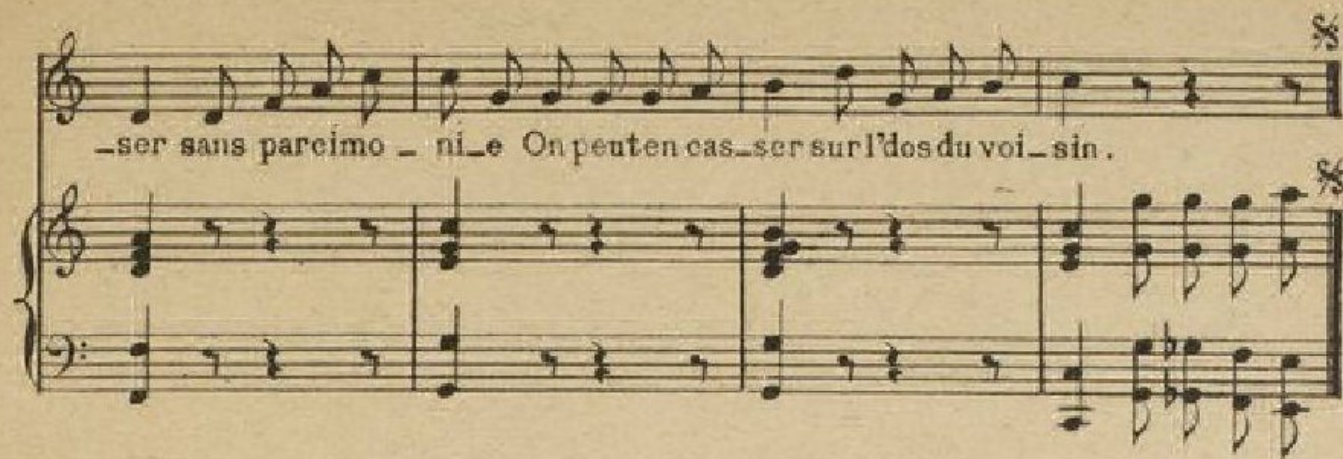
FIN

Béni soit Wil-

-son! la paix est si-gné-e, Nous allons en-fin revoir l'âge d'or. La vie de cha-

-cun s'est a-mé-li-o-ré-e Tout le monde en-fin est content d'son sort. On est plus a-

-treintaux é-co-no-mi-es Comme le sucre a-bond'dans les maga-sins On peut en u-



2

Oui elle est finie, bien finie la guerre
 Et la paix sacrée, toujours règnera.
 On s'embrassera par d'ssus les frontières,
 On s'f'ra des papouill's, on s'adorera.
 Si vous surprenez en plein adultère
 Votre chère épouse ell' vous répondra
 "Tu m'l'as assez dit: Tous les homm's sont frères
 "J'en ai profité et je n'm'en r'pens pas "

3

On a interdit depuis l'armistice
 Les produits teutons "Made in Germany"
 Plutôt qu'd'employer leur bon 606
 Vous préféreriez souffrir dans votr' lit.
 Mais si vous mourrez un jour d'avarie
 Vous aurez du moins la consolation
 D'avoir entret'nu dans votre patrie
 Le foyer de la "syphilisation".

4

Nous allons revoir à notre portée
 Honneurs, avanc'ments et décorations;
 Il n'est plus besoin de vivre en tranchée
 Pour voir un ruban fleurir son veston.
 Si pour décrocher sa petit' croix d'guerre
 Fallait autrefois courir les boyaux
 Aujourd'hui on fait bien moins de manières
 Suffit d'êtr' chauffeur à M'sieur Clémenceau

S. Vm.
2004

À Mademoiselle Suzanne VARÈSE
ma première, idéale interprète



La Paix des Peuples

CHANT DE L'ASSOCIATION UNIVERSELLE
Pour supprimer ce crime: la Guerre



Paroles de

Henri DEMONT & E. BREUNER

Musique de

Andréa BALBIS



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En Vente chez M^r BALBIS, 1, Rue Fontaine, Paris, 9^{ème}

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à Mademoiselle Susane VIRESE sa première idéale interprète

LA PAIX DES PEUPLES

CHANT DE L'ASSOCIATION UNIVERSELLE

"Pour supprimer ce crime: LA GUERRE"

Paroles de
HENRI-DEMONT
E. BREUNER

Musique de
Andréa BALBIS

Moderato



bon. La guer . re est un cri . me, u . ne ca . la . mi . té. Elle a .

.bais . se, elle op . pri . me Tou . te ihuma . ni . té. Hom . mes de toutes ra . ces, —

Peu . ples de tous pa . ys, — Op . po . sons nous en mas . ses A ses re . tours mau .

CHŒURS
dits. Hom . mes de toutes ra . ces, — Peu . ples de tous pa . ys,

Op . po . sons nous en mas . ses A ses re . tours mau . dits. — Al . hydre in . dits

1^{re} Solo *Pour Finir*

LE DÉSERTEUR

Paroles de
Boris VIAN

Musique de
Boris VIAN &
Harold BERG

Fa m7 Sib9 Sol7 5+ Do m7 Fa7 Sib7 Réb9 Mi b Réb9 Do7 Fa m7 Sib7 Mi b9

Tempo de slow

1. Mon -

Mi b Fa m7 Sib9 Mi b 7 M Do7 Fa m7 Sib9 Fa m7 Sib7 Mi b 7 M Do m7

-sieur le Pré-si-dent — Je vous fais u - ne let - tre — Que vous li - rez peut-ê - tre Si
- puis que je suis né — J'ai vu mou - rir mon pè - re — J'ai vu par - tir mes frè - res Et
men - die - rai ma vie — Sur les rou - tes de Fran - ce De Bretagne en Pro - ven - ce Et

Sol m7 Solb dim Fa m7 Sib5+ Dob 7 M Réb9 Fa m7 Sib9 Mi b 7 M Mi b7 Fa m7 Sib9

vous a - vez le temps Je viens de re - ce - voir — Mes pa - piers mi - li - tai - res — Pour
pleu - rer mes en - fants Ma mère a tant souf - fert — Qu'elle est de - dans sa tom - be — Et
je crie - rai aux gens Re - fu - sez d'o - bé - ir — Re - fu - sez de la fai - re — N'al -

Fa m7 Sib9 Sib dim Do m7 Fa7 Sib9 Reb9 Mib Sib m7 Mib9 Lab 7M Lab9
 par - tir à la guer - re A - vant mer - cre - di soir Mon - sieur le Pré - si - dent Je
 se mo - que des bom - bes Et se mo - que des vers Quand j'é - tais pri - son - nier On
 lez pas à la guer - re Re - fu - sez de par - tir S'il faut don - ner son sang Al -

Sib9 Fa# dim Mib 7M Mib9 Sib m Do7 Fa m 7M Fa m7 Fa9 Fa m7 Sib9
 ne veux pas la fai - re Je ne suis pas sur ter - re Pour tuer de pau - vres gens C'est
 m'a vo - lé ma fem - me On m'a vo - lé mon â - me Et tout mon cher pas - sé De
 lez don - ner le vô - tre Vous ê - tes bon a - pô - tre Mon - sieur le Pré - si - dent Si

Fa m7 Fa b7 3 Sib m6 Do7 Fa m 3 Sib9 Fa m7 Sib9 Sol7 Do m7
 pas pour vous fâ - cher - Il faut que je vous di - se - Ma dé - ci - sion est pri - se Je
 - main de bon ma - tin - Je fer - me - rai ma por - te - Au nez des an - nées mor - tes J'i -
 vous me pour - sui - vez Pré - ve - nez vos gen - dar - mes - Que je n'au - rai pas d'ar - mes Et

Fa7 Sib9 Reb9 Mib Reb9 Do7 Fa m7 Sib7 Mib9 FIN
 m'en vais dé - ser - ter. _____ 2. De -
 - rai sur les che - mins. _____ 3. Je
 qu'ils pour - ront ti - rer. _____

Legende vom toten Soldaten

Text & Melodie:
Bertolt Brecht

1. Und als der Krieg im vier - ten Jahr kei - nen

4
Aus - blick auf Frie - den bot, da zog der Sol - dat sei - ne

7
Kon - se - quenz und starb den Hel - den - tod. 2. Der

1. Und als der Krieg im vierten Jahr
Keinen Ausblick auf Frieden bot
Da zog der Soldat seine Konsequenz
Und starb den Heldentod.

2. Der Krieg war aber noch nicht gar
Drum tat es dem Kaiser leid
Dass sein Soldat gestorben war:
Es schien ihm noch vor der Zeit.

3. Der Sommer zog über die Gräber her
Und der Soldat schlief schon
Da kam eines Nachts eine militär-
ische ärztliche Kommission.

4. Es zog die ärztliche Kommission
Zum Gottesacker hinaus
Und grub mit geweihtem Spaten den
Gefallnen Soldaten aus.

5. Der Doktor besah den Soldaten genau
Oder was von ihm noch da war
Und der Doktor fand, der Soldat war k. v.
Und er drückte sich vor der Gefahr.

6. Und sie nahmen sogleich den Soldaten mit
Die Nacht war blau und schön.
Man konnte, wenn man keinen Helm aufhatte
Die Sterne der Heimat sehn.

7. Sie schütteten ihm einen feurigen Schnaps
In den verwesten Leib
Und hängten zwei Schwestern in seinen Arm
Und ein halb entblößtes Weib.

8. Und weil der Soldat nach Verwesung stinkt
Drum hinkt ein Pfaffe voran
Der über ihn ein Weihrauchfass schwingt
Dass er nicht stinken kann.

9. Voran die Musik mit Tschindrara
Spielt einen flotten Marsch.
Und der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Schmeißt seine Beine vom Arsch.

10. Und brüderlich den Arm um ihn
Zwei Sanitäter gehn
Sonst flög er noch in den Dreck ihnen hin
Und das darf nicht geschehn.

11. Sie malten auf sein Leichenhemd
Die Farben Schwarz - Weiß - Rot
Und trugen's vor ihm her; man sah
Vor Farben nicht mehr den Kot.

12. Ein Herr im Frack schritt auch voran
Mit einer gestärkten Brust
Der war sich als ein deutscher Mann
Seiner Pflicht genau bewusst.

13. So zogen sie mit Tschindrara
Hinab die dunkle Chaussee
Und der Soldat zog taumelnd mit
Wie im Sturm die Flocke Schnee.

14. Die Katzen und die Hunde schrein
Die Ratzen im Feld pfeifen wüst:
Sie wollen nicht französisch sein
Weil das eine Schande ist.

15. Und wenn sie durch die Dörfer ziehn
Waren alle Weiber da
Die Bäume verneigten sich, Vollmond schien
Und alles schrie hurra.

16. Mit Tschindrara und Wiedersehn!
Und Weib und Hund und Pfaff!
Und mitten drin der tote Soldat
Wie ein besoffner Aff.

17. Und wenn sie durch die Dörfer ziehn
Kommt's, dass ihn keiner sah
So viele waren herum um ihn
Mit Tschindra und Hurra.

18. So viele tanzten und johlten um ihn
Dass ihn keiner sah.
Man konnte ihn einzig von oben noch sehn
Und da sind nur Sterne da.

19. Die Sterne sind nicht immer da
Es kommt ein Morgenrot.
Doch der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Zieht in den Heldentod.

Legende vom toten Soldaten

Bertolt Brecht

Bertolt Brecht / Ernst Busch

1. Und als der Krieg — im vier - ten Lenz kei - nen

5 Aus - blick auf Frie - den bot, da zog der Sol - dat sei - ne

11 Kon - se - quenz und starb den Hel - den - tod.

16 2. Der Krieg war a - ber noch nicht gar, drum

21 tat es dem Kai - ser leid, dass sein Sol - dat — ge -

27 stor - ben war: Es schien ihm noch vor der Zeit. [3., 5., 7., 9., 11., 13., 15., 17.]

33 19. Die Ster - ne sind — nicht im - mer da, es kommt ein Mor - gen - rot.

41 Doch der Sol - dat, — so wie er's ge - lernt, zieht in den Hel - den - tod.

1. Und als der Krieg im vierten Lenz
Keinen Ausblick auf Frieden bot
Da zog der Soldat seine Konsequenz
Und starb den Heldentod.

2. Der Krieg war aber noch nicht gar
Drum tat es dem Kaiser leid
Dass sein Soldat gestorben war:
Es schien ihm noch vor der Zeit.

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Und der Soldat schlief schon
Da kam eines Nachts eine militär-
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Man konnte, wenn man keinen Helm aufhatte
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Und hängten zwei Schwestern in seinen Arm
Und ein halb entblößtes Weib.

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Weil das eine Schande ist.

15. Und wenn sie durch die Dörfer ziehn
Waren alle Weiber da
Die Bäume verneigten sich, Vollmond schien
Und alles schrie hurra.

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Und Weib und Hund und Pfaff!
Und mitten drin der tote Soldat
Wie ein besoffner Aff.

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Kommt's, dass ihn keiner sah
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Mit Tschindra und Hurra.

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Dass ihn keiner sah.
Man konnte ihn einzig von oben noch sehn
Und da sind nur Sterne da.

19. Die Sterne sind nicht immer da
Es kommt ein Morgenrot.
Doch der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Zieht in den Heldentod.

Legende vom toten Soldaten

Bertolt Brecht

Bertolt Brecht / *Fassung:* Ernst Busch

Satz: Kurt Schwaen

1. Und als der Krieg im vier - ten

The first system of the musical score is in 3/8 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line.

8 Lenz kei - nen Aus - blick auf Frie - den bot, da zog der Sol - dat sei - ne

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, and G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal patterns and a consistent bass line.

15 Kon - se - quenz und starb den Hel - den - tod. 2. Der Krieg war

The third system contains a measure rest for 15 measures. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, and G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the established harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

22 a - ber noch nicht gar, drum tat es dem Kai - ser leid, dass

The fourth system contains a measure rest for 22 measures. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, and G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the established harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

29

2

sein Sol - dat — ge - stor - ben war: Es schien ihm noch

34

3., 5., 7., 9., 11., 13., 15., 17.

3.

vor der Zeit.

38

19. Die Ster - ne sind nicht im - mer

45

da, es kommt ein Mor - gen - rot.

Doch der Sol - dat, — so wie er's ge -

53

lernt, zieht in den Hel - den - tod.

1. Und als der Krieg im vierten Lenz
Keinen Ausblick auf Frieden bot
Da zog der Soldat seine Konsequenz
Und starb den Heldentod.

2. Der Krieg war aber noch nicht gar
Drum tat es dem Kaiser leid
Dass sein Soldat gestorben war:
Es schien ihm noch vor der Zeit.

3. Der Sommer zog über die Gräber her
Und der Soldat schlief schon
Da kam eines Nachts eine militär-
ische ärztliche Kommission.

4. Es zog die ärztliche Kommission
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Und hängten zwei Schwestern in seinen Arm
Und ein halb entblößtes Weib.

8. Und weil der Soldat nach Verwesung stinkt
Drum hinkt ein Pfaffe voran
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Mit Tschindra und Hurra.

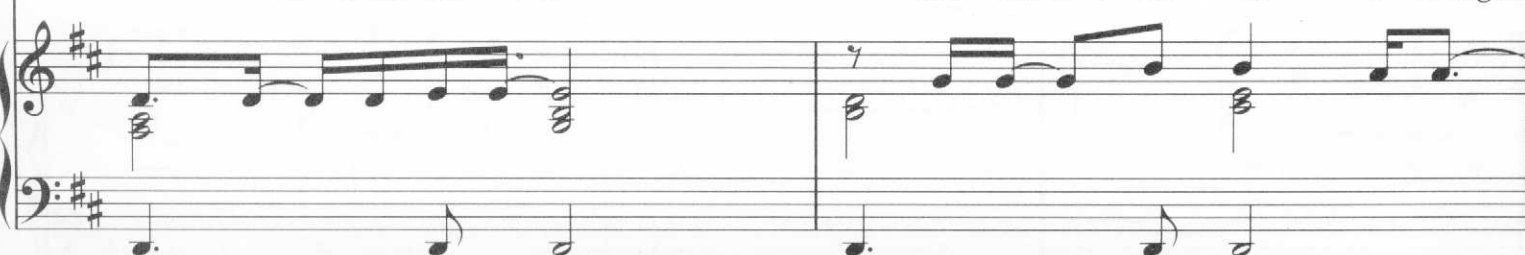
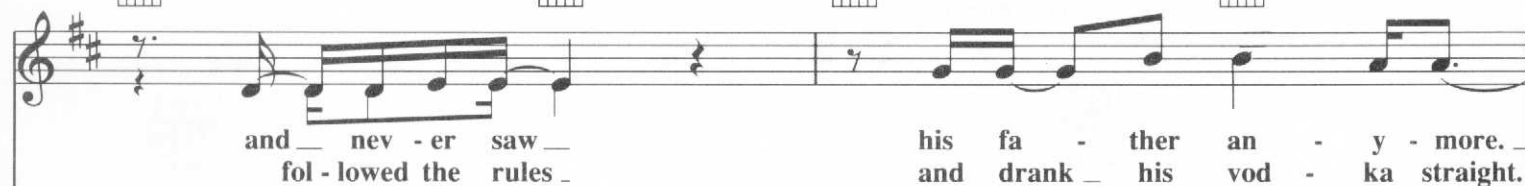
18. So viele tanzten und johlten um ihn
Dass ihn keiner sah.
Man konnte ihn einzig von oben noch sehn
Und da sind nur Sterne da.

19. Die Sterne sind nicht immer da
Es kommt ein Morgenrot.
Doch der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Zieht in den Heldentod.

LENINGRAD

Words and Music by
BILLY JOEL

Slow Ballad



D7/C



G/B



Dsus/A



D/A



E/G#



A child of sac - ri - fice, a child of war.
The on - ly way to live was down the hate.

D/A



A#dim



1

Bm



G



A



An - oth - er son who nev - er had a fa - ther af - ter Len - in -
A Rus - sian life was ver - y sad,

2

Bm



E



A



D



and such was life in Len - in - grad.





Dm







Am



I was born in for - ty nine, a cold war kid in Mc - Carth - thy time.
But child - ren lived in Lev - it - town and hid in the shel - ters un - der - ground. Till the

Stop 'em at the thir-ty-eighth par-al - lel. Blast those yel-low reds to hell.
 So - viets turned their ships a - round and tore the Cu - ban mis-siles down. And

Cold war kids were hard to kill un - der their desk in an air raid drill.
 in that bright Oc - to - ber sun we knew our child - hood days were done. And I






Have-n't they heard we won the war, what do they keep on fight - ing for?_
 watched my friends go off to war, what do they keep on fight - ing for?_






Vik - tor was sent to some Red Ar - ³ my town.
 And so my child and I came to this place.







Served out his time, be - came a cir - cus clown.
 To meet him eye to eye and face to face.







The great - est hap - pi - ness he'd ev - er found,
 He made my daugh - ter laugh, then we em - braced.







was mak - ing Rus - sian chil - dren glad. And chil - dren lived in Len - in -
 We nev - er knew what friends we had

The image displays a musical score for the song "Lenin's March" by The Beatles. The score is written for guitar, piano, and voice. The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "grad. un - til we came to Len - in - grad". The guitar part includes various chords and a melodic line with a triplet. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line. The vocal part is a single line with the lyrics. The score is divided into systems, with guitar chords indicated above the staff and piano accompaniment below. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Guitar Chords:

- D
- 2 Bm
- E
- A
- D
- E
- A
- E/A
- Bm
- F#/B
- D/F#
- A/C#
- Bm
- E/G#
- E
- A
- E/A
- Bm
- F#/B
- D/F#
- A/C#
- Bm
- E/G#
- E
- D
- E
- A

Lyrics:

grad. un - til we came to Len - in - grad

LES JOYEUX BOUCHERS

EXTRAIT DE LA COMÉDIE MUSICALE «LA BANDE À BONNOT»

Paroles : Boris VIAN

Musique : Jimmy WALTER

Interprètes : Boris VIAN

Chant

Piano

A7

Dm

A7

Dm

C'est le tan -

Dm

- go des bou - chers d'la Vil - let - te C'est le tan - go des tueurs des a - bat -

E♭

A7

- toirs Ve - nez cueil - lir la fraise et l'a - mou - ret - te Et boire du

A7

Dm

A7

Dm

Dm

§

sang a - vant qu'il soit tout noir Faut qu'ça sai - - - gne

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into four systems. Each system includes guitar chords (A7, Dm, E♭) and French lyrics. The lyrics are: 'C'est le tan - go des bou - chers d'la Vil - let - te C'est le tan - go des tueurs des a - bat - toirs Ve - nez cueil - lir la fraise et l'a - mou - ret - te Et boire du sang a - vant qu'il soit tout noir Faut qu'ça sai - - - gne'. The piano part features a rhythmic melody with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part has a more melodic line with some rests.

Dm



Faut qu'les gens ayent à bouf - fer Faut qu'les gros puissent se goin -

Dm



Em7(b5)



A7



- frer Faut qu'les p'tits puissent en - grais - ser Faut qu'ça sai - - - gne

A7



Faut qu'les man - da - taires aux hal - les Puissent s'en four - rer plein la dal - le Du fi - let à huit cents

A7



A7



Dm



D7



balles Faut qu'ça sai - gne Faut qu'les peaux se fassent tan - ner Faut qu'les pieds se fassent pa -







D7





Gm





- ner Que les têtes aillent ma - ri - ner Faut qu'ça sai - gne Faut a - va - ler d'la bar -







 (2^e fois)

-baque Pour ê'te bien gras quand on claque Et nour-rir des vers co - maques Faut qu'ça sai - gne Bien


Fine






fort ! C'est le tan - go des ja - yeux mi - li - tai - res

Des gais vain - queurs de par - tout et d'ail - leurs C'est le tan -


 N. C.

- go des fa - meux va t'en guer - - re C'est le tan -





 %

- go de tous les fos - soy - eurs Faut qu'ça

Lucky Man

Words & Music by Greg Lake

Moderately slow



Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes. The tempo is moderately slow.



3

Vocal melody for the first line of lyrics, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes.

1. He _____ had white hors - es and la - dies _____ by the
2. White _____ lace and feath - ers they made up _____ his ____
3. *Instrumental*

Piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.



6

Vocal melody for the second line of lyrics, starting with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes.

- score. ____ All _____ dressed in sat - in and
bed, ____ a gold _____ cov - ered mat - tress on

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

2

G

D

Am

9

wait - ing _____ by the door. _____ }
which _____ he was led. _____ } Ooh, _____ what a

Em7

D

12

luck - y man he _____ was. _____

Am

Em7

15

Ooh, _____ what a luck - y man he _____

D

1.2.

||3.

17

was. _____

4. He

20

G D G

went _____ to fight wars _____ for his coun - try and his
(5.) bul - let had found him his blood ran as he

mp

23

D G D

king. _____ Of his hon - or and his glo - ry the
cried. _____ No mon - ey could save him so he

26

G D Am

peo - ple _____ would sing. _____ } Ooh, _____ what a
laid down _____ and he died. _____ }

29

Em7 D

luck - y man he _____ was. _____

4

Am



Em7



32

Ooh, _____ what a luck - y man he _____

D



1.

2.

34

was. _____ A

Am



Em7



37

Ah! _____

D



39

Repeat to fade

Manhattan Kaboul

Paroles de Renaud SÉCHAN
Musique de Jean-Pierre BUCOLO

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. It consists of several systems of music. The first system shows guitar chords (E, E/D, E/C, E/B, Am, F, Dm, E) and piano accompaniment with notes labeled Mi, Mi/Ré, Mi/Do, Mi/Si, Lam, Fa, Rémi, Mi. The second system shows guitar chords (Am, F, G, E/G#, C, F, G, F) and piano accompaniment with notes labeled Lam, Fa, Sol, Mi/Sol#, Do, Fa, Sol, Fa. The third system shows guitar chords (C, F, G, F, C, F) and piano accompaniment with notes labeled Do, Fa, Sol, Fa, Do, Fa. The fourth system shows guitar chords (C, Am, F, Dm7, E) and piano accompaniment with notes labeled Sol, Lam, Fa, Rémi7, Mi. The lyrics are in French and describe a scene in New York City.

1. Pe - tit Por - to - ri - cain
2. Pe - ti - te fille Af - ghane
3. Un sept cent qua - rante sept

Bien in - té - gré, qua - si - ment New Yor - kais
De l'au - tre cô - té de la terre
S'est ex - plo - sé dans mes fe - nê - tres

Dans mon buil - ding tout de verre
Ja - mais en - ten - du par - ler
Mon ciel si bleu est de - ve -

1. 4. et d'a - cier Je prends mon job, un rail de coke, un ca - fé.

2. 3. 5.

G Am E E/D E/C E/B

de Ma-nhat-tan— Mon quo-ti-dien c'est la mi-sère et la guerre. Deux é-tran-gers—
 -nu— o—rage— Lors-que les bombes ont ra-sé mon vil-lage.—

Sol Lam Mi Mi/Ré Mi/Do Mi/Si

Am E Dm7 E Am F

%%% À partir de la 5e fois passage orchestre

— au bout du monde, — si dif-fé-rents Deux in-con-nus, — deux a-no-ny-mes, mais pour —

Lam Mi Ré7 Mi Lam Fa

G E/G# Am F Dm7

tant Pul-vé-ri-sés — sur l'au-tel — De la vio-lence — é-ter —
 Pul-vé-ri-sés — sur l'au-tel — De la vio-lence — é-ter —

Sol Mi/Sol# Lam Fa Ré7

1. 2. E7 3. 4. ad libitum E E/C E/B

1e fois % 2e fois al Coda %

nelle. -nelle. Deux é-tran-gers—
 nelle. -nelle,

Mi Mi7 Mi Mi/Ré Mi/Do Mi/Si

Coda Φ

1. Am Em

So long! A - dieu mon rêve a - mé - ri - cain Moi, plus ja - mais es -
 Ils i'm - po - saient l'Is - la - m des ty - rans.

Do Sol Fa Do Lam Mim

2. E E7/D E5+/C E/B

cla - ve des chiens — Ceux - là ont - ils ja - nais lu le Co - ran?

Fa Sol Mi Mi7/Ré Mi5+/Do Mi/Si

Petit Portoricain
 Bien intégré, quasiment New-Yorkais
 Dans mon building tout de verre et d'acier
 Je prends mon job, un rail de coke, un café.

Petite fille Afghane
 De l'autre côté de la terre
 Jamais entendu parler de Manhattan
 Mon quotidien c'est la misère et la guerre.

Deux étrangers au bout du monde, si différents
 Deux inconnus, deux anonymes, mais pourtant
 Pulvérisés sur l'autel
 De la violence éternelle.

Un 747
 S'est explosé dans mes fenêtres
 Mon ciel si bleu est devenu orage
 Lorsque les bombes ont rasé mon village.

Deux étrangers au bout du monde, si différents
 Deux inconnus, deux anonymes, mais pourtant
 Pulvérisés sur l'autel
 De la violence éternelle.

So long ! Adieu mon rêve américain
 Moi, plus jamais esclave des chiens
 Ils t'imposaient l'Islam des tyrans
 Ceux-là ont-ils jamais lu le Coran ?

Suis redevenu poussière
 Je s'rai pas maître de l'univers
 Ce pays que j'aimais tell'ment serait-il
 Finalement colosse aux pieds d'argile ?

Les dieux, les religions
 Les guerres de civilisation
 Les armes, les drapeaux, les patries, les nations
 F'ront toujours de nous de la chair à canon.

Deux étrangers au bout du monde, si différents
 Deux inconnus, deux anonymes, mais pourtant
 Pulvérisés sur l'autel
 De la violence éternelle.

Deux étrangers au bout du monde, si différents
 Deux inconnus, deux anonymes, mais pourtant
 Pulvérisés sur l'autel
 De la violence éternelle...

MASTERS OF WAR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Medium bright

Em **D** **Em** **D** **Em**

1. Come you mas - ters of war You that build all the

D **Em** **D** **Em** **D** **Em** **D**

guns You build the death planes

Em **D** **Em** **D** **Em**

You that build the big bombs you that hide be-hind

D Em D Em D Em D.S.

walls You that hide be-hind desks I just

want you to know I can see through your masks

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly</p> | <p>5. You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatenin' my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins</p> |
| <p>3. Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain</p> | <p>6. How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do</p> |
| <p>4. You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud</p> | <p>7. Let me ask you one questions
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul</p> |

8. And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
On a pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your death bed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
Till I'm sure that you're dead.

MAUDITE SOIT LA GUERRE

CAMBRAI—OCCUPÉ 1917

Paroles et Musique de
AUG. MACQUET

Lento

PIANO

p *mf*

p *f*

Là - bas vers l'Ori-ent le ciel s'est obscurci! L'o - ra - ge qui couvait, vio-

lent, soudain, é-cla - te; For-mi-dable, il s'é-tend, For-mi - dable, il s'é-tend, et

Poco rall

Tempo. *mf*

bien-tôt le voi-ci Cou-vrant tous les pa-ys, de Be- ring a l'Euphrate, De

Tempo.

Rall *ff* *f* *Tempo*

l'Oural à l'Ir-lan-de et du Cap à Tan-ger— Il gronde en dé-chi-rant son

Rall *ff* *f* *Tempo*

ff *f*

voi-le mor-tu-ai-re de ses éclairs gé-ants de ses éclairs gé-ants Et

ff

ff *f*

court tout ra-vager sur les rou-tes qu'ils suit— Cette horreur c'est la Guerre, cette horreur c'est la Guer-

f *ff* *f*

mf

re— Il

p *mf* *mf*

n'est pas u . ne vil . le Il n'est pas un hameau Il n'est pas un fo . yer Sur

p

tout ce ter . ri . toi . re Qui n'ait fourni sa proi . e au si . nistre fléau Il sé . vi . ra des ans pour

f

donnera l'histoire Des pages d'amertume où de faits glorieux Pour transfor . mer d'un coup la

Rall *Rall* *Tempo.*

Rall *Rall* *ff*

Tempo.

car . te de la ter . re Pour transformer d'un coup la car . te de la ter . re Dé . vaster sans merci les

- Rall *Plus vite*

Plus vite

Rall *ff*

Plus lent

Rall

grands legs des aïeux Sur no . tre continent Car c'est la grande Guerre! Car c'est la grande Guer .

. re! Des

vas . tes champs d'honneur — S'é . lè . vent de longs cris: Des bles_sés c'est l'appel et

des mourants la plain . te! De ceux qui ne sont plus, là gi . sent les débris! Là devaillants porteurs de

Rall **Rall** **Tempo**

la Pa - ro - lesainte, De hardis infirmiers, le jour commela nuit, Ex - ercent à l'en - vi leur

Rall **Rall** **ff** **Tempo**

Plus vite

no - ble mi - nis - tè - re, Ex - ercent à l'en - vi leur noble minis - tè - re Là, pour tous leurs Drapeaux com

Plus vite **Rall** **ff**

Rall **Plus lent** **ff**

. battent sans répit Tous les soldats du Monde Ah! grand Dieu, quelle Guerre! Ah! grand Dieu, quelle Guer.

Rall **ff** **f** **ff**

mf

. re! Le

p **mf** **mf**

p

dé - sastre est partout, — Aux Fronts comme aude - là, Dans les pa - ys vio - lés que

f

l'En.ne.mi pro.fa . ne! Et pen . dant qu'en héros — tant d'hommes tombent là, Leur deuil si glorieux — sur

Rall *Rall* *Tempo*

tout l'u.ni . vers plane, Mais la douleur descend dans les foyers meurtris Où l'on pleu re l'Enfant, ou

Rall *rall* *ff* *Tempo*

Rall

l'E . poux ou le Pè . re! Où l'on pleu . re l'En . fant ou l'E . poux ou le Pè re! Ah!

Rall

Plus vite *Rall*

que de tels malheurs soient à ja . mais bannis, Et qu'on di . se demain Mau .

ff *Rall*

Plus lent

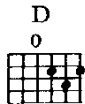
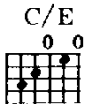
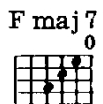
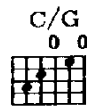
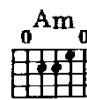
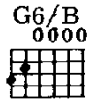
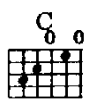
. di . te soit la Guer . re! Mau . di . te soit la Guer . re!

ff *f* *ff*

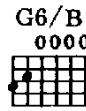
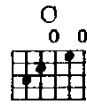
MIND GAMES

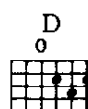
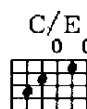
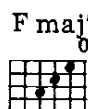
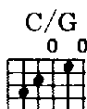
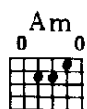
WORDS & MUSIC BY JOHN LENNON

Moderately slow

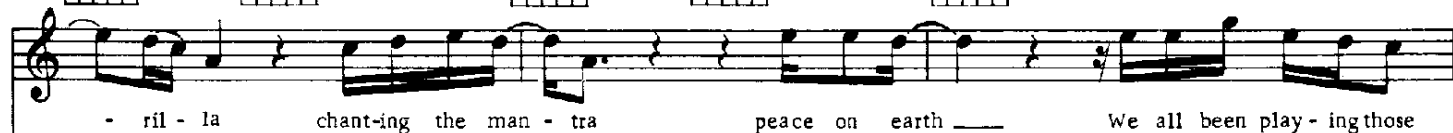


D/C

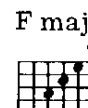
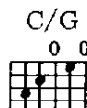
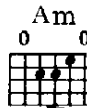
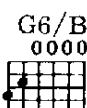
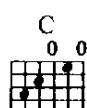
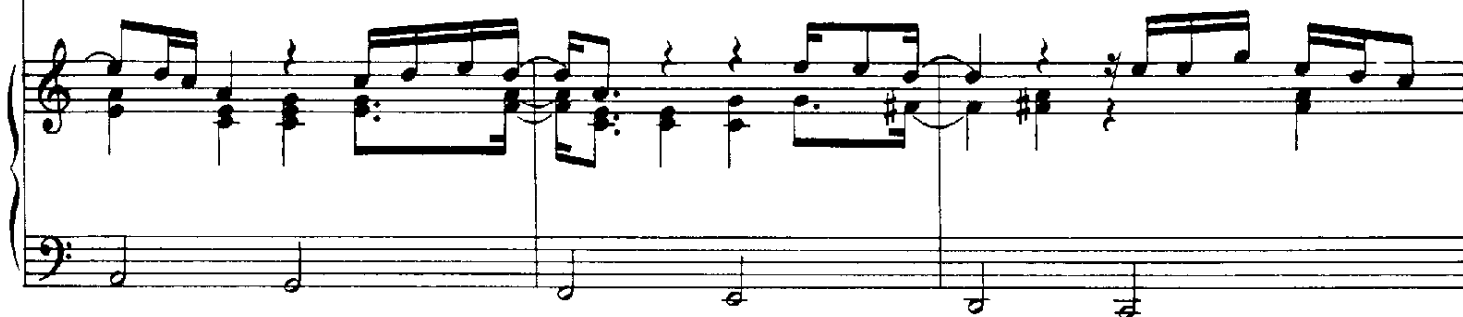




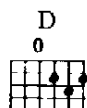
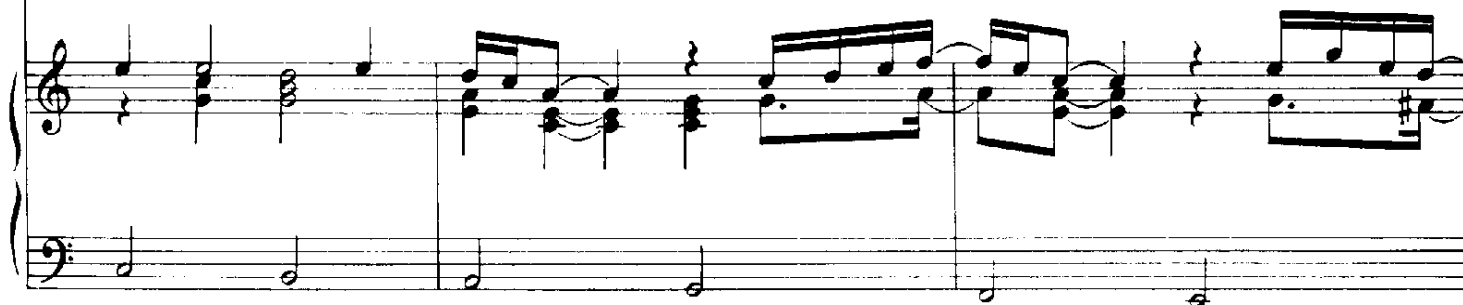
D/C



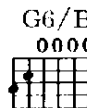
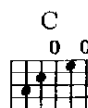
- ril - la chant-ing the man - tra peace on earth — We all been play - ing those



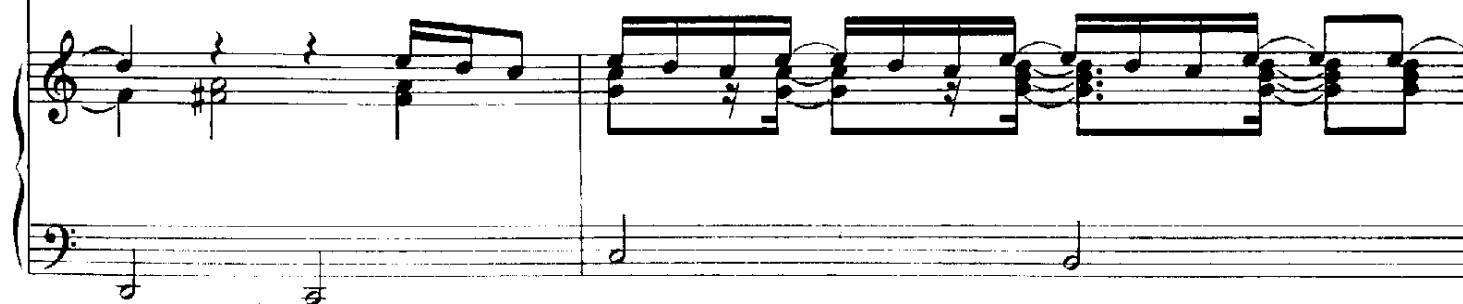
mind games for - ev - er — some kind - a dru - id dudes — lift - ing the veil



D/C



— do - ing the mi - nd guer-



Am C/G F maj7 C/E D D/C

ril - la some call it mag - ic the search for the grail.

C D G G/F Em G/D

love is the ans - wer and you know that for
yes is the ans - wer and you know that for

D C D G G/F

sure. love is a flow - er you
sure. yes is sur - ren - der you

Em
0 000

G/D



D



got - ta let it, you got - ta let it grow So keep on play - ing those
got - ta let it, you got - ta let it go So keep on play - ing those

C



G6/B



Am



C/G



F maj 7



C/E



mind games to - geth - er _____ faith in the fu - ture out - ta the now
mind games to geth - er _____ do ing the rit - u - al dance in the sun

D



D/C

C




G6/B




_____ you just can't beat on those mi - nd _____ guer -
_____ mil - lions of mi - nd _____ guer -


Am C/G F maj 7 C/E




ril - las ab - sol - ute else where in the stones of your
 ril - las put - ing their soul power to the Kar - mic




D D/C C G6/B



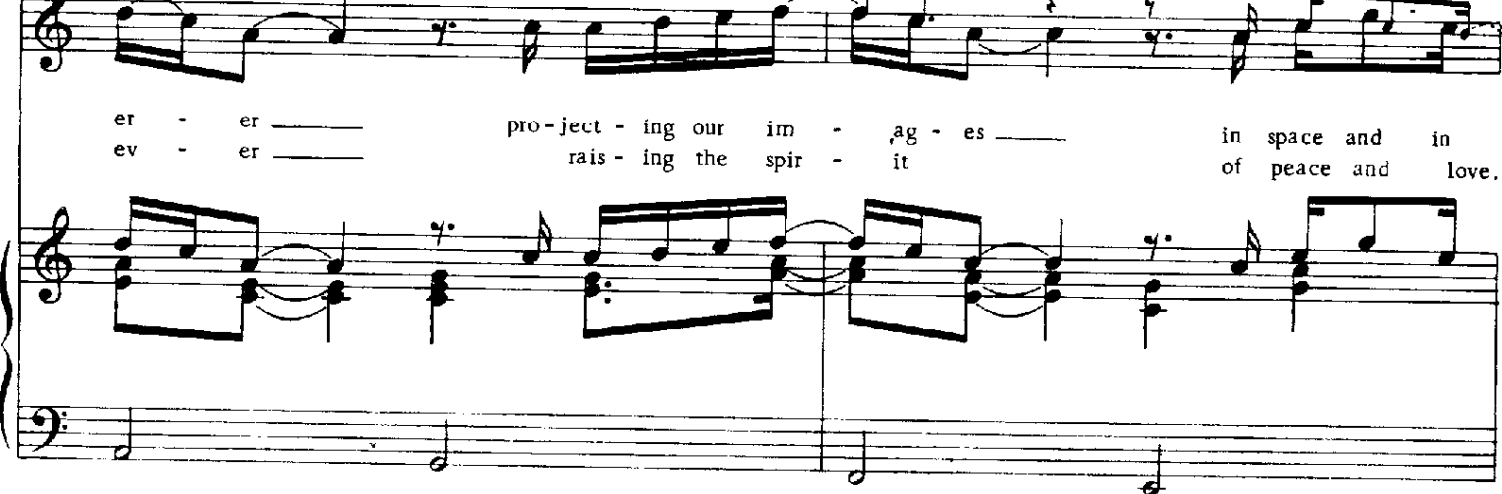
mind wheel yeah were play - ing those mind games for -
 keep on play - ing those mind games for -



Am C/G F maj 7 C/E



er - er pro - ject - ing our im - ag - es in space and in
 ev - er rais - ing the spir - it of peace and love.



D
 D/C
 D
 D/C
 C
 G6/B
 Am
 C/G

1 time. 2 love

F maj 7
 C/E
 D
 D/C
 C
 G6/B

I want you to make love, not

fade

Am
 C/G
 F maj 7
 C/E
 D

war, I know you've heard it be - fore.

à mon beau frère Monsieur Jérôme ONOF

MORT, QUEL EST TON MAÎTRE?

CAMBRAI OCCUPÉ 1918

Paroles et Musique
Aug. MACQUET

Marcato

ff *pp* *ff* *pp* *ff* *press* *accel* *cresc.*

Mort terrible faucheu-se à qui dans sa co-lè-re

Dieu si-tôt le péché don-na l'ordre violent

De combat_tre la vi - e accor_dée à la Ter - re

rit.

Plus lent

Pour l'immorta_li_té pour l'im - mor-ta - li - té Par

f *ad lib*

Lui Dieu tout puissant Par Lui Dieu tout puissant

f

Quel maî_tre sers-tu donc de_puis ces quatre anné - es,

f

Où comme des é_pis sont tom _ bés tant d'humains _____

Quel maître sers-tu donc de _ puis ces quatre an_né _ es

rit.
Où comme des é_pis _____ sont tom _ bés tant d'humains _____

mf *rit.*

Adagio

Dieu voudrait-il d'un coup bri - ser les des - ti - né - es Des peuples qu'il cré -

p

- a de ses puissan - tes mains Dieu voudrait-il d'un coup bri -

- ser les des - ti - né - es Des peuples qu'il cré - a de ses puissan - tes

rall.

mains? Im -

Plus vite

-pi-toy-a-ble mort im-pi-toy-a-ble mort N'est-ce plus Dieu ton

maî-tre N'est-ce plus Dieu ton maî-tre A l'i-gnoble ty-ran qui

commande à l'En-fer Dois-tu de-puis quatre ans te cour-ber, te sou-

ten ten rall.
-met-tre? Dois-tu de-puis quatre ans te cour-ber te sou

ten Plus lent

- met - tre Mais la Mort répon - dit Mais

ten *mf* *p* *f*

Furioso

la Mort répon - dit Mon Maître est le Kai -

f *mf* *ff*

- ser! Mon Maître est le Kai - ser!

Pressez

rapide *brutal*

fff *see*

Né en 17 à Leidenstadt

Jean-Jacques Goldman

$\text{♩} = 100$

Piano à queue

10

Pia.

$\text{♩} = 80$

19

Pia.

25

S.

A.

B.

Etsi j'é - tais né en dix-sept à Lei-den - stadt sur les ruines d'un champ de ba - taille

Pia.

30

S. Oh - - - - Oh - - - -

A. Oh - - - - Oh - - - -

B. Au-rai's' é - té meilleur ou pire que ces gens. Si j'avais é - té alle - mand? Ber-cé d'hu-

Pia.

34

S. Oh - - - - Oh - - - - Oh - - - -

A. Oh - - - - Oh - - - - Oh - - - -

B. milia-tion de haine et d'igno - rance Nourri de rê-ve de re - vanche Aurais'j'é-té des ces im -

Pia.

39

♩ = 90

S. - - - - Oh - - - - Si j'avais grandi dans les docklands de

A. - - - - Oh - - - -

B. probables consciences Larmes au milieu d'un tor - rent. Oh -

Pia.

44

S. *Belfast* sol-datd'u-ne foi, d'u - ne caste, Au-rai's'jeeu la force en-vers

A. *mf* Ah Ah

B. Oh Oh

Pia.

48

S. et con - tre les miens de trahir, tendre u - ne main? Oh

A. Ah Si j'étais née blan-ch'et rich' à Jo - han - nes-

B. Oh Oh

Pia.

52

S. Oh Oh Oh

A. burg en-tre pou - voir et la peur, Au-rai's'j'enten-du ces cris portés par le vent?

B. Oh Oh Oh

Pia.

57 $\text{♩} = 74$

S. *f* On aura ja-mais c'qu'on avrait dans nos ventres,

A. Rien ne sera comm' a - vant. *f* On aura ja-mais c'qu'on avrait dans nos ventres,

B. *ff* On aura ja-mais c'qu'on avrait dans nos ventres,

Pia. *f*

62

S. ca-ché derrière nos ap - parences, l'â-me d'un brave ou d'un com - plic' ou d'un bourreau

A. ca-ché derrière nos ap - parences, l'â-me d'un brave ou d'un com - plic' ou d'un bourreau

B. ca-ché derrière nos ap - parences, l'â-me d'un brave ou d'un com - plic' ou d'un bourreau

Pia.

66

S. ou le pire ou le plus beau. Serions-nous de ceux qui résistent ou bien les moutons d'un trou - peau *ff*

A. ou le pire ou le plus beau. Serions nous de ceux qui résistent ou bien les moutons d'un trou - peau *ff*

B. ou le pire ou le plus beau. Se-ri-ous nous de ceux qui résistent ou bien les moutons d'un trou - peau *ff*

Pia. *ff*

♩ = 60

♩ = 80

70

S. *s'il fallait plus que des mots?*

A. *s'il fallait plus que des mots? Et si j'é - tais né en dix-sept à Lei-den -*

B. *s'il fallait plus que des mots? Et si j'é - tais né en dix-sept à Lei-den -*

Pia.

75

A. *stadt sur les ruines d'un champ de ba - taille Au-rai's'j' é - té meilleur ou*

B. *stadt sur les ruines d'un champ de ba - taille Au-rai's'j' é - té meilleur ou*

Pia.

79

S. *Et qu'on nous épargne à toi et moi si pos-sible très long -*

A. *pire que ces ces gens. Si j'avais é - té alle - mand? Et qu'on nous épargne à toi et moi si pos-sible très long -*

B. *pire que ces ces gens. Si j'avais é - té alle - mand? Et qu'on nous épargne à toi et moi si pos-sible très long -*

Pia.

83

$\text{♩} = 70$ $\text{♩} = 80$ $\text{♩} = 60$

S. *mp*
 temps d'avoir à choi-sir un camp.

A.
 temps d'avoir à choi-sir un camp.

B.
 temps d'avoir à choi-sir un camp.

Pia. *mf*

The musical score is for a song with three vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The tempo starts at 70, changes to 80, and then to 60. The lyrics are 'temps d'avoir à choi-sir un camp.' The piano part has a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

O Gorizia

Moderato

La mat - ti - na dei cin - que d'a - go - sto

si muo - ve - va - no le trup - pe i - ta - lia - ne

per Go - ri - zia, le ter - re lon - ta - ne

e do - len - te o - gnun si par - ti.

1. La mattina dei cinque d'agosto
si muovevano le truppe italiane
per Gorizia, le terre lontane
e dolente ognun si partì.

2. Sotto l'acqua che cadeva a rovescio
grandinavano le palle nemiche;
su quei monti, colline e gran valli
si moriva dicendo così:

3. O Gorizia, tu sei maledetta
per ogni cuore che sente coscienza;
dolorosa ci fu la partenza
e il ritorno per molti non fu.

4. O vigliacchi che voi ve ne state
con le mogli sui letti di lana,
schernitori di noi carne umana,
questa guerra ci insegna a punir.

5. Voi chiamate il campo d'onore
questa terra di là dei confini;
qui si muore gridando: assassini!
maledetti sarete un dì.

6. Cara moglie, che tu non mi senti,
raccomando ai compagni vicini
di tenermi da conto i bambini,
che io muoio col suo nome nel cuor.

7. O Gorizia, tu sei maledetta
per ogni cuore che sente coscienza;
dolorosa ci fu la partenza
e il ritorno per molti non fu.

Altra singolare aggregazione di temi e melodie popolari è Gorizia: il testo è anonimo, probabilmente frutto di ex-cantastorie sotto le armi durante la guerra '15/'18. In questo testo descrittivo, drammatico, lontanissimo dal clima retorico «ufficiale» dei bollettini della Vittoria, vi si trova il rifiuto e l'incomprensione delle classi popolari per una guerra non voluta da loro e a loro estranea. Ad un amor di patria astratto e retorico, si sovrappone il dolore per gli affetti perduti, per una guerra sentita come «inutile strage», come la definì Pio XI. La canzone, presentata nel '64 al «Festival dei Due Mondi» di Spoleto dal Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano, fu motivo di una denuncia intentata da alcuni ufficiali; venne fatto un processo in cui il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano, accusato di disfattismo e di vilipendio alla Patria, venne assolto.

La battaglia per conquistare Gorizia costò la vita a 1759 ufficiali e a 50.000 soldati italiani e a 862 ufficiali e a 40 000 soldati austriaci

ONE

Words and Music by
James Hetfield and Lars Ulrich

Moderately

Chord diagrams and musical notation for the song "ONE".

Chord Diagrams:

- Bm**: B minor (B2, D3, F#3)
- Gmaj7(no3rd)**: G major 7th (no 3rd) (G2, B2, D#3, F#3)
- D/A**: D major with bass A (A2, D3, F#3)
- N.C.**: No Chord

Musical Notation:

- Staff 1:** Treble and Bass clef, 4/4 time. Starts with *mf* and *R.H.* (Right Hand). Chords: Bm, Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm.
- Staff 2:** Treble and Bass clef, 4/4 time. Chords: Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm, D/A, Gmaj7(no3rd).
- Staff 3:** Treble and Bass clef, 4/4 time. First two measures are marked "1. N.C." and "2. N.C.". Chord: Bm.
- Staff 4:** Treble and Bass clef, 4/4 time. Chords: Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm, Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm.
- Staff 5:** Treble and Bass clef, 4/4 time. Chords: D/A, Gmaj7(no3rd), N.C.

Chord diagrams: D, G, 1. F

Chord diagrams: Em, 2. F, Em

Chord diagrams: Bm, Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm

I can't re - mem - ber an - y - thing, — can't tell if this is
 Back in the womb it's much too real, — in pumps — life that

Chord diagrams: Gmaj7(no3rd), Bm, D/A

true or — dream. Deep down in - side I feel to scream, —
 I must — feel, but can't look — for - ward to re - veal, —

Gmaj7(no3rd)



Bm



N.C.

this ter - ri - ble si - lence stops me. Now that the war is
 look to the time when I'll live. Fed through the tube that

Gmaj7(no3rd)



Bm



Gmaj7(no3rd)



through with me, — I'm wak - ing up I can - not — see
 sticks in me, — just like a war - time nov - el - ty;

Bm



D/A



Gmaj7(no3rd)



that there's not much left to me. — Noth - ing is real but
 tied to ma - chines that make me be. — Cut this — life off

N.C.

G5 A5 B5 A5 G5 F#5 B5

pain from now! } Hold my breath as I wish for death._

A5 B5 C#5 4fr. B5 A5 D N.C.

Oh please God, wake me!_____

G F Em D

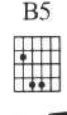
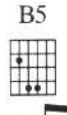
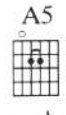
3

1. Em 2. Em

3

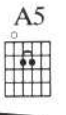
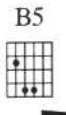
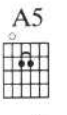
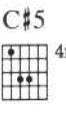
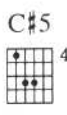
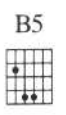
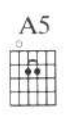


First system of musical notation, including treble and bass staves with a piano accompaniment. The treble staff features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic foundation with sustained notes.

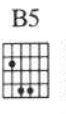
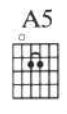
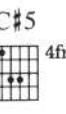
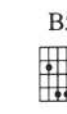
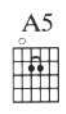
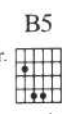
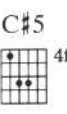


Second system of musical notation. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Now the world is gone, I'm just one..." in a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic pattern.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Oh God, help me. Hold my breath as I wish for death..." in a half note. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes.



Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Oh please God, help me!" in a half note. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic texture.



Fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Oh please God, help me!" in a half note. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

Sixth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Oh please God, help me!" in a half note. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

Seventh system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Oh please God, help me!" in a half note. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

Am G B C

Play 4 times

C/E D B5 C5 3fr.

R.H.

C/E E5

E5 F5

Play 5 times

E5



F5



Dark - ness im - pris - on - ing me, all that I see, ab - so - lute hor - ror!
Land - mine has tak - en my sight, tak - en my speech, tak - en my hear - ing,

E5



F5



I can - not live! I can - not die! Trapped in my - self, bod - y my hold - ing
tak - en my arms, tak - en my legs, tak - en my soul, left me with life in

1.

N.C.

cell!

2.

E5



F5



E5



F5



E5



hell! _____

PARACHUTISTE

Paroles et Musique de
Maxime LE FORESTIER

G
ad lib.

D

Em **D7**

G

1. Tu a - vais jus - te dix huit ans Quand on t'a

C **D4** **D** **C**

mis un bé - ret rou - ge Quand on t'a

C **G** **D4** **D** **G**

dis: " Ren - tre de - dans Tout ce qui bou - ge "

Em **D** **G** **B7** **Em** **D7**

C'est pas ex - près qu't'é - tais fas - cis - te

3° fois al Coda

CODA

Pa - ra - chu - tis - te.

The musical score is written for two staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The melody starts with a G4 note, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (A4, B4, C5), then a D4 note, and finally a D5 note. The lyrics 'Pa - ra - chu - tis - te.' are written below the melody. The score includes a '3° fois al Coda' instruction and a 'CODA' section. The Coda section starts with a C5 note, followed by a G5 note, and ends with a G5 note. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

2

Alors de combat en combat
S'est formée ton intelligence
Tu sais qu'il y a ici-bas
Que deux engeances
Les gens biens et les terroristes
Parachutiste

5

Mais malheureusement pour toi
Bientôt se finira ta guerre
Plus de tueries, plus de combat
Que vas-tu faire?
C'est fini le travail d'artiste
Parachutiste

3

Puis on t'a donné des galons
Héros de toutes les défaites
Pour toutes les bonnes actions
Que tu as faites
Tu torturais en spécialiste
Parachutiste

6

C'est plus qu'un travail de nana
D'commander à ceux qui savent lire
Surtout qui t'as appris avec moi
Ce que veut dire
Le mot "Antimilitariste"
Parachutiste

4

Alors, sont venus les honneurs
Les décorations, les médailles
Pour chaque balle au fond d'un cœur
Pour chaque entaille
Pour chaque croix noire sur ta liste
Parachutiste

7

T'as rien perdu de ton talent
Tu rates pas une embuscade
Mais comme on n'tire plus vraiment
Tu trouve ça un peu fade
C'est p't'être pour ça qu't'as les yeux tristes
Parachutiste

8

Mais si t'es vraiment trop gêné
D'être payé à ne rien faire
Tu peux toujours te recycler
Chez tes p'tits frères
J'crois qu'on engage dans la police
Parachutiste.

PEACE TRAIN







Words and Music by
CAT STEVENS

mf

Now I've been hap - py late - ly -
I've been smil - in' late - ly -

think - in' a - bout the good things — to come, and I — be - lieve —
dream - in' a - bout the world — as one, and I — be - lieve —

— it could — be. — Some thing good has — be - gun. Oh,
— it could — be. — Some - day it's goin' — to come. 'Cause







out on — the edge — of dark-ness — there rides — a peace train, Oh,







peace train — take — this coun-try, come take — me home — a — gain. Now

I've been — smil - in' late-ly — think - in' a - bout the good things — to come,







and I — be-lieve — it could — be. Some-thing — good has be-gun. Oh,

peace train _ sound - in' loud-er, glide on _ the peace train.

Come on _ the peace train.

Peace train ho - ly roll-er, ev-'ry-one jump _ up on the peace train.

Come on _ now peace train. To Coda

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. The guitar part is on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It includes guitar-specific notation such as bar lines, repeat signs, and various chord diagrams (C, G7, F, Am, G, C7) placed above the staff. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are placed below the guitar staff, aligned with the corresponding musical phrases. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a guitar staff and a piano grand staff. The final system ends with a 'To Coda' instruction and a double bar line.

Get your — bags — to-gether — go bring your good friends — too. Be-

cause it's — get - tin' near - er it soon — will be with you. Oh

come and — join the liv - ing — it's not — so far from you.

and it's — get - tin' near - er soon it — will all — be true. Oh

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a guitar line with chord diagrams (C, G, C, F, C, F, F, G, Am, F, G, F), and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "Get your — bags — to-gether — go bring your good friends — too. Be- cause it's — get - tin' near - er it soon — will be with you. Oh come and — join the liv - ing — it's not — so far from you. and it's — get - tin' near - er soon it — will all — be true. Oh".

Peace Train sound - ing loud-er glide on — the Peace Train OO —————

————— come on — now Peace Train, Peace Train.

Now

I've beer — cry - in' late - ly — think- in' a - bout the world as it is

3

3

why must we go — on hat - ing why can't we live in bliss. 'Cause

out on — the edge of dark - ness — there rides — a Peace Train Oh

Peace Train — take — this coun - try come take me home — a - gain. Oh

D.S. al Coda %

Coda %

come on — Peace — Train yes it's — the Peace Train!

Perlímpimpin

Paroles et musique de Barbara

G m 3fr.

G m 3fr.

Solm

Solm

Pour qui com - bien quand et pour-quoi con - tre qui com - ment contre
 Pour qui com - ment quand et com - bien con - tre qui com - ment et

quoi c'en est as - sez de vos vio - len - ces d'où ve - nez-vous où al - lez -
 com-bien à en perdre le goût de vi - vre le goût de l'eau et le goût

D4 D

Ré4 Ré

Gm 3fr.





vous qui ê - tes - vous qui pri - ez - vous je vous prie de fai - re si - len - ce.
du pain et ce - lui du Per - lim - pin - pin dans le square des Ba - ti - gnol - les.

Solm

Pour qui com - ment quand et pour - quoi s'il faut ab - so - lu - ment qu'on soit contre quel - qu'un ou quelque
Et pour rien mais pour pres - que rien pour ê - tre a - vec vous et c'est bien et pour une rose entr'ou -



D4 D

cho - - - se je suis pour le so - leil cou -
ver - - - te et pour u - ne res - pi - ra -

Ré4 Ré

E♭/G Gm 3fr.

chant en haut des col - lines dé - ser - tes je suis pour des fo - rêts pro - fon - des.
tion mais pour un souf - fle d'a - ban - don et pour un jar - din qui fris - son - ne.

Mi♭/Sol Solm



Car un ³ en - fant ³ qui pleure qu'il soit ³ de n'im - ³ porte
 Rien a - voir mais pas - sion - né - ment ne rien se dire é - per - dû -
 Et vi - vre vi - vre pas - sion - né - ment et ne com - battre scu - le -

Fam



où est un ³ en - fant ³ qui pleu - - - re
 ment ne rien sa - voir a - vec i - vres - - - se
 ment qu'a - vec les feux de la ten - dres - - - se

Do4 Do

car un ³ en - fant ³ qui meurt au bout ³ de vos ³ fu -
 et ri - che de dé - pos - ses - sion n'a - voir que sa vé - ri -
 et ri - che de dé - pos - ses - sion n'a - voir que sa vé - ri -



sils est un ³ en - fant ³ qui meurt. _____
 té pos - sé - der tou - tes les ri - ches - - - - ses.
 té pos - sé - der tou - tes les ri - ches - - - - ses.

Fam9 Fam

Que c'est ³ a - bo - ³ mi - nable d'a - voir ³ à choi - ³ sir
 Ne pas par - ler de po - é - sie ne pas par - ler de po - é -
 Ne plus par - ler de po - é - sie ne plus par - ler de po - é -

si - en - tre ³ deux in - ³ no - cen - - - ces
 sie en é - cra - sant les fleurs sau - va - - - ges
 sie et lais - ser vivre les fleurs sau - va - - - ges

C4 C

Do4 Do

que c'est ³ a - bo - ³ mi - nable d'a - voir ³ pour en - ³ ne -
 et faire jou - er la trans - pa - rence au fond d'u - ne cour aux murs
 et faire jou - er la trans - pa - rence au fond d'u - ne cour aux murs

mis les ri - ³ res de ³ l'en - fan - - - ce.
 gris où l'au - be n'a ja - mais sa chan -
 gris où l'aube au - ra en - fin sa chan -

Db/F 1. Fm

3^a fois al Coda

Réb/Fa Fam

2. F^m F^{#m}

- ce.

F^m Fa^{#m}

Con-tre qui ou bien con-tre quoi pour qui com-ment quand et pour - quoi pour re-trou-ver le goût de

vi - vre le goût de l'eau le goût du

Do^{#4} Do[#]

F^{#m} Fa^{#m}

pain et ce - lui du Per - lim - pin - pin dans l'square des Ba - ti - gnol - les

et con-tre rien con-tre per - sonne con-tre per-sonne et con-tre rien et pour une ro-se en-trou -

ver - te pour l'ac - cor - dé - on qui sou -

pire et pour un souf - fle d'a - ban - don et pour un jar - din qui fris - son - ne.

- ce.

De S à Φ , puis suite

Chords: $F\sharp m(9)$, $F\sharp m$, $Fa\sharp m(9)$, $Fa\sharp m$, $C\sharp 4$, $C\sharp$, $4fr.$, $Do\sharp 4$, $Do\sharp$, $D/F\sharp$, $F\sharp m$, Fm , $R\acute{e}/Fa\sharp$, $Fa\sharp m$, Fam .

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Rubato, freely




No one likes us, I don't know why. We





may not be per-fect, but heav-en knows we try. But all a-round e-ven our






big friends put us down. Let's drop the big one and see what hap-pens. We

(ad lib.)

A tempo-easy shuffle (♩ = ♩³)

give them mon - ey, but are they grate - ful?



No, they're spite - ful and they're hate - ful. They



don't re - spect us so let's sur - prise 'em. We'll



drop the big one and pul - ver - ize 'em.





A - sia's crowd - ed and Eu - rope's too old. Af - ri - ca is far too hot and





Can - a - da's too cold. South A - mer - i - ca stole our name. Let's




drop the big one, there'll be no one left to blame us.





We'll save Aus - tral - ia. Don't wan - na hurt no kan - ga - roo.

(poco sostenuto)

E \flat A \flat 3
 We'll build an all A - mer - i - can a -
 muse - ment park there. They got surf - in' too.
 Boom goes Lon - don and boom Pa - ree. More room for you and more
 room for me. And ev - 'ry cit - y the whole world 'round will

E \flat B \flat
 E \flat E \flat + G7
 C7 A \flat maj9 A \flat m7




just be an - oth - er A - mer - i - can town. Oh, how peace -




ful it - 'll be. We'll set ev - 'ry - bod - y free. You'll wear a




Jap - a - nese ki - mo - no and there'll be I - tal - ian shoes for me. They all

rit.

Slower, rubato










hate us an - y - how. So let's drop the big one now. Let's drop the big one now.



POWER TO THE PEOPLE

WORDS & MUSIC BY JOHN LENNON

32 bars per minute

Musical notation for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "Pow-er to the peo—ple, Pow-er to the peo-". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The piano part is marked with asterisks (*) and the instruction "(Marching feet)".

Musical notation for the second system. The vocal line continues with "—ple. Pow - er to the peo — ple,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Chord symbols are written below the piano part: D, Em, D, D, Em, D.

Musical notation for the third system. The vocal line contains the lyrics "Pow-er to the peo—ple, Pow-er to the peo-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Chord symbols are written below the piano part: D, Em, D, D, Em, D, D, Em, D.

4th time
To Coda ⊕

— ple. Pow-er to the peo-ple right on. — You

2. A mil-lion
3. I gon-na

D Em D D Cmaj7 D

say you want a rev - o-lu — tion, we'd bet-ter get on right a - way —
work - ers work — in' for no — thing, you bet-ter give them what they real-ly own —
ask you com — rades and bro — thers, how do you treat your old wo- man back home —

Em

— Well let's get on your feet, — end of the street, — sing-ing
— We got - ta put you down — when we come in - to — town, — sing-ing
— She's got - ta be her - self — so she can give us — help, — sing-ing
Oh well —

⊕ CODA

Pow-er to the peo — ple,

D D Em D D Em D

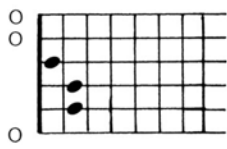
Pow-er to the peo — ple, Pow-er to the peo -

D Em D D Em D D Em D

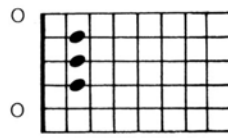
— ple, Pow-er to the peo - ple right on. — Repeat till fade.

D Em D D Cmaj7 D

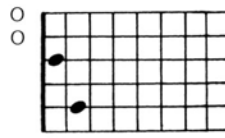
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!



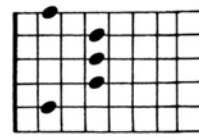
E



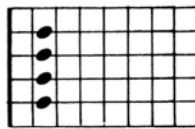
A



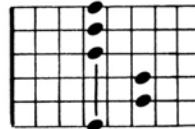
E/A



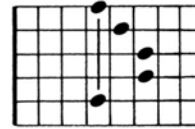
H



H 2/4

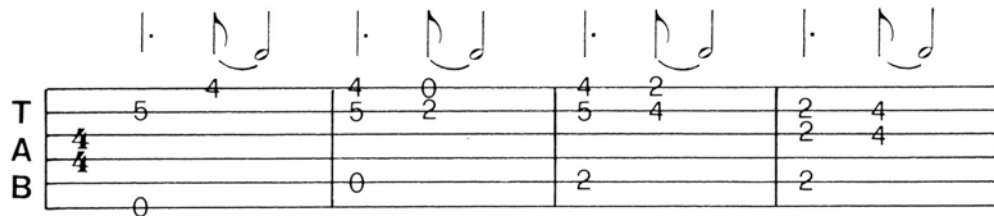


G#m

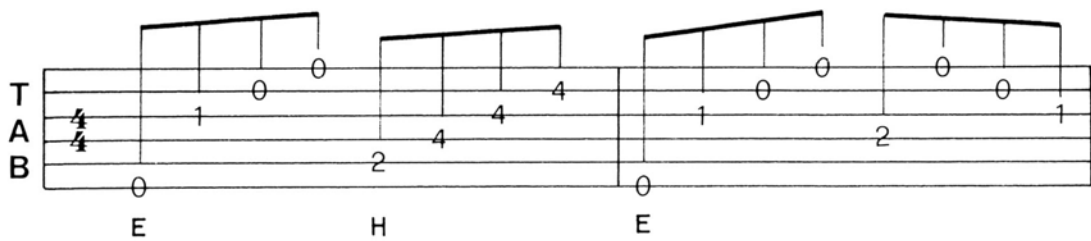


C#m

Vorspiel

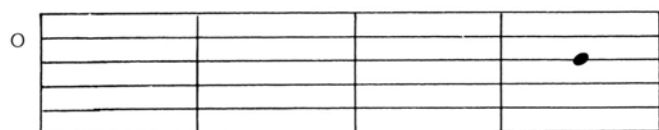


Anschlagmuster



Anfangston der Melodie

(h)



ich

(A)

denk, ich schreib euch besser schon bei - zeiten und sag euch heute schon end - gül - tig

ab. Ich braucht nicht lange Listen aus - zu - breiten, um zu

(B)

se - hen, daß ich auch zwei Söhne hab'. Ich lieb die beiden, das will ich euch

sa - gen, mehr als mein Leben, als mein Augen - licht, und

die, die werden keine Waffen tra - gen: Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich

nicht. 6.x rit. 1. - 5. 6. nicht. nicht.

Ich denk', ich schreib' euch besser schon beizeiten
 Und sag' euch heute schon endgültig ab.
 Ihr braucht nicht lange Listen auszubreiten,
 Um zu sehen, daß ich auch zwei Söhne hab'.
 Ich lieb' die beiden, das will ich euch sagen,
 Mehr als mein Leben, als mein Augenlicht,
 Und die, die werden keine Waffen tragen:
 Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

Ich habe sie die Achtung vor dem Leben,
 Vor jeder Kreatur als höchsten Wert,
 Ich habe sie Erbarmen und Vergeben
 Und wo immer es ging, lieben gelehrt.
 Nun werdet ihr sie nicht mit Haß verderben,
 Kein Ziele und keine Ehre, keine Pflicht
 Sind's wert, dafür zu töten und zu sterben,
 Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

Ganz sicher nicht für euch hat ihre Mutter
Sie unter Schmerzen auf die Welt gebracht.
Nicht für euch und nicht als Kanonenfutter.
Nicht für euch hab' ich manche Fiebernacht
Verzweifelt an dem kleinen Bett gestanden,
Und kühl' ein kleines glühendes Gesicht,
Bis wir in der Erschöpfung Ruhe fanden,
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

Sie werden nicht in Reih' und Glied marschieren
Nicht durchhalten, nicht kämpfen bis zuletzt,
Auf einem gottverlass'nen Feld erfrieren,
Während ihr euch in weiche Kissen setzt.
Die Kinder schützen vor allen Gefahren
Ist doch meine verdammte Vaterpflicht,
Und das heißt auch, sie vor euch zu bewahren!
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

Ich werde sie den Ungehorsam lehren,
Den Widerstand und die Unbeugsamkeit,
Gegen jeden Befehl aufzubegehren
Und nicht zu buckeln vor der Obrigkeit.
Ich werd' sie lehr'n, den eig'nen Weg zu gehen,
Vor keinem Popanz, keinem Weltgericht,
Vor keinem als sich selber g'radzustehen,
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

Und eher werde ich mit ihnen fliehen,
Als daß ihr sie zu euren Knechten macht,
Eher mit ihnen in die Fremde ziehen,
In Armut und wie Diebe in der Nacht.
Wir haben nur dies eine kurze Leben,
Ich schwör's und sag's euch g'rade ins Gesicht:
Sie werden es für euren Wahn nicht geben:
Nein, meine Söhne geb' ich nicht!

RUSSIANS

WORDS & MUSIC BY STING

Medium slow and very steady

Cm



Cm/Bb



In Eu - rope and A -

p

cresc.

mf

Ab



Bb



Fm



Gm



Ab



Bb



mer - i - ca there's a grow - ing feel - ing of hy - ste - ri - a. Con -

Cm



Cm/Bb



Ab



Bb



G/B



Cm



di - tioned to re - spond to all the threats in the rhe - tor - i - cal speech - es of the

G7sus **G** **E \flat** **G/B**

So - vi - ets. Mis - ter Krush - chev said, "We will bu - ry you." I

Cm **G** **Cm** **Cm/B \flat**

don't sub - scribe to this point of view. It'd be such an ig - nor - ant

A \flat **B \flat** **Fm7** **B \flat** **Cm**

thing to do if the Rus - sians love their child - ren too. How

Cm **Cm/B \flat** **A \flat** **B \flat** **Fm** **Gm** **A \flat** **B \flat**

can I save my lit - tle boy from Op - pen - heim - er's dead - ly toy? There
 is no his - tor - i - cal pre - ce - dent to put the words in the mouth of the pre - si - dent? There's

Cm **Cm/Bb** **Ab** **Bb** **G/B** **Cm**

is no no mo - no - po - ly as on a com - mon - sense on ei - ther side of the po -
no such thing as a win - na - ble war, it's a lie we don't be - lieve

G7sus **G** **Eb** **G/B**

li - ti - cal fence. We share the same bi - o - lo - gy, re -
an - y - more. Mis - ter Rea - gan says, "We will pro - tect you." I

Cm **G** **Cm** **Cm/Bb**

gard - less of i - de - o po - lo - gy. Be - lieve me when I say
don't sub - scribe to this point of view. Be - lieve me when I say

Ab **Bb** **To Coda** **Fm** **Gm** **Ab** **Bb**

to you, I hope the Rus - sians love their child - ren
to you, I hope the

Cm **A \flat** **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat** **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat**

too.

Cm/E \flat **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat** 1. **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** 2. **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** **D.S. al Coda**

There

CODA **Fm7** **B \flat** **Cm** **Cm/B \flat** **A \flat** **Cm/B \flat**

Rus-sians love their child-ren too.

Cm/F **Cm/G** **A \flat** **Cm/B \flat** **Cm** **Cm/B \flat** **A \flat** **Cm/B \flat** **G/B** **Cm**

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The first system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'too.' and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Rus-sians love their child-ren too.' and a piano accompaniment. The third system features a 'CODA' section with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment in the CODA section is more complex, featuring a walking bass line and a melody in the right hand. The score includes various guitar chords and fingerings indicated above the staff lines.

G7sus **G** **E \flat** **G/B** **Cm**

We share the same bi - o - lo - gy, re - gard - less of i - de - o -

G **Cm** **Cm/B \flat** **A \flat** **B \flat** **Fm** **Gm**

lo - gy. But what might save us, me and you, is if the Rus - sians love

A \flat **B \flat** **Cm** **A \flat** **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat**

— their child - ren — too.

Cm/E \flat **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat** **Cm/E \flat** **Cm/F** **Cm** **A \flat** **Repeat and Fade**
Cm/E \flat **Cm/F**

Sag mir wo die Blumen sind

nach Marlene Dietrich (1901-1992)

Übertragung ins Deutsche:

Max Colpet (1905-1998)

Peter Seeger (1919-2014)

Arrangement: Jannes Schulze (*1999)

Alt

Klavier

1. Sag mir wo die Blu-men sind,
2. Sag mir wo die Mäd-chen sind,

5

wo sind sie ge - blie - ben?
wo sind sie ge - blie - ben?

Sag mir wo die Blu-men sind,
Sag mir wo die Mäd-chen sind,

9

was ist ge - schehn?
was ist ge - schehn?

Sag mir wo die Blu-men sind,
Sag mir wo die Mäd-chen sind,

13

Mäd chen pfück - ten sie ge - schwind. Wann wird man je ver - stehn,
Män - ner nah - men sie ge - schwind. Wann wird man je ver - stehn,

17

wann wird man je ver - stehn?
wann wird man je ver - stehn?

21

3. Sag mir wo die Männer sind, wo sind sie ge - blie - ben?
4. Sag wo die Sol - da - ten sind, wo sind sie ge - blie - ben?

25

Sag mir wo die Männer sind, was ist ge - schehn?
Sag wo die Sol - da - ten sind, was ist ge - schehn?

29

Sag mir wo die Männer sind, zogen fort, der Krieg be - ginnt.
Sag wo die Sol - da - ten sind, ü - ber Grä - ber weht der Wind.

33

Wann wird man je ver - stehn, wann wird man je ver - stehn?
Wann wird man je ver - stehn, wann wird man je ver - stehn?

38

5. Sag mir wo die Grä - ber sind, wo sind sie ge -
6. Sag mir wo die Blu - men sind, wo sind sie ge -

42

blie - ben? Sag mir wo die Grä - ber sind, was ist ge -
blie - ben? Sag mir wo die Blu - men sind, was ist ge -

46

schehn?
schehn?

Sag mir wo
Sag mir wo

die
die

Grä-ber sind,
Blu-men sind,

Blu-men wehn im
Mä-dchen pflück - ten

rit. (6. Strophe)

50

Sommer - wind,
sie ge - schwind,

Wann wird man
je ver-stehn,

wann wird man

Frei

54

je ver - stehn?

Wann wird man
je ver-stehn,

59

wann wird man
je ver - stehn?

SAIL AWAY

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Slowly ♩ = 69

N.C.

In A - mer - i - ca you'll get food to eat,

won't have to run through the jun - gle and scuff up your feet.

You'll just sing a - bout Je - sus and drink wine all day;

it's great to be___ an A - mer - i - can.

With a beat

Ain't no lion___ or ti - ger,___ ain't no mam - ba snake,.

just the sweet___ wa - ter - mel - on and the buck - wheat cake.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y is as hap - py as a man can be;___



climb a-board, lit - tle wog, sail a - way with me. Sail a -

Slight gospel feel



way. Sail_ a - way. We will cross_ the might-y o - cean in - to Charles-ton



Bay. Sail a - way. Sail_ a - way. We will cross_



the might-y o - cean in-to Charles-ton Bay.



In A - mer - i - ca____ ev - 'ry man is free



to take care_ of his home and his fam - i - ly____



You'll be as hap-py as a mon-key in a mon - key tree;__



you're all gon - na be an A - mer - i - can.

Sail a -

way. Sail a - way. We will cross the might-y o - cean in - to Charles-ton

Bay. Sail a - way. Sail a - way. We will cross

the might - y o - cean in - to Charles - ton Bay.

poco rit. *a tempo*

Guitar Chords: B \flat , F/C, Dm7, G7, B \flat /C, F, B \flat , Bdim7, F/C, Dm7, G7, B \flat /C, F, Dm7, G7sus, F/C, F.

SKY PILOT

Words and Music by
BARRY JENKINS, DANNY MCCULLOCH,
ERIC BURDON, JOHNNY WEIDER
and VIC BRIGGS

All gtrs. w/Capo I:

Moderately ♩ = 108

Intro:

Freely

Bm

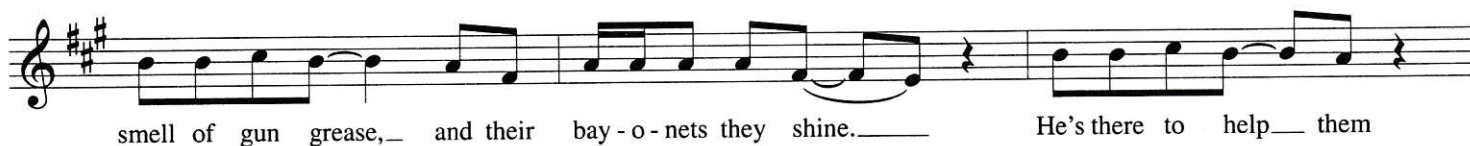
D



Bm

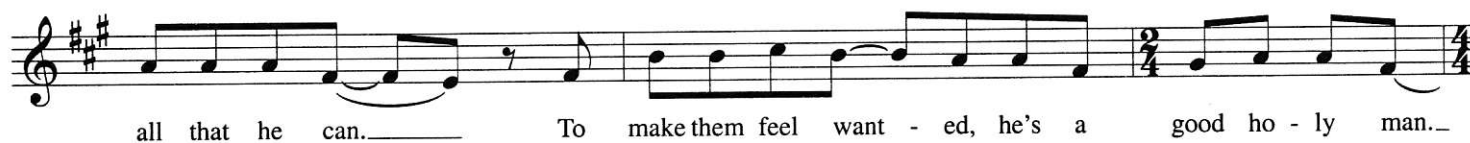
D

Bm

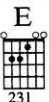


D

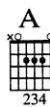
Bm



a tempo (♩ = 108)



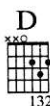
Chorus:





*Elec. Gtr. 1



Cont. rhy. simile




Bm  13421


A  234


nev - er (Nev - er, nev - er) reach the sky.

1. He
2. He

§ Verse:


Bm  13421


D  132


Bm  13421

smiles at the young sol - diers, tells them it's al - right. He knows of their fear in the
mum - bles a prayer and it ends with a smile. The or - der is giv - en, they


3. See additional lyrics


D  132

Bm  13421

D  132


forth - com - ing fight. move down the line. Soon there'll be blood and man - y will die. But he'll stay be - hind and he'll med - i - tate. But it


Bm  13421


E  231


1. 2.3.

Moth - ers and fa - thers back home they will cry. As the
won't stop the bleed - ing, or ease the hate.


Bm  13421


D  132


Bm  13421

D  132

young men move out in - to the bat - tle zone he feels good, with God you're nev - er a - lone.


Bm  13421


D  132


Bm  13421


He feels so tired and he lays on his bed. Hopes the men will find cou - rage in the

Chorus:

E  231

A  234

D  132

A  234

words that he said. Sky pi - lot.

Sky _____ pi - lot. How high _____ can you fly? _____ You'll

nev - er _____ (Nev - er, nev - er) reach the sky. To Coda

***Elec. Gtr. 2**

mf

TAB

7 7 5 | 7 7 5 7 5 | 7 5 5 | 8 5 7 5 8

*Elec. Gtr. 2 w/Capo I. TAB numbers relative to capo.

Elec. Gtr. 2

3

TAB

5 8 7 5 7 | 7 5 7 5 | 5 5 | 5 7 5 7

Elec. Gtr. 3

mf

TAB

7 7 5 7

Interlude:
a tempo



Acous. Gtr. 1



Cont. rhy. simile

N.C.

w/ad lib. guitar (use previous measures as a model for improv.) and w/battleground noise

Bagpipe w/battleground noise

12

60 sec.



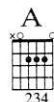
D.S. al Coda

Strings



3. You're

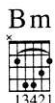
Coda



Sky _____

pi - lot.

Sky _____



pi - ot.

How high _____ can you fly? _____

You'll



Repeat and fade



nev - er _____

(Nev - er,

nev - er)

reach the sky.

You'll

Verse 3:

You're soldiers of God, you must understand,
The fate of your country is in all your hands.
May God give you strength, do your job real well.
If it all was worth it, only time it will tell.
In the morning they return with tears in their eyes.
The stench of death drifts up to the skies.
A young soldier so ill looks at the sky pilot,
Remembers the words, "Thou shalt not kill."
(To Chorus:)

Sloth

Words and Music by
D. SWARBRICK and R. THOMPSON

Slowly
D CHORUS

Just a roll — just a roll — just a roll — on your drum —

Just a roll, — just a roll — and the war — has be-gun —

Em

D VERSE

Now the right — things the wrong things —

no more — ex - cus - es to come just one step — at a time —

and the war — has be - gun — She's run a - way — she's

run a - way and she ran so bit - ter - ly —

Call to your col - ours my friend don't you call — to me —

Don't you cry — don't you cry — Don't you cry — up - on the sea —

Don't you cry, — don't you cry — for your la - dy and me —

Repeat ad lib.

Soldat Soldat

Text & Musik: Wolf Biermann

Em Em Em B⁷ B⁷

1. Sol - dat, Sol-dat, in grau-er Norm, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, in U- ni- form, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, ihr

7 B⁷ B⁷ Em G G

seid so - viel, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, das ist kein Spiel, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, ich fin- de nicht, Sol-

12 G Am B⁷ Em C B⁷

dat, Sol- dat, dein An - ge- sicht. Sol - da - ten sehn sich al - le gleich, le - ben- dig und als

17 Em E⁷ Am Am Am E⁷

Leich. 2. Sol - dat, Sol- dat, wo geht das hin? Sol- dat, Sol- dat, wo ist der Sinn? Sol -

23 E⁷ E E⁷ Am C

dat, Sol- dat, im nächs- ten Krieg, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, gibt es kein' Sieg. Sol- dat, Sol- dat, die

28 C C Dm E⁷ Am

Welt ist jung, Sol- dat, Sol- dat, so jung wie du. Die Welt hat ei - nen tie- fen Sprung, Sol-

33 F E⁷ Am

dat am Rand stehst du.

37

42

Sol-

47 Dm E7 E7 Am F E7 Am

da - ten sehn sich al - le gleich - le - ben - dig und als Leich.

Zuerst wird die Melodie gepfiffen, dann schlägt die rechte Hand den Rhythmus auf dem Gitarren-Corpus, sodass die Saiten frei mitschwingen. Dann kommt die erste Strophe, dann, in Am die 2. Strophe, und in der Wiederholung nochmal die 1. Strophe. Die erste Strophe mit hartem Mittelfinger genau über den Steg schlagen.

1. Soldat Soldat in grauer Norm
 Soldat Soldat in Uniform
 Soldat Soldat, ihr seid so viel
 Soldat Soldat, das ist kein Spiel
 Soldat Soldat, ich finde nicht
 Soldat Soldat, dein Angesicht
 Soldaten sehn sich alle gleich
 Lebendig und als Leich

2. Soldat Soldat, wo geht das hin
 Soldat Soldat, wo ist der Sinn
 Soldat Soldat, im nächsten Krieg
 Soldat Soldat, gibt es kein' Sieg
 Soldat, Soldat, die Welt ist jung
 Soldat Soldat, so jung wie du
 Die Welt hat einen tiefen Sprung
 Soldat, am Rand stehst du

3. Soldat Soldat in grauer Norm
 Soldat Soldat in Uniform
 Soldat Soldat, ihr seid so viel
 Soldat Soldat, das ist kein Spiel
 Soldat Soldat, ich finde nicht
 Soldat Soldat, dein Angesicht
 Soldaten sehn sich alle gleich
 Lebendig und als Leich

Soldaten sehn sich alle gleich
 – lebendig und als Leich

Solidaritätslied

Bertolt Brecht

Hanns Eisler

Marschtempo

1.-5. Vor - wärts und nicht ver - ges - sen, wor - in uns - re Stär - ke be-

The first system of the musical score for 'Solidaritätslied'. It features a vocal line in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are '1.-5. Vor - wärts und nicht ver - ges - sen, wor - in uns - re Stär - ke be-'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

steht. Beim Hun - gern und beim Es - sen,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'steht. Beim Hun - gern und beim Es - sen,'. The piano part includes a change in the right hand's chordal pattern and a more active bass line. A mezzo-forte (sfz) dynamic marking is present at the end of the system.

vor - wärts, nicht ver - ges - sen die So - li - da - ri - tät!

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'vor - wärts, nicht ver - ges - sen die So - li - da - ri - tät!'. The piano part features a final chordal cadence in the right hand and a concluding bass line. A mezzo-forte (sfz) dynamic marking is present at the end of the system.

11

1. Auf, ihr Völ - ker die - ser Er - de! Ei - nigt euch in
 2. Schwar - zer, Wei - ßer, Brau - ner, Gel - ber! En - det ih - re
 3. Wol - len wir es schnell er - rei - chen, brau - chen wir noch
 4. Uns - re Herrn, wer sie auch sei - en, se - hen uns - re
 5. Pro - le - ta - rier al - ler Län - der, ei - nigt euch, und

15

die - sem Sinn: dass sie jetzt die eu - re
 Schläch - te - rein! Re - den erst die Völ - ker
 dich und dich. Wer im Stich lässt sei - nes -
 Zwie - tracht gern, denn so - lang sie uns ent -
 ihr seid frei. Eu - re gro - ßen Re - gi -

19

wer - de und die gro - ße Näh - re - rin.
 sel - ber, wer - den sie schnell ei - nig sein.
 glei - chen, lässt ja nur sich selbst im Stich.
 zwei - en, blei - ben sie doch uns - re Herrn.
 men - ter bre - chen je - de Ty - ran - nei!

sffz

8^{vb}

23 *ff*

Vor - wärts und nie ver - ges - sen, und die Fra - ge kon-kret ge -

26

stellt: beim Hun - gern und beim Es - sen,

29 *fff*

wes - sen Mor - gen ist der Mor - gen, wes - sen Welt ist die Welt?

1. Auf, ihr Völker dieser Erde!
Einigt euch in diesem Sinn:
dass sie jetzt die eure werde
und die große Nährerin.
Vorwärts und nicht vergessen,
worin unsre Stärke besteht!
Beim Hungern und beim Essen,
vorwärts, nicht vergessen
die Solidarität!

2. Schwarzer, Weißer, Brauner, Gelber!
Endet ihre Schlächterein!
Reden erst die Völker selber,
werden sie schnell einig sein.
Vorwärts ...

3. Wollen wir es schnell erreichen,
brauchen wir noch dich und dich.
Wer im Stich lässt seinesgleichen,
lässt ja nur sich selbst im Stich.
Vorwärts ...

4. Unsre Herrn, wer sie auch seien,
sehen unsre Zwietracht gern,
denn solange sie uns entzweien,
bleiben sie doch unsre Herrn.
Vorwärts ...

5. Proletarier aller Länder,
einigt euch und ihr seid frei.
Eure großen Regimenter
brechen jede Tyrannei!
Vorwärts und nie vergessen,
und die Frage konkret gestellt:
beim Hungern und beim Essen,
wessen Morgen ist der Morgen,
wessen Welt ist die Welt?

Sollt in Frieden leben

Kanon

Hanns Eisler

1. D A⁷ D D⁷ C

STUDY WAR NO MORE

The classic declaration of peace, fitted out with new melody and lyrics for the verses.

Adapted with additional words by Lee Hays, Fred Hellerman, and Ronnie Gilbert

Introduction

Introduction

E G#7

I'm gon-na lay down my sword and shield, — Down by the riv-er - side —

The introduction consists of two systems of musical notation. The first system features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note E4, followed by a quarter note G#4, and then a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

C#m F#7 B7 E

— And stud-y — war no — more. —

The second system continues the introduction. The vocal line has a half note C#4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and then a half note E4. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support, including a sustained chord in the right hand.

1. Down by the riv-er - side, — I'm gon-na lay my bur-den down, —

The first system of the first verse. The vocal line begins with a half note E4, followed by a quarter note G#4, and then a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

A E

Down by the riv-er - side_ I'm gon-na lay my bur-den down, _

G#7 C#m

Down by the riv-er - side_ I'm gon-na lay my bur-den down, _ And I'll

F#7 B7 E A E

stud-y _ war no _ more. _

Refrain A E

I ain't gon-na stud-y war no more, _ (I ain't gon-na) stud-y war no more,

B7 E

I ain't gon-na stud-y war no more.

E7 A E

I ain't gon-na stud-y war no more, stud-y war no more,

B7 1., 2. E

I ain't gon-na stud-y war no more.

D. S. last time. E

war no more.

rit.

D. S.

2. Down by the riverside
I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
Down by the riverside
I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
Down by the riverside
I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
And I'll study war no more.
3. I'm gonna beat my sword into a plow
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna beat my sword into a plow
Down by the riverside,
I'm gonna beat my sword into a plow
Down by the riverside,
And I'll study war no more.



SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

WORDS & MUSIC BY JOHN LENNON AND YOKO ONO

Moderate Rock

B

A

The first system of musical notation for 'Sunday, Bloody Sunday'. It features a guitar part at the top with two measures: the first measure has a B major chord diagram, and the second measure has an A major chord diagram. Below the guitar is a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 4/4 time. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody in the right hand consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line.

G

B

The second system of musical notation. The guitar part has two measures: the first measure has a G major chord diagram, and the second measure has a B major chord diagram. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

1. Well, it was

E7

The third system of musical notation, which includes the vocal melody. The guitar part has two measures: the first measure has an E7 chord diagram, and the second measure has a B major chord diagram. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The vocal melody is written in the treble clef of the grand staff. The lyrics are: 'Sun-day, blood-y Sun - day when they shot the peo - ple there, — The An - glo pigs and Scot - ties sent to col - o - nize the North, — You'. The piano part begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic.

cries of thir-teen mar-tyrs filled the Free — Der-ry air. — Is there
 wave your blood-y un - ion jacks and you know what it's worth... How

G6
 0000

an - y one — a - mongst you dare to blame it on the kids? — Not a
 dare you hold — to ran - som a peo - ple proud and free, — Keep

A7
 0

Tacet

sol - dier boy was bleed - ing when they nailed the cof - fin lids! — }
 Ire - land for the l - rish, put the Eng - lish back to sea! — }

B A G
 0 000

Sun - day, blood-y Sun - day, Blood-y Sun - day's the

B

E7

day!

{ 2. You claim to be — ma-jor - i - ty, well, you
4. It's — al - ways blood-y Sun - day in the

mf

know that it's — a lie, — You're real - ly a mi - nor - i - ty on
con - cen - tra - tion camps, — Keep Falls Road free for - ev - er from the

G6

this sweet em - 'rald isle. — When Stor - mont bans our march - es, they've
blood - y Eng - lish hands. — Re - pa - tri - ate to Brit - ain all of

A7

Tacet

got a lot — to learn, — In - tern - ment is no an - swer, it's those
you who call it home, — Leave Ire - land to the I - rish, not for

B

moth-ers' turn to burn! Lon - don or for Rome! } Sun - day, blood-y Sun -

A 0 0

1. G 0 0 0

B

day, Blood-y Sun - day's the day! 3. You

2. G 0 0 0

B

Repeat and fade

B

Sun - day's the day! Sun - day, blood-y Sun -

Repeat and fade

A 0 0

G 0 0 0

B

day, Blood-y Sun - day's the day!

Sunday Bloody Sunday

Words and Music by U2

Original key B \flat minor

$\text{♩} = 108$

N.C.

Drums

Am C/G F6 Am C/G

Yeah! Mm, mm.

F6 Am C/G F6

1. I can't be - lieve the news to - day,

Am C/G F⁶

oh, I _____ can't close my eyes and make it go a - way.

C Dm C

How long, — how long must we sing this song? How long, — how

Dm⁷ Am C

long? — 'Cause to - night

F Am C F

we can be as one — to - night.

Am C F Am C

2. Bro-ken bot - tles un-der child - ren's_ feet,_
 3. And the bat - tle's just be - gun,
 4. And it's true we are im - mune,

bo-dies strewn a - cross the
 There's ma - ny lost, but tell me
 when fact is fic - tion and T.

F Am C F

dead-end street_
 who has won?_
 V. re - al - i - ty.

But I_ won't heed the bat - tle call,
 The tren - ches dug with - in our hearts,
 And to - day the mil - lions cry.

Am C F

it puts my back up,
 and mo - thers, chil - dren,
 We eat and drink while

puts my back up a - gainst the wall_
 bro - thers, sis - ters torn a - part_
 to - mor-row they die._

Am C F6 Am C

Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun - day. _
 Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun - day. _
 The real bat - tle just be - gun

Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun -
 Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun -
 to claim the vic - tory Je - sus

1. F6 Eb6 Dm7 C

To Coda ♪

- day. _
 - day. _
 won.

Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun - day. _
 Sun - day, _ bloo - dy Sun -

1. Eb6 Dm7 C Am C

- day. _
 Oh, let's go.

F Am C F

2.
C

Dm

How long, — how long must we sing this song?

C

Dm⁷

How long, — how long? — 'Cause to —

Am C F Am⁷ C

— night we can be as one, — to — night.

F Am C F

To — night, Sun — day, — bloo — dy Sun — day. — To —

to — night.

Am C F

- night, Sun - day, bloo - dy Sun - day. to - night.

Am C F Am C

F Am C

F Am C













I'll Wipe the tears from your eyes.
 wipe your tears a way.





Repeat ad lib. 3 times



I'll Wipe the tears Sun - day, bloo - dy Sun -
 wipe your tears








day.
 Sun - day, bloo - dy Sun - day.

Am C F

Am C F *D.S. al Coda*

♢ *Coda*

Am C F

Sun - day, — bloo - dy Sun - day. —

Am C F Am

Sun - day, — bloo - dy Sun - day. —

THAT CRAZY WAR

Traditionnel américain

1. Now o - ver there a - cross the sea they've got an - oth - er

war, but oh, I won - der if they knew just what they're fight - ing

for in that war, that cra - zy war.

2. In 1917, you know, we helped them win their fight,
But all we got was a lesson in what Sherman said was right,
In that war, that crazy war.

3. I was a simple country lad, I lived down on the farm,
I'd never even killed a gnat nor done a body harm,
Until that war, that crazy war.

4. One day the sheriff caught me, said, "Come along, my son,
Your Uncle Sam is needing you to help him tote a gun,
In that war, that crazy war."

5. They took me down to the courthouse, my head was in a whirl,
And when the doctors passed on me, I wished I'd been a girl,
In that war, that crazy war.

6. They took me out to the rifle range to hear the bullets sing,
I shot and shot that whole day long and never hit a thing
In that war, that crazy war.

7. The captain said to fire at will and I said who is he,
The old fool got so raving mad, he fired his gun at me
In that war, that crazy war.

8. When first we got to sunny France, I looked around with glee,
But rain and kilometers was all that I could see,
In that war, that crazy war.

9. A cannonball flew overhead, I started home right then,
The corporal he was after me, but the general beat us in
In that war, that crazy war.

10. And now we're back at home again from over there in France,
The enemy lost the battle, and we lost all our pants
In that war, that crazy war.

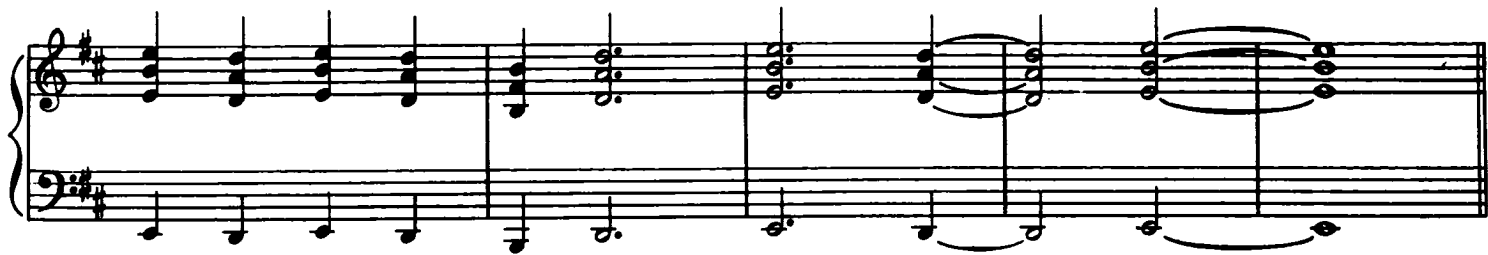
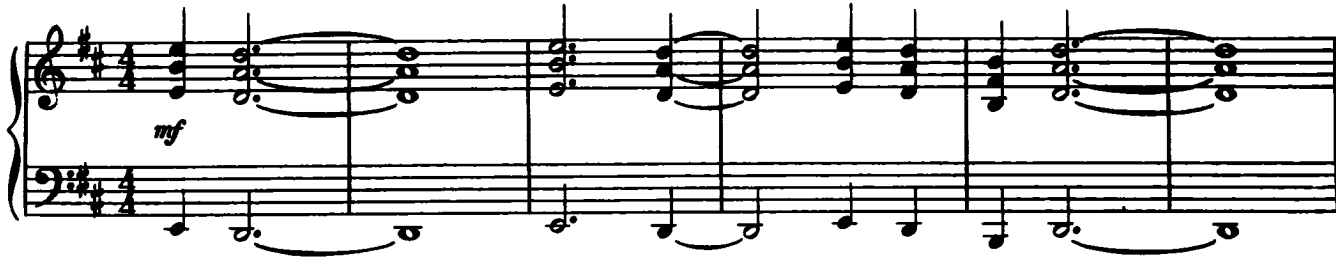
11. I run all over Europe a-trying to save my life,
If there will come another war, I'll send my darling wife
In that war, that crazy war.

12. Well, wars may come and wars may go, but get this on your mind,
If there will come another war, I'll be hard to find
In that war, that crazy war.

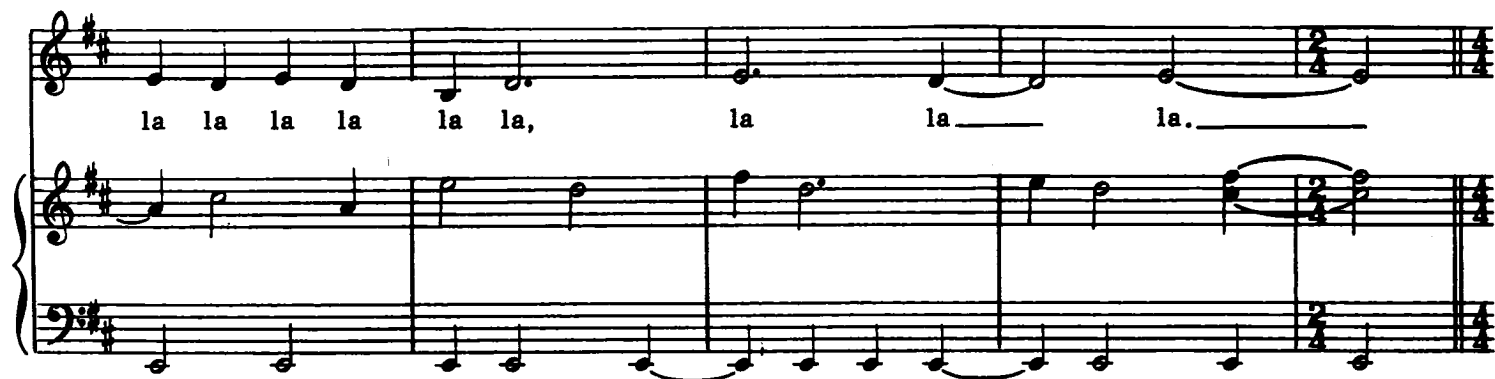
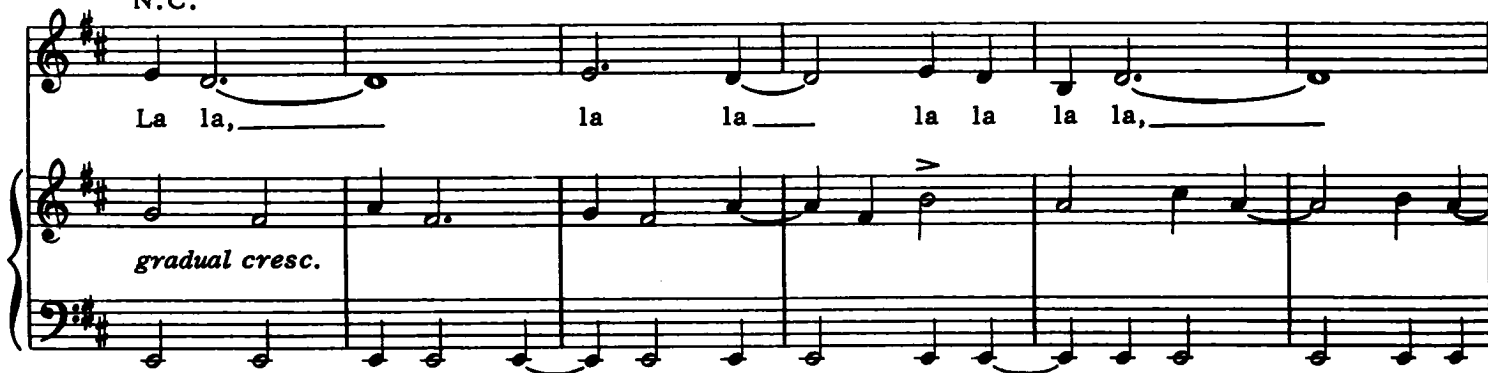
THE GATES OF DELIRIUM

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE, PATRICK MORAZ, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

Fast
No chord



N.C.



N.C. *f*

First system of musical notation in 4/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a series of triplets of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The system concludes with a whole note chord in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with triplets of eighth notes, and the left hand maintains a steady bass line. The system ends with a half note in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.

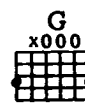
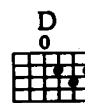
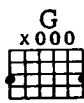
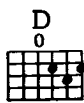
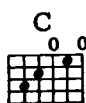
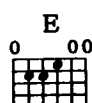
Third system of musical notation. The right hand plays eighth notes with triplet markings. The left hand also features eighth notes with triplet markings. The system concludes with a 2/4 time signature change and a half note in the right hand, followed by a 4/4 time signature change and a half note in the right hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a triplet of eighth notes. The system concludes with a 2/4 time signature change and a half note in the right hand, followed by a 4/4 time signature change and a half note in the right hand. The dynamic marking *mp* is present.

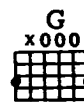
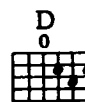
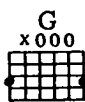
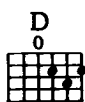
Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes. The left hand plays a series of eighth notes. The system concludes with a half note in the right hand and a half note in the left hand.



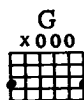
Stand and fight we do con-sid-er, re-mind-ed of an in-ner pact be-



tween us that's seen as we go. And ride there



in mo-tion to fields in debts of hon-or



de-fend-ing. Stand the march-ers soar-ing tal-ons,



peace-ful lives will not de-liv-er free-dom, fight-ing we know, —



de-stroy op-pres-sion, the point to re-ac-tion



as lead-ers look to you — at-tack-ing.

N.C.



Choose and re-nounce_ throw-ing chains to the floor. Kill or be kill-ing



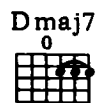
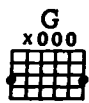
fast - er sins cor-rect_ the flow.____ Cast-ing gi-ant shad -



ows off vast pen-e - trat - ing force____ to al - ter vi-a the war_



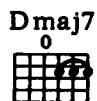
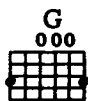
_ that seen_ as fric-tion spans_ the spir-its wrath as-cend-ing to re - deem.



First system of music. Treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), 4/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line features a half-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present at the beginning.



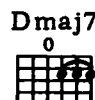
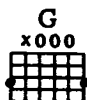
Second system of music. Continuation of the melody and bass line from the first system.



Third system of music. Includes a measure with a whole-note chord in the treble and a half-note in the bass.



Fourth system of music. Continuation of the melody and bass line.



Fifth system of music. Ends with a double bar line. Includes a measure with a whole-note chord in the treble and a half-note in the bass.



Wars that shout in screams of an - guish, pow - er spent pas - sion be -



spoils our soul re - ceiv - er, sure - ly we know. —

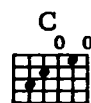
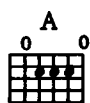
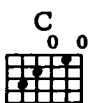
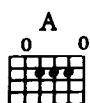


In glo - ry we rise to of - fer, — cre - ate our

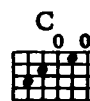
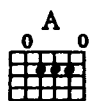
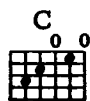
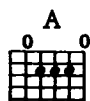


free - dom, a word, — we ut - ter a word. —

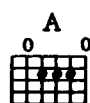
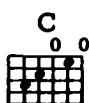
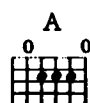
N.C.



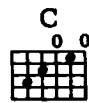
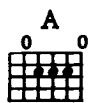
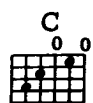
Words cause our ban-ner, vic - to - rious our day. Will



si - lence be prom-ised — as vio-lence dis - play. — The



curse in - creased we fight the pow'r — and live by it — by day. —



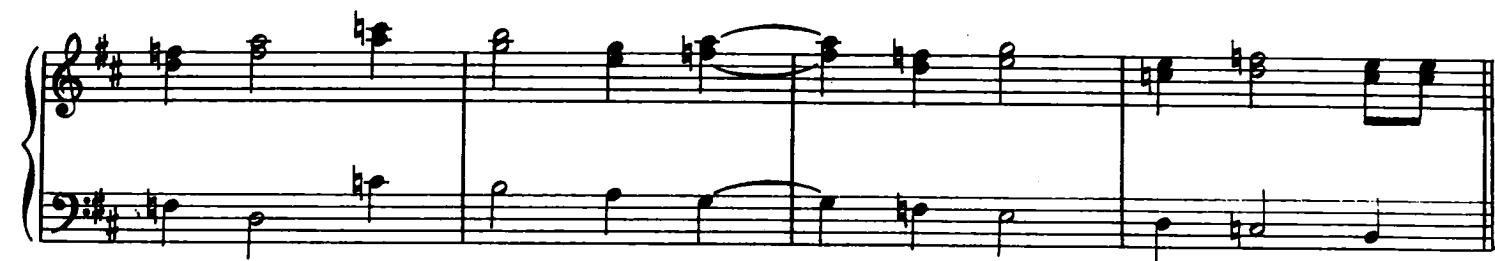
Our Gods a - wake__ in thun - d'rous roars__ and



guide the Lead-er's hand in paths of glo-ry to the cause. __



N.C.



N.C.

Lis - ten, _____ should we _____ fight for - ev - er _____

a tempo
mp

know - ing as we do know fear de - stroys? _____

Lis - ten, _____ should we leave our chil - dren? _____

Lis - ten, _____ our lives stare in si - lence; help us _____

N.C.

now. _____ Lis - ten, _____ your friends_ have been

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note 'now.' followed by a dotted half note 'Lis - ten,' and then a half note 'your' and a dotted half note 'friends_ have been'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melody in the right hand with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line in the left hand with quarter notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present at the start of the second measure.

bro - ken, _____ they tell us of your poi - son; now we_

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'bro - ken,' followed by a dotted half note 'they tell us of your poi - son;' and then a half note 'now' and a dotted half note 'we_'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

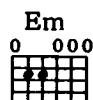
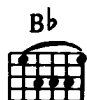
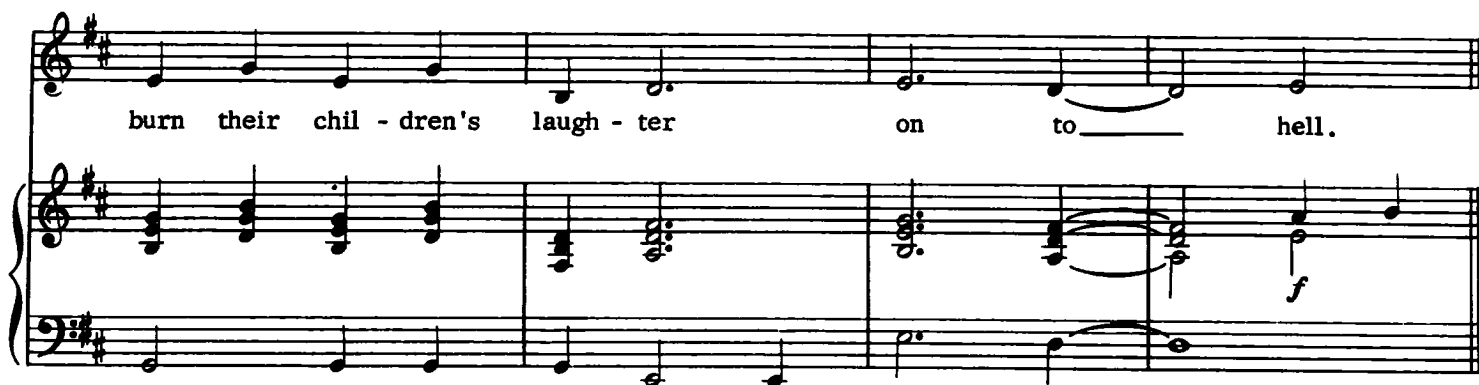
_____ know. _____ Kill them, _____

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a whole note '_____ know.' followed by a dotted half note 'Kill them,'. The piano accompaniment includes time signature changes from 4/4 to 2/4 and back to 4/4.

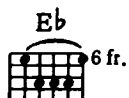
give them as they give us. _____ Slay them, _____

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has a dotted half note 'give them as they give us.' followed by a dotted half note 'Slay them,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the established harmonic and rhythmic structure.

burn their chil - dren's laugh - ter on to hell.

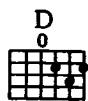
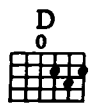


8va-



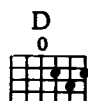
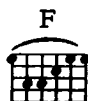
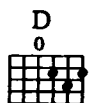
(8va)





The first_ will run, _ grasp met - al to gun. _ The

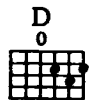
loco



spir - it sings in crash-ing tones, _ we gain the bat - tle drum. _



Our cries will shrill, the air _ will moan _ and



crash in - to the dawn. _ The pen won't stay the de -

mon's wings, the hour ap - proach - es pound - ing out the Dev - il's ser - mon.

F **D₀** **F**

N.C.

Slowly

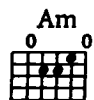
Am₀ **G** **Am₀** **G**

p

8va -

Dm₀ **F** **C₀**

(8va)



Soon, _____ Oh, soon the light, _____ pass with-in and soothe this

loco



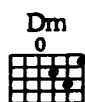
end - less night _____ and wait here for you,



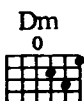
our rea-son to be here. _____



Soon, _____ Oh, soon the time, _____ all we move to gain will

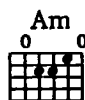


reach and calm;— our heart is o - pen, our rea - son to be



(♩ = ♪)

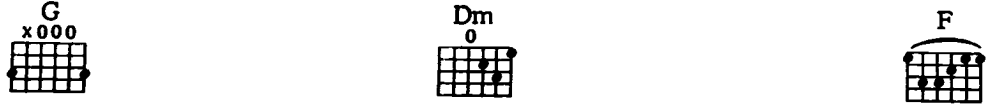
here. Long a-go, set in-to rhyme...

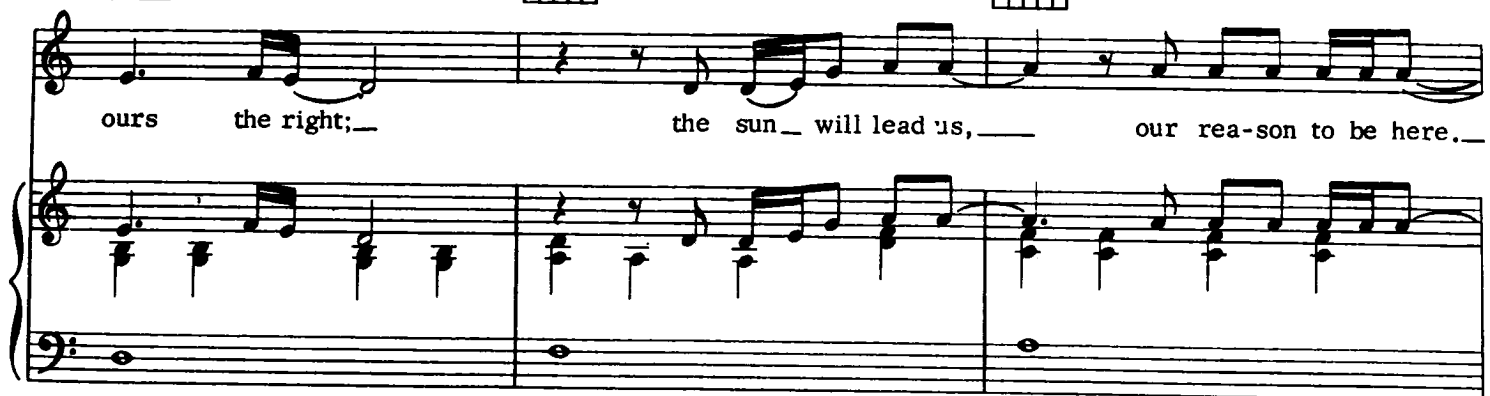
Soon, Oh, soon the light, ours to shape for all time,

mp

G x000 Dm 0 F



ours the right;— the sun— will lead us,— our rea-son to be here.—



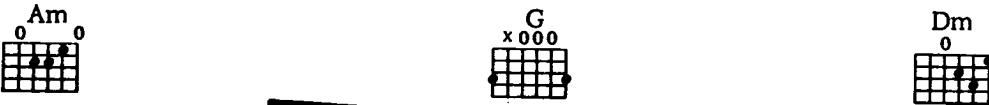
C 0 0 0 Am 0 0 G x000



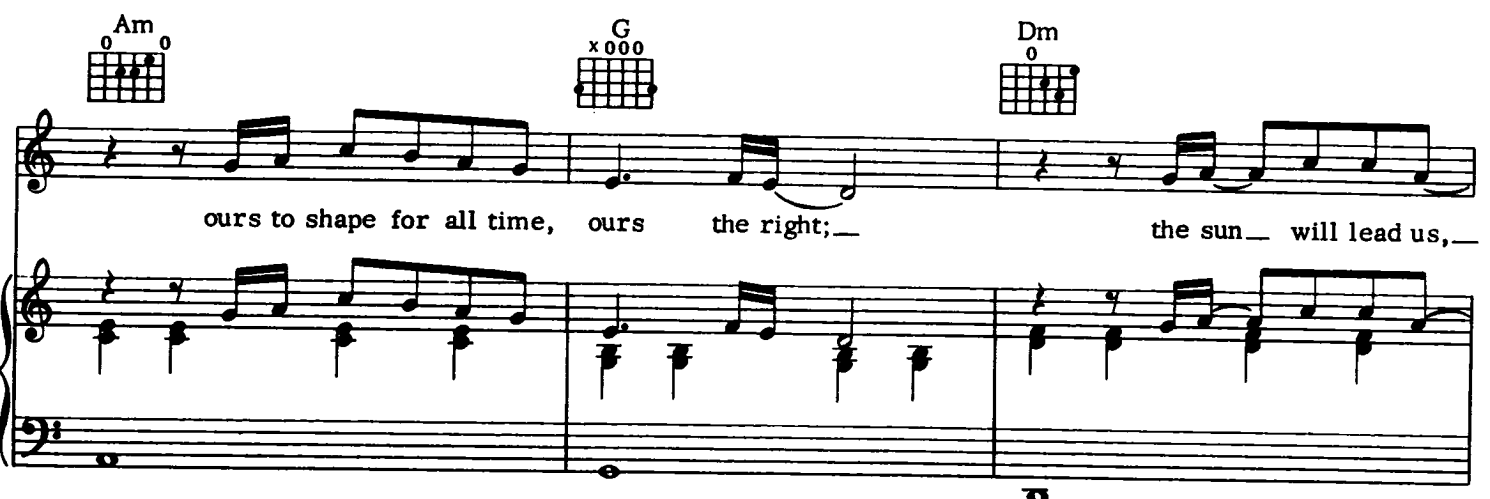
— Soon,— Oh, soon the light,—



Am 0 0 G x000 Dm 0



ours to shape for all time, ours the right;— the sun— will lead us,—








F C 0 0 0 Am 0 0








— our rea-son to be here.—







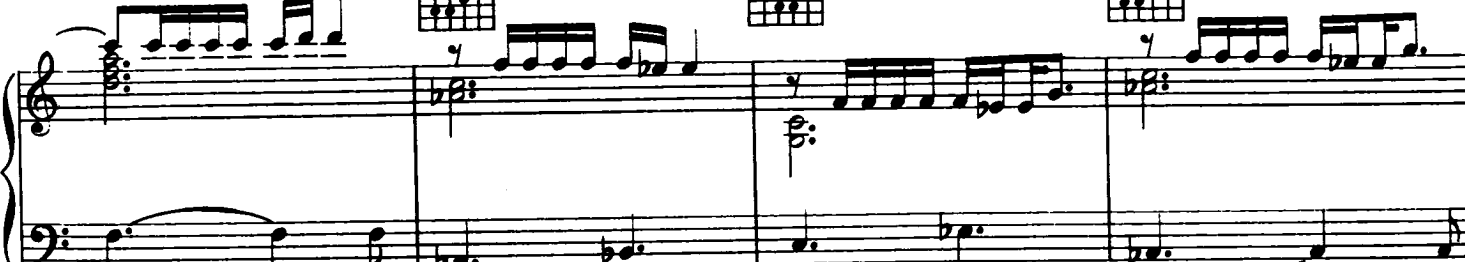
Dm 0 
 G x000 
 C 0 0 
 Am 0 







Dm 0 
 G x000 
 C 0 0 
 Am 0 












Dm 0 
 Ab 4 fr. 
 Cm 3 fr. 
 Ab 4 fr. 




Cm 3 fr. 
 Ab 4 fr. 
 Fm 
 Freely



Eb 6 fr. 
 Cb 7 fr. 
 Cm 3 fr. 
 Fm7 3 fr. 
 Abm 4 fr. 
 Cm 3 fr. 
 Fm7 3 fr. 
 Ebm 3 fr. 
 C 0 0 

6 fr. 7 fr. 3 fr. 3 fr. 4 fr. 3 fr. 3 fr. 6 fr.

rit. mp molto rit.



The Green Fields of France

No Man's Land

Eric Bogle

$\text{♩} = 130$
Verse

G Em C Am

Well how do you do, young Wil - lie Mc - Bride? Do you
And did you leave you a wife or a sweet-heart be - hind? In____
Well the sun's shin-ing now on these green fields of France, and a
And I can't help but____ wonder, oh Wil - lie Mc - Bride: do____

6 D D7 C G

mind if I sit here down by your grave - side and
some faith-ful heart is your mem' - ry en - shrined? And
warm sum-mer breeze makes the red pop-pies dance. The
all those who lie here even know why they died? Did they

10 Em C Am

rest for a while 'neath/in the warm sum - mer sun? I've been
though you died back in____ nine - teen six - teen, to____
trenches have vanished long____ un - der the plow. There's no
really be - lieve when they an - swered the cause? Did they

14 D D7 C G

walk - ing all day and____ I'm near - ly done.
that lo - yal heart are you forever now nine - teen?
gas no barbed wire; there's no guns fi - ring now.
real - ly be - lieve that this war would end wars?

18

Em C Am

And I see by your grave stone you were on - ly nine - teen when you
 Or___ are you a stran - ger with-out e - ven a name, en -
 But___ here in this grave - year'd that is still no man's land, the___
 For the sor - row, the suff - fring, the___ glo - ry, the shame, the___

23

D C G D7

joined the great fal - len in nine - teen six - teen. I
 closed now for - ev - er be - hind a glass pane in
 count - less white cross-es in mute wit - ness stand to
 kil - ling and dy - ing was all done in vain, for young

28

G Em Am

hope you died, well/quick and I hope you died clean; or young
 an old photo - graph torn and bat - tered and stained and___
 man's blind in - difference un - to his fel - low man and a
 Wil - lie Mc - Bride, it all hap - pened a - gain, and a -

32

D D7 C G

Wil - lie Mc - Bride, was it slow and ob - scene? Did they
 fa - ded to yellow in a brown lea - ther frame?
 whole ge - ne - ration who were butch - ered and damned.
 gain, and a - gain, and a - gain, and a - gain.

36

Chorus D D7 C G

beat the drums slow - ly? Did they play the fife low - ly? Did they
 ALT: Did the

40

D D7 C D

sound the Death March as they low - ered you down? And did the
 rifles fire over you

45

Am G Em

bu - gles sound The Last Post and Cho - rus? Did the
 ALT: band play The___

49

G D7 G

pipes play the Flow'rs of the Fo - rest?

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

mf

1. Come gath-er 'round peo-ple where - ev - er you roam _____ And ad -
 2.-5. See additional lyrics

mit that the wa - ters a - round you have grown And ac - cept it that

soon you'll be drenched to the bone. _____ If your time to you is worth

Chord diagrams: G, Em, C, D, Am

D D7 Gmaj7

sav - in' Then you bet - ter start swim-min' or you'll sink like a

D G C D 1., 2. G

stone for the times they are a - chang in'. 2. Come 3. Come

3., 4. G Em D D7 Gmaj7 D 5. G

in'. 4. Come in'. 5. The

Additional lyrics

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'.
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.</p> | <p>3. Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.</p> |
| <p>4. Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'.
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.</p> | <p>5. The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'.
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.</p> |

the universal soldier

Words and Music by
BUFFY SAINT-MARIE

$\text{♩} = 105$



The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is E major (three sharps). The tempo is marked as 105 beats per minute. The first measure is a whole rest for the vocal line and a half note E in the bass. The second measure is a whole rest for the vocal line and a half note C# in the bass. The third measure is a whole rest for the vocal line and a half note F# in the bass. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a half-note pattern in the left hand.



The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "He's five foot two— and he's six feet four,— he Cath - o - lic, a Hin - du, an a - the - ist, a Jain, a". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and half-note pattern in the left hand.



The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "fights with mis - siles and with spears. Bud - dhist and a Bap - tist and a Jew. He's all of thir - ty - one and he's And he knows he should - n't kill and he". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and half-note pattern in the left hand.

B G#m E

on - ly se - ven - teen, he's been a sol - dier for a thou - sand
 knows he al - ways will, kill you for me - my friend and me for

C#m7 F# E F#/C#

years.
 you. He's a fight - ing for Ca - na - da, he's
 And he's fight - ing for de - mo - cra - cy, he's

B G#m E F#/C#

fight - ing for for France, he's fight - ing for the U. S.
 fight - ing for the Reds, he he says it's for the peace of

B E F#/C#

A.
 all. And he's fight - ing for the Rus - sians and he's
 He's the one who must de - cide who's to



fight - ing for Ja - pan die and he thinks we'll put an end to war this
live and who's to die and he nev - er sees the writ - ing on the



way.
wall. And he's - out him how would Hit - ler have con -



- demned him at Da - chau, with - out him Cae - sar would have stood a - lone. He's the



one who gives his bo - dy as a wea - pon of the war, and with

E C#m7 F# E F#C#




- out him all this kill-ing can't go on. He's the u - ni - ver - sal sol-dier and he

B G#m7 E F#C# B




real-ly is to blame, his or-ders come from far a-way no more. They come from

E F#C# B G#m



here and there and you and me and broth-ers, — can't you see this is

E C#m



rall.

not the way we put the end to war.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Words and Music by The Doors

Am G

Wait un-til the war is o-ver and we're both a lit-tle old-er.

Tempo-Moderate Rock

Am G Am

The un-known sol-dier prac-tice where the news is read

G

tel-e-vi-sion chil-dren dead un-born, liv-ing,

F C D Am

liv-ing, dead, bul-let strikes the hel-met's head.

F C D Am A

And it's all o-

ver for the un-known sol-dier, _____

Ab G G#

it's all o-ver for the un-known sol-

A Ab G

dier _____ uh uh _____

G# Am

chant over military drum (spoken) "Company"

halt!" "Present Arms" (Military Drum Roll) Gun Shot)

R.H. L.H.

Am G

Make a grave for the un-known sol-dier nes-tled in your hol-low shoul-der.

Primo Tempo

Am G F C D Am

The un-known sol-dier R.H. prac-tice as the news is read

F C D Am G C G C G C G

tel - e - vi - sion chil-dren dead

F C D Am F C D Am

bul - lets strikes the hel-met's head

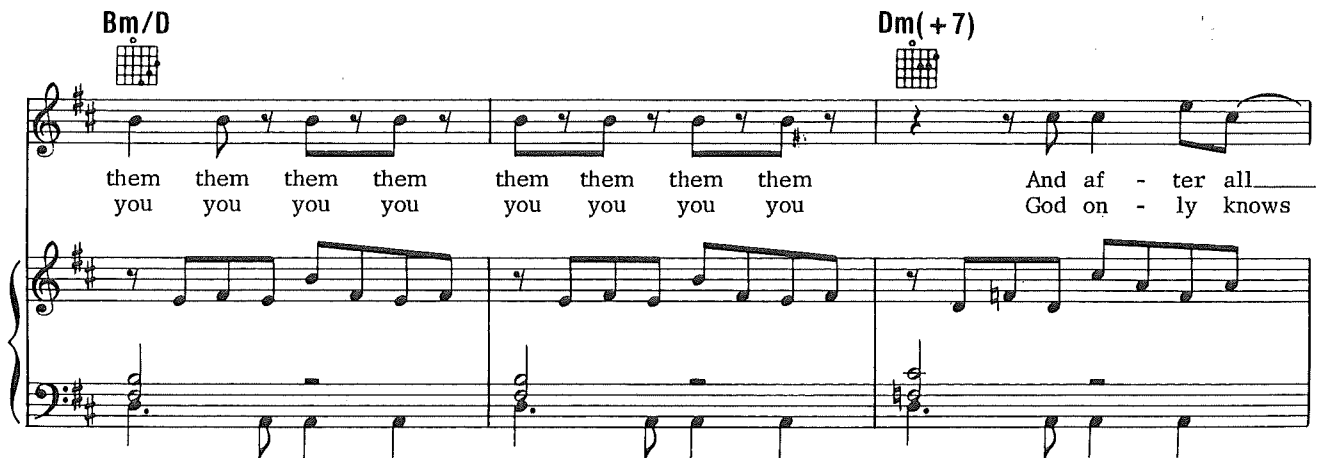
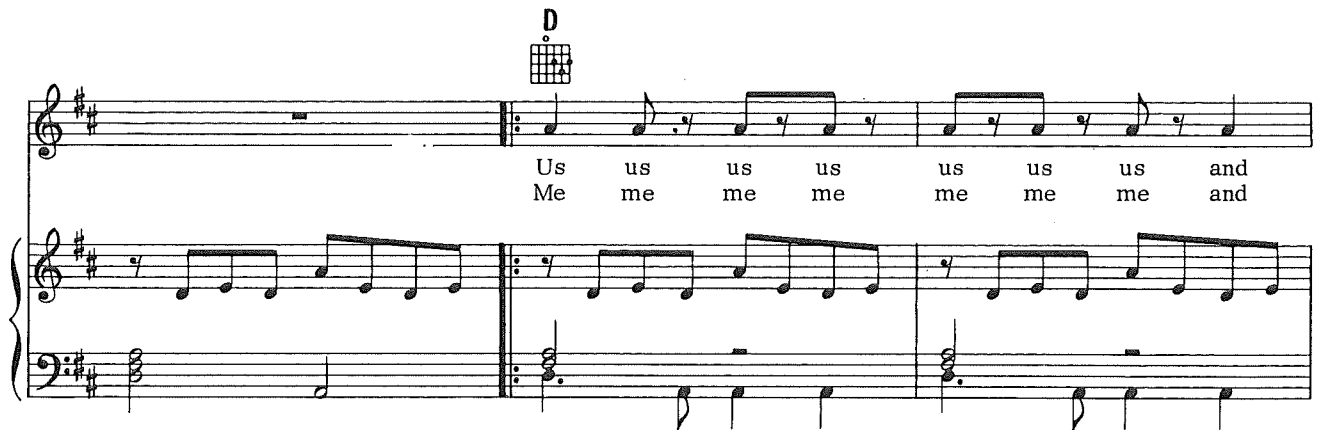
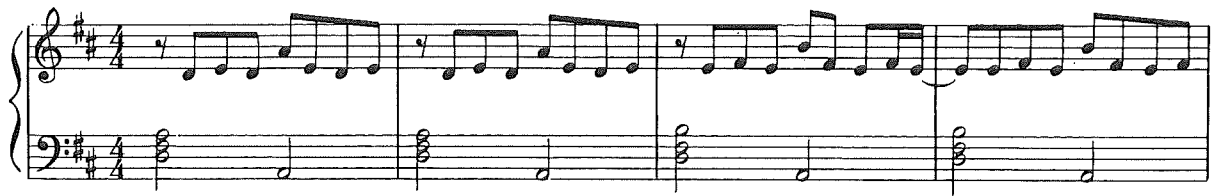
A Ab G G#

it's all o - ver the war is o - ver.


(repeat and fade)

US AND THEM

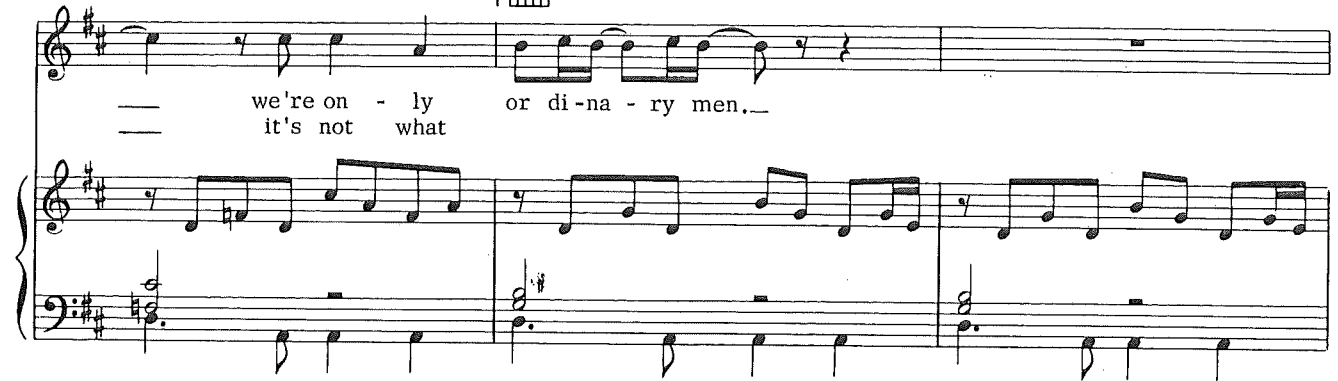
Words by ROGER WATERS
Music by ROGER WATERS and RICK WRIGHT



1.
G/D



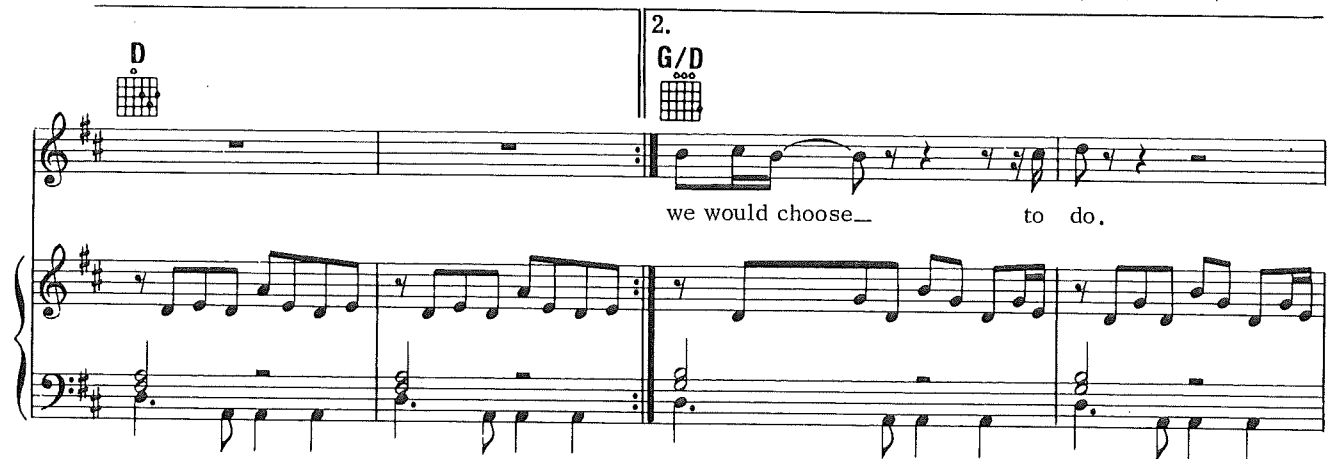
we're on - ly or di-na - ry men, —
it's not what



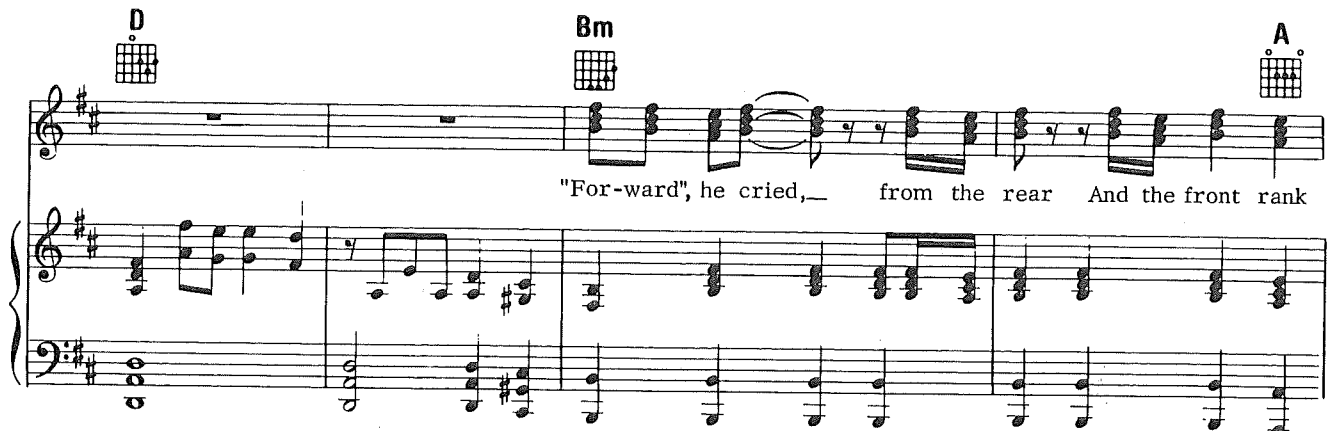
2.
G/D



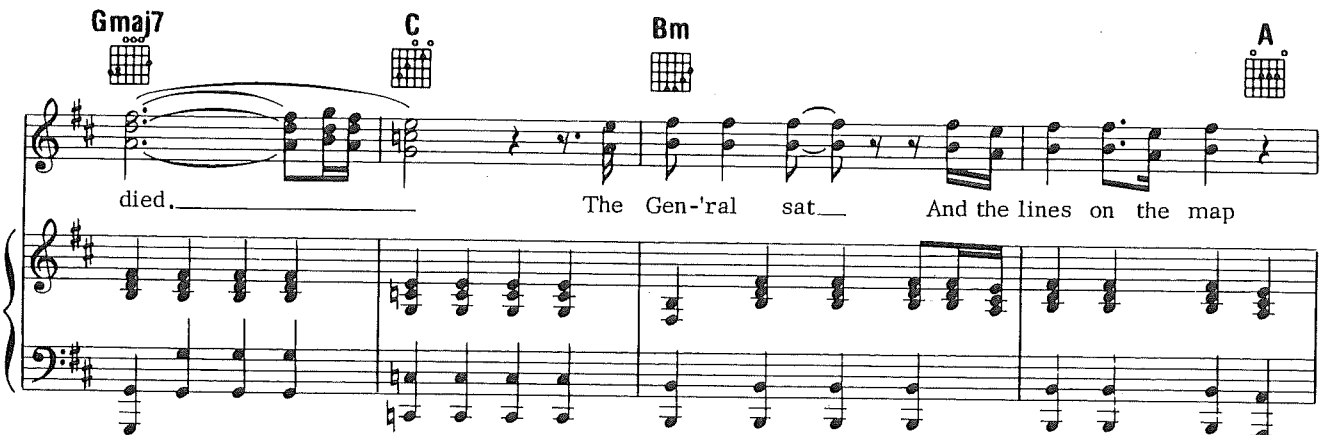
we would choose — to do.



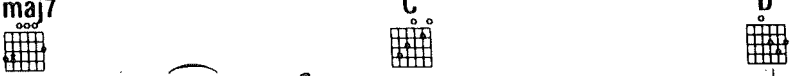
"For-ward", he cried, — from the rear And the front rank



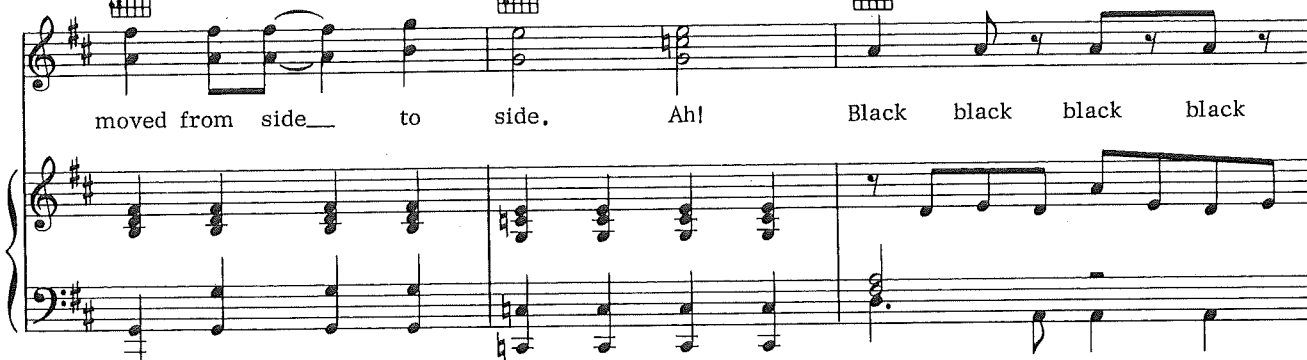
died, — The Gen'-ral sat — And the lines on the map




Gmaj7 **C** **D**




moved from side__ to side. Ah! Black black black black




Bm/D



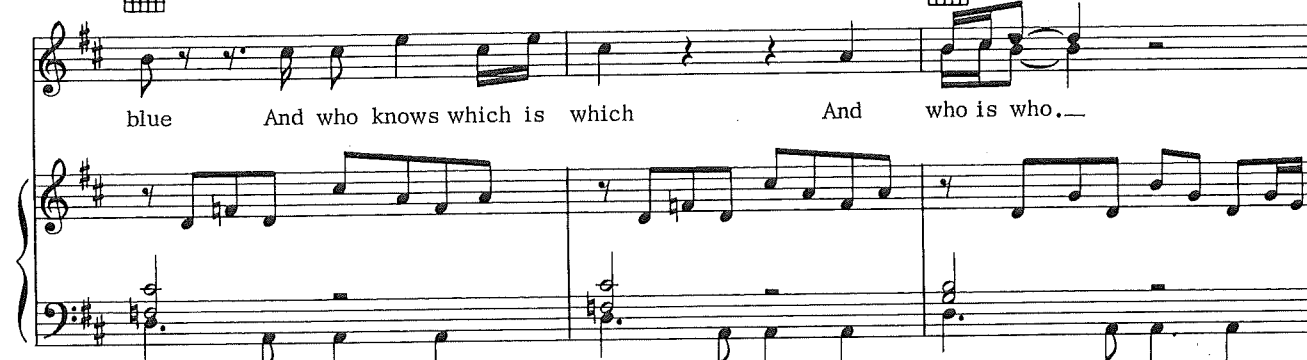
black black black and blue blue blue blue blue blue blue blue



Dm(+7) **G/D**



blue And who knows which is which And who is who._



D



Up up up up



Bm/D



Dm(+7)



up up up and down down down down down down down down And in the end_

G/D



— it's on - ly 'round and 'round_ 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and

D



Bm



"Have-n't you heard?_ It's a bat-tle of words,"_ the

Gmaj7



C




Bm




post - er bear - er_ cried. "Lis-ten, son,"_ said the man_

Gmaj7 **C**



— with the gun, — "There's room for you — in — side."

D **Bm/D**



Down down down down down down down And out out out out
With with with with with with with with - out out out out

Dm(+7)



out out out out It can't be helped — but there's a
out out out out And who'll de - ny — it's what the

¹ **G/D** **D**





lot of it — a-bout. —

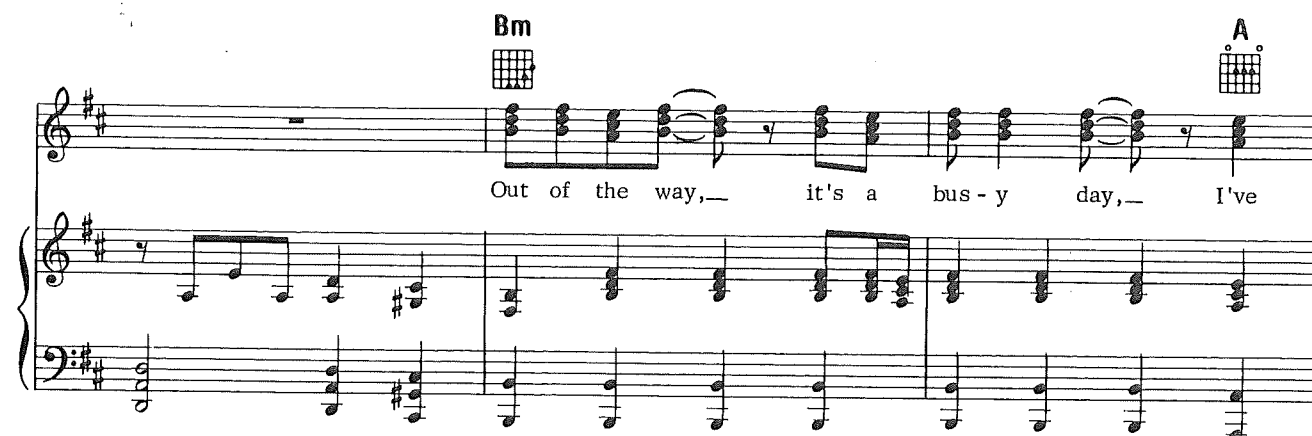
2. G/D  


fight-ing's all a - bout?_



Bm  A 





Out of the way, — it's a bus - y day, — I've



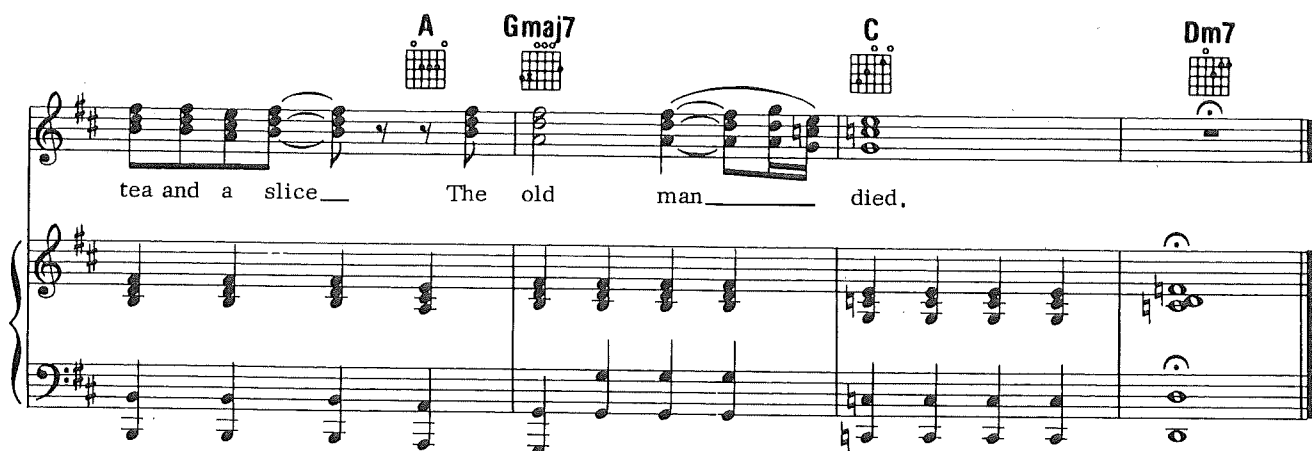
Gmaj7  C  Bm 

got things on my — mind. For want of the price — of



A  Gmaj7  C  Dm7 

tea and a slice — The old man — died,



40.-43. Vier Wiegenlieder

〈für Arbeitermütter〉

〈Bertolt Brecht〉

I

Gehend (*nicht schleppen*)

〈1930〉

Als ich dich in mei_nem Leib trug war es um uns gar nicht gut be _ stellt und ich

5 sag _ te oft: der, den ich tra _ ge, kommt in ei _ ne schlech _ te Welt, und ich

10 nahm mir vor zu sor _ gen, daß er sich da et _ wa auch nicht irrt. Den ich

15 tra _ ge, der muß sor _ gen hel _ fen, daß sie end _ lich bes _ ser wird. Und ich

Ruhiger als zu Anfang

20

1. sah da Kohlen - ber - ge mit 'nem Zaun drum. Sagt ich: nicht ge - härt! Den ich
 2. sah Brot hin - ter Fen - stern und es war den Hungri - gen ver - wehrt. Den ich

pp

1. tra - ge, der wird da - für sor - gen, daß ihn die - se Koh - le wärmt. 2. Und ich
 2. tra - ge, sagt ich, der wird sor - gen, daß ihn die - ses Brot da

2. *pp* ²⁵ *viel ruhiger und sehr leise*
 nährt. Als ich dich in mei - nem Leib trug, sprach ich lei - se oft in mich hin -

pp

30 *rit.*
 ein: „Du, den ich in mei - nem Lei - be tra - ge, du mußt un - auf - halt - sam sein.“

II

Ruhig fließend

pp

Als ich dich ge-bar, schrie'n dei-ne Brü-der schon um Sup-pe und ich hat-te sie

pp

nicht. Als ich dich ge-bar, hat-ten wir kein Geld für den Gas-mann, so er-

blick-test du von der Welt we-nig Licht. Als ich dich trug all die Mo-na-

10

te, sprach ich mit dei-nem Va-ter ü-ber dich,

15

a - ber wir hat - ten das Geld nicht für den Dok - tor, das brauch - ten wir für den Brot - auf -

strich.

Als ich dich emp - fing, hat - ten wir fast schon al - le Hoff - nung auf -

20

Brot und Ar - beit be - gra - ben, und nur bei Karl Marx und Le - nin

stand, wie wir Ar - bei - ter ei - ne Zu - kunft ha - ben.

III

Ruhige fließende

1. Ich hab' dich aus - ge - tra - gen und das war schon Kampf ge -
 Molt - ke und der Blü - cher, die könn - ten nicht sie - gen, mein

fp *leggiere*

5

nug. Dich emp - fan - gen hieß et - was wa - gen und kühn war es, daß ich dich
 Kind, wo schon ein paar Win - deln und Tü - cher rie - si - ge Sie - ge

1. 2. 10

trug 2. Der sind. Brot und ein Schluck Milch sind Sie - ge, war - me
 dich ein Stück Brot zu er - rin - gen, das

Stu - be ge - won - ne - ne Schlacht, bis ich dich da groß
 heißt Streik - po - sten steh'n und gro - ße Ge - ne - rä - le be -

15

krie - ge, muß ich kämp - fen Tag und Nacht; denn für
 zwin - gen und ge - gen Tanks an - ~ geh'n.

1. 2.

20

Doch hab' ich im Kampf dich Klei - nen

erst ein - mal groß ge - krieg, dann hab' ich ge - won - nen

25

ei - nen, der mit uns kämpft und siegt.

IV

1. Mein Sohn, was immer auch aus dir wer - de: sie steh'n mit Knü - peln be -
Sohn laß es dir von dei - ner Mut - ter sa - gen: Auf dich war - tet ein Le - ben

5 reit schon jetzt. Denn für dich, mein Sohn, ist auf die - ser Er - de
schlimmer als die Pest, a - ber ich hab dich nicht da - zu aus - ge - tra - gen,

3 nur der Schutt - ab - la - ge - rungsplatz da, und der ist be - setzt. 1. Mein
daß du dir das ein - mal ru - hig ge - fal - len 2. läßt.

10 Was du nicht hast, das gib nicht ver - lo - ren, was sie dir nicht ge - ben, sieh' zu, daß du's kriegst.

15

Ich, dei - ne Mut - ter, hab dich nicht ge - bo - ren, daß du einst des Nachts un - ter

Brük - ken - bö - gen liegst. Viel - leicht bist du nicht aus be - son - de - rem Stof - fe, ich

20

ha - be nicht Geld für dich noch Ge - bet und ich bau - e auf dich al - lein, wenn ich hof - fe,

25 rit. *p*

daß du nicht an Stem - pel - stel - len lun - gerst und dei - ne Zeit ver - geht. Wenn

30

ich nachts schlaflos neben dir liege, fühl ich oft nach deiner kleinen Faust. Si

der, sie planen mit dir jetzt schon Siege. Was soll ich nur machen, daß du

35

nicht ihren dreckigen Lügen traust, Deine Mutter, mein Sohn, hat dich nicht belogen,

40

daß du etwas ganz besonderes seist, aber sie hat dich auch nicht mit

molto crescendo *breit*

Kummer aufgezogen, daß du einmal im Stadel draht hängst und nach Wasser

45 *selbstverständlich*

schreist. Mein Sohn, drum hal - te dich an dei - nes - glei - chen, da -

mit ih - re Macht wie ein Staub zer - stiebt. Du, mein Sohn, und ich und

50 al - le uns - res - glei - chen müs - sen zu - sam - men - steh'n und müs - sen er - rei - chen,

55 daß es auf die - ser Welt nicht mehr zwei - er - lei Men - schen gibt,

60 daß es auf die - ser Welt nicht mehr zwei - er - lei Men - schen gibt.

VIETNAM

Words and Music by
JIMMY CLIFF

With energy

Chord Diagrams:

- C:** C4, E4, G4, C5
- F7:** F4, A4, C5, E5

Lyrics:

Hey. Vi - et - nam. _

Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _

Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _

* Recorded a half step higher.

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Yes - ter - day I got a let - ter from my friend fight - ing in
It was just the next - (D.S.) day his moth - er got a

F



Vi - et - nam. And this is what
tel - e - gram. It was ad - dressed



he had to say. "Tell all my friends
from Vi - et - nam. Now, Mis - tress Brown,



that I'll be com - ing home soon.
she lives in the U. S. A,

D **G**

My and time will be up — some — time — in June.” —
 and this is — what — she wrote — and said. —

C

“Don’t for - get,” he said, — — — — —
 “Don’t — be a - larmed,” — — — — — “to tell — she told

F

— me the my sweet Mar - y, — — — — —
 the tel - e - gram — said, — — — — —

D **G** **C**

her gol - den lips — — — — — as sweet as cher - ries.”
 “but Mis-tress Brown, — your son is dead.” — — — — —

1 2, 3

And it came from And it came from Vi - et - nam. _

Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _

Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _ Vi - et - nam. _

To Coda

Some - bod - y please _ stop that war, _ now.

F7

C

F7

D.S. al Coda
(Take 2nd ending)

It was just the next

CODA

C

Some-bod - y, please, - now. Vi - et - nam. - Vi - et - nam. -

F

Optional Ending

C

Repeat and Fade

Vi - et - nam. - Vi - et - nam. - Vi - et - nam. -

From: "Coldplay - Viva la Vida or Death and All His Friends"

Violet Hill

by

CHRIS MARTIN, GUY BERRYMAN,
WILLIAM CHAMPION and JON BUCKLAND

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<http://www.musicnotes.com>

VIOLET HILL

Words and Music by
GUY BERRYMAN, JON BUCKLAND,
WILLIAM CHAMPION and CHRIS MARTIN

♩ = 76

N.C.

C#m

Was a long and dark _ De-cem - ber from the

(40 second fade in)

C#m7

C#m9

C#m

B/D#

F#m

roof-tops I re-mem - ber; there was snow, _____ white snow. _____

C#m

C#m7

C#m9

1. Clear - ly I _____ re-mem - ber from the win - dows they were watch - ing while we
(2.) _____ clutched _____ on - to bi - bles hol-lowed out _____ to fit their ri - fles. And the
(3.) (Guitar solo continues)

Amaj7 B/A F#m

froze _____ down be - low. _____ When the
 cross _____ was held a - loft. _____
 ...end solo) 3. I don't

A Badd9

fu - ture's ar - chi - tec - tured by a car - ni - val of id - i - ots on
 Bur - y me in hon - or when I'm dead and hit the ground, my love's op -
 want to be a sol - dier with the cap - tain of some sink - ing ship with

C#m C#m7/B Amaj7 G#m

show, _____ you'd bet - ter lie low. _____ If you love me _____ won't you
 posed; _____ it un - folds. _____ If you love me _____ won't you
 snow _____ far be - low. _____ If you love me _____ why'd you

C#m G#m/B C#5 1.2. C#m

let _____ me know? _____ 2. Was a long and dark De - cem - ber When the
 let _____ me know? _____ 3. (Guitar solo...
 let _____ me go? _____

C#m7 C#m9 Amaj7 B/A F#m

banks be-came ca-the - drals and the fog _____ be-came God. _____ Priests _

3. C#m F#m C#m7/E C#m/G# G#m/D# C#m B C#m G#m

I took my love down to Vio - let Hill. _ There we sat _ in _

A B C#m F#m E E/G# G#m7/B A G#m C#m/E

snow. All that time _ she was si - lent still. So if you love me, _ won't you

C#m G#m/B A G#m A G#m C#m E C#m G#m/B C#m

let _ me know? _ If you love me, _ won't you let _ me know? _

24. Vor acht Jahren

16. November 1926

Gesang *Mäßige Viertel* *ff* *p*

1. Ja, da - mals-! Da hat zumer - sten Mal in Preu - ßen die Er - de ge - zittert.
 2. Ja, da - mals... Wo warn sie da - mals doch: die Kai - sers mit Ordensketten?
 3. Ja, da - mals... Acht Jah - res inds kaum her! Und schon ist die Brut wieder o - ben. Ju -

Klavier *fff* *p*

1. Da fühl - te der letz - te Kor - po - ral: dik - ke Luft! es ge - wit - tert! Sie
 2. Sa - ßen zit - ternd im Mau - se - loch, auf Au - tos und Da - men - toi - let - ten.
 3. stütz - ver - bre - cher... Schimmern - de Wehr. Al - les wie - der er - scho - ben. Halt's

1. ris - sen den Kes - seln die Feu - er her - aus. Ge - weh - re her - un - ter! Und al - le, und
 2. Kron - prinz, die Gar - de... mucks - mäus - chen - stumm. Kei - ner stand gra - de... Al - le, und
 3. Mau! Deut - scher! Halt das Mau! Kusch und ver - die - ne das Fres - sen für

1. 2. u. 3.

1. al - le, und al - le nach Haus.
 2. al - le, und al - le fie - len um.
 3. zwan - zig, für zwan - zig Mo - nar - chien.

8va bassa

ff

4. Ja, da - mals! Wie hab'n sie das ge-tauft! Re-vo-lu-ti-on? Das war kei-ne. Sie

fff *p*

ham dich ver - ra - ten und ver-kaufte. Dar - um denk stets nur das ei - ne:

neun-zehn-hun-dert-und-acht-zehn. Ge-seg - ne - te Zahl. Näch-stes Mal bes-ser. Es lohnt sich, es

lohnt sich, es lohnt noch ein-mal.

ff

War

Words and Music by NORMAN WHITFIELD
and BARRETT STRONG

Slow Rock (with double time feel)

Fm



A \flat



Gm7/C



1. War, Uh! What is it
2.,3. (See additional lyrics)

Fm



A \flat /G \flat



C7 \flat 5(\flat 9)



Fm



A \flat



good _ for? _ Ab - so - lute - ly noth - ing. War, Uh!

Gm7/C



Fm



A \flat



What is it good _ for? _ Ab - so - lute - ly

noth - ing. Say it a - gain. — War, Uh!

What is it good — for? Ab - so - lute - ly noth - ing.

War, I de - spise — 'cause it means —

— de - struc - tion of in - no - cent lives. —

Fm

War means tears — in thou — sands of mo-thers' eyes — when their

sons go out to fight — and lose — their — lives. — I said

Fade on last repeat

Additional Lyrics

2. War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
 War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
 War, it's nothing but a heartbreaker; War, friend only to the undertaker.
 War is an enemy to all mankind. The thought of war blows my mind.
 War has caused unrest within the younger generation;
 Induction then destruction, who wants to die? Ah
 War, uh um; What is it good for? You tell me nothing, um!
 War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
 Good God, war, it's nothing but a heartbreaker;
 War, friend only to the undertaker;

3. Wars have shattered many a young man's dreams;
 Made him disabled, bitter and mean.
 Life is much too short and precious to spend fighting wars each day.
 War can't give life, it can only take it away. Ah
 War, Uh um! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing, um.
 War, good God almighty, listen, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing, yeah.
 War, it's nothing but a heartbreaker; War, friend only to the undertaker.
 Peace, love and understanding, tell me is there no place for them today?
 They say we must fight to keep our freedom, but Lord knows it's gotta be a better way.
 I say war, uh um, yeah, yeah. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
 War, yea, yea, yea, yea, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
 War, nothing but a heartbreaker; What is it good for? Friend only to the undertaker.....
 (Fade)

Voice D3 E3
 1. Gen - 'rals gath - ered in their mas - ses, —
 2. In the fields are bod - ies burn - ing, —
 3. Now in dark - ness world stops turn - ing, —
 4. Day of judg - ment, God is call - ing. —

Guitar BAGE 3
 2nd & 4th times only

Bass

Voice D3 E3
 Just like witch-es at black mas-ses —
 As the war ma-chine keeps turn-ing. —
 As you hear the bod-ies burn-ing. —
 On their knees the war pigs crawl-ing, —

Voice D3 E3
 E - vil minds that plot de -
 Death and ha - tred to man -
 No more war pigs have the
 Beg-ging mer-cies for their

Guitar D
 2nd & 4th times only

Bass

Voice D3 E3
 struc-tion, —
 kind, —
 pow - er, —
 sins. —

Sor-cer-ers of death's con-struc-tion. —
 Poi-son-ing their brain-washed minds. —
 And as God has struck the hour. —
 Sa-tan laugh-ing spreads his wings. —

Voice 1., 3. 2., 4.
 2nd & 4th times only

Guitar

Bass

Guitar *D3 E3* *G3 F#3 F3 E3* *G*

Bass

D3 E3 *G3 F#3* 1. *F3 E3* 2. *F3 E3* *To Coda* Coda symbol

E+9 *G* *G* *G*

E+9

N.C.

Pol - i - ti - cians hide them - selves a - way, —

E E E E E D *E E E# G*

They on - ly start - ed the war.

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is E major (three sharps). The vocal line has a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

Why should they go out to fight,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line includes a fermata over the word "fight". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

They leave that all to the poor.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note texture.

E+9

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly empty, with a few notes at the beginning. The piano accompaniment continues, with some changes in the right hand's melody. The system is labeled "E+9" in the upper left corner.

E+9

First system of music, featuring a piano introduction in E major (two sharps) with a steady eighth-note accompaniment and a melodic line in the treble. The vocal line is a whole rest.

N.C.

Second system of music, starting with the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a fermata.

Time will tell_ on their pow - er minds,_

Third system of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a fermata.

Mak - ing war_ just for fun.

Fourth system of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a fermata.

Treat - ing peo - ple just like pawns in chess,_

Wait for the judg - ment day to come.

D⁷ E⁷ G⁷ F⁷ F⁷ E⁷ D⁷ E⁷ G⁷ F⁷

1. F⁷ E⁷ 2. F⁷ E⁷ E⁷ G⁷ A⁷ G⁷ E⁷ E⁷ D⁷ E⁷

E E D D⁷ E E G⁷ G⁷ A⁷ A⁷ G⁷ A⁷ A⁷ B⁷ B⁷ A B D E

E A B D E G A B D E G⁷ A⁷ B⁷ E⁷ A⁷ B⁷ E⁷ E⁷ E⁷ E⁷ D⁷ B⁷ A⁷ B⁷ D⁷ B⁷

Solo continues
Repeat 10 times

E

100 #
G# A A A G G G E E E D D# E

CD
CF

D# E E D# E D# E D# E D# E D# E

E3 3 E3 D3 3

D3 E3 3 E3 D3 D. S. al Coda

Coda

E7 E B B D E B B E B D#

Handwritten notes above the staff: B, F#, A, E, B, D, E7, E3, B3, D3, E3, G3, E3.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. It contains three measures of music. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and contains three measures of music. Handwritten notes above the staff include: B, F#, A, E, B, D, E7, E3, B3, D3, E3, G3, E3.

Play 4 times

Handwritten notes above the staff: E7, D7, E B B D E B B E B D, D A A C D A A D A C.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and contains two measures of music. Handwritten notes above the staff include: E7, D7, E B B D E B B E B D, D A A C D A A D A C.

Handwritten notes above the staff: C7, F#, B3, C3, B3, C G G B C G G C G B.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and contains two measures of music. Handwritten notes above the staff include: C7, F#, B3, C3, B3, C G G B C G G C G B.

Handwritten notes above the staff: Em, F#, G, F#, G, D, F#, D, B, D.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and contains two measures of music. Handwritten notes above the staff include: Em, F#, G, F#, G, D, F#, D, B, D.

Handwritten notes above the staff: Em, F#, G, A, A, A, F#, D, B.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. It contains two measures of music. The bass staff also has a key signature of three sharps and contains two measures of music. Handwritten notes above the staff include: Em, F#, G, A, A, A, F#, D, B.

Guitar Solo
Repeat 4 times

Handwritten notes above the staff:
A A B B
[2.] D
Em D
Em F# G P# G F F D B D Em F# G A
A A F# D B A F# P E7 B B D E B B B E B D
E B B D E B B B E B D E B B D E B B B E B D
B.C. C# D E F# G A B C#

The guitar solo consists of four measures, each repeated four times. The first measure contains a series of eighth notes, while the subsequent three measures contain a series of sixteenth notes.

WHAT'S GOING ON

Words and Music by MARVIN GAYE,
AL CLEVELAND and RENALDO BENSON

Moderately

Emaj7



mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in E major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present.

Emaj7



Moth - er, moth - er,
Fa - ther, fa - ther,
Moth - er, moth - er,

there's - too - man - y
we - don't need to
ev - 'ry - bod - y

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a steady eighth-note bass line and a right hand with sustained chords and moving lines. A repeat sign is used for the first two measures of the vocal line.

C#m7



Emaj7



of you cry - ing.
es - ca - late. —
thinks we're wrong. —

You see, —
Ah, but —

Broth - er, broth - er, broth - er,
war is not the an - swer,
who are they to judge - us

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with the same eighth-note bass line and sustained chords in the right hand. A repeat sign is used for the first two measures of the vocal line.

C#m7



there's far too man - y of you — dy — ing.
 for on - ly love can con - quer — hate. —
 sim - ply 'cause our hair is — long. —

F#m7



You — know we've got to find — a way — to bring some
 You — know we've got to find — a way — to bring some
 Ah, you know we've got to find — a way — to bring some un - der —

1

F#m7/B



B7(add13)



2,3

F#m7/B



lov-in' here to - day, — yeah. — lov-in' here to - day, — oh.
 stand-ing here to - day, — oh.

B7(add13)



F#m7



F#m7/B



Pick-et lines — and pick-et signs — don't

F#m7

F#m7/B



pun - ish me

with ____ bru - tal - i - ty.

F#m7

F#m7/B



Talk to me

so you can see, oh, what's

Emaj7

C#m7



go - ing on, ____

what's go - ing on, ____

yeah, what's

To Coda ⊕

Emaj7

C#m7



go - ing on, ____

oh, what's go - ing on. ____

Ah, ____ ah, ah, ____

Am9



— ah, ah. —

I, — yi, yi, yi, — yi, yi, — yi, ya, — ya, ya, — ya.

I, — yi, yi, — yi, yi, — yi, ya, — ya, ya, — ya, ya.

A/B



Be, doot, de _ doot; Be, _ be, be, _ doot; Be _ be, be, _ doot;

Bu, doot, be, _ be, be, _ doot; Be _ be, be, _ be, be, _ doot.

D.S. al Coda

C#m7



Am9



CODA



go - ing on, _

ooh, _ ooh. _

I, _ yi, yi, yi, _ yi, yi, _ yi, ya, _

— ya, ya, — ya.

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'ya', another whole note rest, a half note 'ya', and a final whole note rest. The piano accompaniment features a complex, rhythmic pattern in the right hand with many beamed sixteenth notes and chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line.

I, — yi, yi, — yi, yi, — yi, ya, — ya, ya, — ya, ya.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a more melodic and active pattern, with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its complex texture, with the right hand playing chords and moving lines, and the left hand providing a consistent eighth-note foundation. The system concludes with a key signature change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

A/B

Be, doot, de, — doot; Be, — be, be, — doot; Be — be, be, — doot;

The third system introduces a section marked 'A/B' with a guitar-style fretboard diagram showing a barre on the first fret. The vocal line has a rhythmic, call-and-response feel. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic complex texture. The system ends with a key signature change to three sharps.

Repeat and Fade

Bu, doot, be, — be, be, — doot; Be — be, be, — be, be, — doot. Ooh, —

The final system is marked 'Repeat and Fade'. The vocal line includes a long, sustained note at the end, indicated by a fermata. The piano accompaniment also features a final sustained chord with a fermata. The system concludes with a key signature change to three sharps.

Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

Words & Music by Pete Seeger

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t100 / R06

Moderately slow

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, starting with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line starting on G2. The tempo is marked 'Moderately slow' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Chorus



The vocal melody for the first line of the chorus is written on a single staff. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The melody is simple and easy to sing.

1. Where have all the flow - ers gone? Long time
2. Where have all the young girls gone? Long time
3. Where have all the young men gone? Long time

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the chorus consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, starting with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line starting on G2. The dynamic is 'mp - mf'.



The vocal melody for the second line of the chorus is written on a single staff. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The melody is simple and easy to sing.

pass - ing. Where have all the flow - ers gone?
pass - ing. Where have all the young girls gone?
pass - ing. Where have all the young men gone?

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the chorus consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, starting with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, then a half note B4, and finally a half note C5. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line starting on G2.





Long time a - go. Where have all the
 Long time a - go. Where have all the
 Long time a - go. Where have all the

flow - ers gone? The girls have picked them ev - 'ry one. Oh, when
 young girls gone? They've ta - ken hus - bands ev - 'ry one. Oh, when
 young men gone? They're all in u - ni - form. Oh, when






will you e - ver learn? Oh, when will you e - ver
 will you e - ver learn? Oh, when will you e - ver
 will you e - ver learn? Oh, when will you e - ver

1, 2. 
 3. 

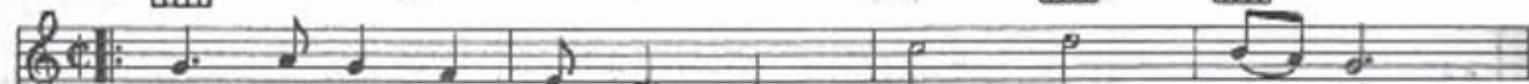
learn? learn? learn?

p

Where Have all the Flowers Gone?

By Pete Seeger

Moderately slow, with simplicity



1. Where Have All The Flow - ers Gone? Long time pass - ing.
2. Where have all the young girls gone? Long time pass - ing.
3. Where have all the young men gone? Long time pass - ing.



- Where Have All The Flow - ers Gone? Long time a - go.
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time a - go.
Where have all the young men gone? Long time a - go.



Where Have All The Flow-ers Gone? The girls have picked them ev-'ry one.
 Where have all the young girls gone? They've tak-en hus-bands ev-'ry one.
 Where have all the young men gone? They're all in u-ni-form.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). Above the vocal staff, there are two guitar chord diagrams: a C major chord and an E major chord. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Oh, when will they ev-er learn? Oh, when will they ev-er learn?
 Oh, when will they ev-er learn? Oh, when will they ev-er learn?
 Oh, when will they ev-er learn? Oh, when will they ev-er learn?

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It includes five guitar chord diagrams above the vocal staff: F major, G major, C major, F major, and E major. The lyrics are repeated three times, each corresponding to a phrase in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

1. 2. learn? learn? 3. learn?

The third system shows the final part of the song, featuring three endings. The first two endings are marked '1. 2.' and '3.' and lead to a double bar line. The third ending is marked '3.' and leads to a final chord. The piano accompaniment includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'P' (piano) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

WHERE IS THE LOVE

Words and Music by Will Adams, ALLAN PINEDA
JAIME GOMEZ, JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE, MICHAEL FRATANTUNO
GEORGE PAJON Jr., PRINTZ BOARD and J. CURTIS

Moderately fast



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords F and C are indicated above the staff. Dynamics include *mp*. Rhythmic markings include 7 and 3.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chords Dm7 and Bb are indicated above the staff. Rhythmic markings include 3.

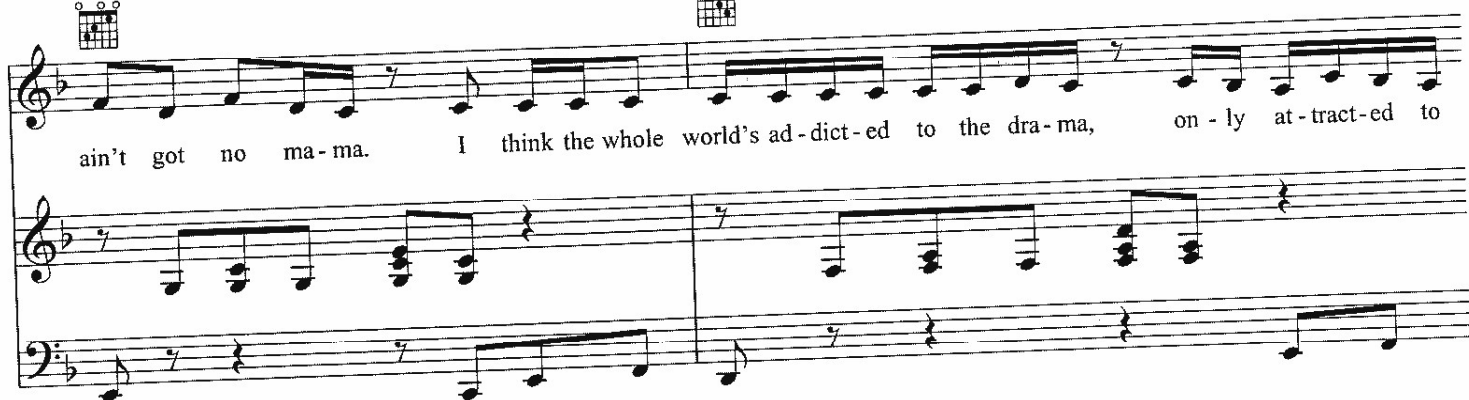
Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chord N.C. is indicated above the staff. Dynamics include *mf*.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Chord F is indicated above the staff. Lyrics are present: "What's wrong with the world, ma - ma? Peo - ple liv - in' like they". Dynamics include *sim.*

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C/E  Dm 



ain't got no ma-ma. I think the whole world's ad-dict-ed to the dra-ma, on-ly at-tract-ed to




Bb  F 

things that will bring the trau-ma. (Rap:) O-ver-seas, yeah, we try to stop ter-ror-is-m, but we still got



C/E  Dm 

ter-ror-ists here liv-in' in the U-S-A, the big C-I-A, the Bloods and the



Bb  F 

Crips and the K-K-K. But if you on-ly have love for your own race, then you on-ly leave



C/E Dm

space to dis-crim-i-nate, and to dis-crim-i-nate on-ly gen-er-ates hate. And when you hate, then you're

Bb F

bound to get i-rate, yeah. The bad-ness is what you dem-on-strate. And that's ex-act-ly how

C/E Dm

an-ger works and op-er-ates. Man, you got-ta have love just to set it straight. Take con-trol of your mind -

Bb F

— and med-i-tate. Let your soul grav-i-tate to the love, y'all. (Sung:) Peo-ple kill-in', peo-ple dy-



in'. Chil-dren hurt_ and you hear them cry - in'. Can you prac - tice what_ you preach?_



And would you turn_ the oth - er cheek?_ Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, help_

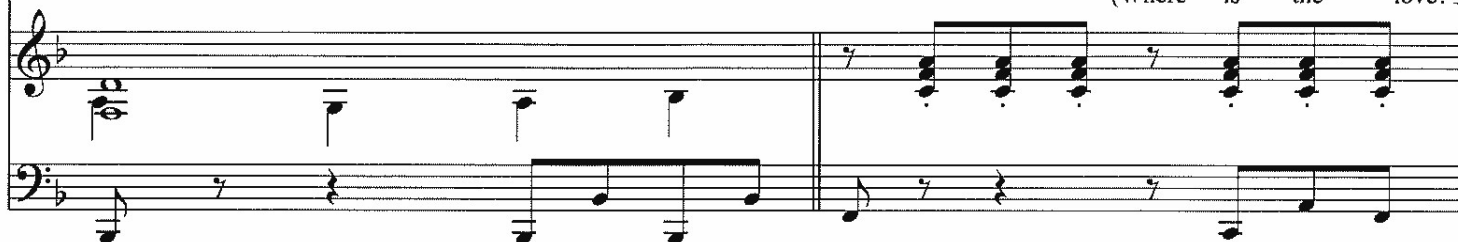


us; send some guid - ance from_ a - bove,_ 'cause peo-ple got_ me, got_ me ques -



tion - ing: Where is the love, Love,

*(Where is the love?_



*Sung an octave lower.

To Coda

C/E

Dm

love, _____ Where is the love? _____ Where is the love, —

the love, — the love? _____

(Rap:) It ain't just the same, al - ways un - changed.

C/E

Dm

New days are strange. Is the world in - sane? If love and peace are so strong, why are the piec - es of

love that don't be - long? Na - tions drop - ping bombs, chem - i - cal gas - es fill - ing lungs of lit - tle ones, with

Bb

F

With God on Our Side

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderato

mf

Oh, my name it is noth - in', My age it means

less, The coun - try I come from Is

called the Mid - west. I's taught and brought up

R. H.

Guitar Chords: C, F, C, G7, G°, G7, C, F, C, G7, Dm7, G7, C, G7, Dm7, G7, C

there, The laws to a - bide, And that land that I

live in Has God on its side.

Chord diagrams: C, F, C, G7, C, F, C, G7, G^o, G7, C, F, C D.S.

2. Oh, the history books tell it,
They tell it so well,
The cavalries charged,
The Indians fell.
The cavalries charged,
The Indians died,
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.
3. Oh, the Spanish American
War had its day,
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away,
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize,
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.
4. Oh, the First World War boys,
It came and it went,
The reason for fighting
I never did get.
But I learned to accept it,
Accept it with pride,
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.
5. When the Second World War
Came to an end,
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends.
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried,
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.
6. I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life,
If another war starts
It's them we must fight.
To hate them and fear them,
To run and to hide,
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.
7. But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust,
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must.
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide,
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.
8. In a many dark hour
I've been thinkin' all this,
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss.
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.
9. So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell,
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no time can tell.
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor,
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

Wolgograd

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt

Em C+7 C Em

Nicht wie in an - de - re Städ - te kommst du in die - se Stadt.

6 F#° E Em

Auch noch nach drei - ßig Jah - ren kommst du nach Sta - lin - grad.

10

Tro - cke - ner Wind aus der Step - pe, heiß und mit frem - dem Ge -

13 Em⁶ D E° B

rch. Brei - te Stra - ßen und Bäu - me, Plät - ze und Platz ge - nug.

18 D⁷ Am G⁶

An der Pan - zer - ka - no - ne han - gelt ein Kind und lacht laut. Un - ter - ge - hak - te

23 C D Em *Refrain*

Mäd - chen sin - gen dir un - ter die Haut. Und nichts ist ver - ges - sen,

27 D G Em

nichts ist ver - ges - sen, nichts ist ver - ges - sen und nie - mand.

1. Nicht wie in andere Städte
kommst du in diese Stadt.
Auch noch nach dreißig Jahren
kommst du nach Stalingrad.
Trockener Wind aus der Steppe,
heiß und mit fremdem Geruch.
Breite Straßen und Bäume,
Plätze und Platz genug.
An der Panzerkanone
hangelt ein Kind und lacht laut.
Untergehakte Mädchen
singen dir unter die Haut.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

2. Ich grüße euch, rote Fahnen,
 und Lenin vor Pawlows Haus.
 Und der Mamai-Hügel schwärt noch
 immer Granatsplitter aus.
 Gewaltige Mutter vom Hügel,
 Madonna mit Friedensschwert,
 dich grüß ich, und auch das Mädchen
 im Mini, das »Penny Lane« hört,
 selig, und an beiden Ohren
 lautes Transistorgerät,
 die Kwaswagenschlange lächelt,
 wenn es vorübergeht.
 Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
 und niemand.

3. Mein Bruder ist hier gefallen.
 Der Himmel ist wolkenlos.
 Das Foto: der tote Soldat da
 im Schnee – Wer war denn das bloß?
 Nein, wie die anderen Städte
 ist diese Stadt für uns nicht.
 Zu viele, die von ihr reden
 mit Angst oder Wut im Gesicht.
 Anfang vom Ende für viele.
 Für uns aber der Beginn
 vom Ende der Hitler-Faschisten
 und hinter ihnen der Herrn.
 Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
 und niemand.

4. Weiße Touristenschiffe
 kenn' ich, auch springenden Stör.
 Schwimmende Menschen in Flüssen
 kenn' ich schon lange nicht mehr.
 Wolga, du wirkliche, schöne,
 du ruhige, die selten schäumt,
 von dir haben Menschen friedlich,
 gierig die Herren geträumt.
 Ich trinke am Ufer mit Igor
 aus der Traktorenfabrik
 auf unsere Frauen und Kinder
 und Frieden, Freundschaft und Glück.
 Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
 und niemand.

5. Kehlige Abschiedslieder
 kommen über den Fluss.
 Und nur wegen Abschied krieg ich
 von Valentina den Kuss.
 Samt, sagt sie, sind diese Nächte,
 schwarz und am Steppenrand rot,
 wenn wir nach Astrachan fahren
 im weißen Tragflügelboot ...
 Nicht wie aus anderen Städten
 kommst du aus Wolgograd.
 Du hast sie wirklich gesehen,
 die heitere Heldenstadt.
 Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
 und niemand.

WOODEN SHIPS

Words and Music by
STEPHEN STILLS & DAVID CROSBY

Moderate Folk Rock Ballad ♩ = 80

Intro:

Guitar 1 (Electric) (Left & Right channels)

No Chord

mp Bright tone with reverb

A

Guitar 1 *f* D A G E5 D A G6

Guitar 2 (Electric 12-string) (Left channel)

f *mf* *f*

E5 D A G6 E5 D A G6

mp *f* *mp* *f*

*Mute all strings with the fret hand and scratch as indicated in the TAB.

[illegible][illegible]

*Switch to neck (Rhythm) pick-up.

un - der - stand, 'cause that_ is some-thing ev - 'ry-bod - y ev - 'ry-where does in_ the

[illegible]

* *Harmonic is upper voice only.*

Em7 Am9 F/C Second voice: Em7

I can_____

D

Am9 Am(addF)

— see by your coat, my friend, you're from the oth - er side — there's just

Em7 Am9 F/C

one thing I got to know:— can you tell me please,— who won?—

The first system of the musical score for 'Wooden Ships' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the guitar line, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The guitar line includes a solo section with various fret numbers. The bass line includes a solo section with various fret numbers.

Em7 Am9 F/C

(the war?)*

The second system of the musical score for 'Wooden Ships' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the guitar line, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The guitar line includes a solo section with various fret numbers. The bass line includes a solo section with various fret numbers.

*Original lyrics - not on recorded version.

Em7 Am9 F/C Em7

7 8 9 7 0 0 7 9 7 9 8 10 8 9 7 9 7 10

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 10 10 10 10 0

E First voice: Am9 Second voice: Am7 Em7

Say can I have some of your pur-ple ber-ries?— Yes, I've been eat-ing them— for six

7 7 7 7 9 9 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

12 0 0 0 0 12 10 10 10 10 12 10 10 0

* Harmonic on 2nd string only.

Wooden Ships - 23 - 6

Am9 F/C Em7

First voice:

or sev-en weeks now, have-n't got sick once. Prob - 'ly keep us both-

Am9 F/C D A G

a - live._

f

pp

F **E5*** **A5** **Gmaj7/A**

First voice: *f*

Wood - en ships on the wa - ter ver - y free ——— Second voice: and eas - y, ———

f

0 0 5 7 12 12

9 9 6 7 12 12

9 9 7 7 7 7

7 7 7 7 5

Rhythm Figure 1

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 10 10 7

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 7

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 5

0 0 0

E5 **A5** **Gmaj7/A**

eas - y, you know the way - it's sup - posed to ——— be. ———

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 10 10 7

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 7

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 5

0 0 0

*These chord names are derived from the Electric 12-string Guitar.

E5 A5 Gmaj7/A Fmaj7/A

Sil - ver on the shore-line, let us be. — Talk-in' 'bout ver - y free — and

peo - ple

End Rhythm Figure 1

G ♩ = 160 (Double-time)

Em9 Cmaj7

eas - y. —

mf *mp*

Em9

First system of musical notation for the Em9 section. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#), a bass clef staff, and a guitar fretboard diagram below. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The guitar fretboard diagram shows fingerings for the left hand, with numbers 9, 12, 12, 14, 12, 16, 16, 16, 14, 12, 14, 12, and 10.

Cmaj7

Em11

Second system of musical notation, covering the Cmaj7 and Em11 sections. It features a treble clef staff, a bass clef staff, and a guitar fretboard diagram. The treble staff shows a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff shows a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The guitar fretboard diagram shows fingerings for the left hand, with numbers 5, 7, 10, 7, 10, 9, 10, 12, 7, 9, 12, 7, 9, 8, and 10.

Cmaj7

Third system of musical notation for the Cmaj7 section. It includes a treble clef staff, a bass clef staff, and a guitar fretboard diagram. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The guitar fretboard diagram shows fingerings for the left hand, with numbers 10, 12, 12, 12, 15, 15, 15, 12, 10, 12, 9, 12, (14), and 12.

D⁶(no3rd)

H ♩ = 80 (Original tempo)

With Rhythm Figure 1 (with ad lib. variations)

E5 **A5** **Gmaj7/A** **E5**

Hor - ror grips us as_ we_ watch you die. All we can do is ech - o your_

watch you die.

Guitar 1

A5 **Gmaj7/A** **E5**

an - guished cries. Stare as all hu - man

an - guished cries.

A5 **Gmaj7/A** **Fmaj7/A**

feel - ings die. We are leav - in' you don't

Overdub:

I ♩ = 160 (Double-time)

Em9

Cmaj7

need us.

Guitar 1

mp

Guitar 2

mf

Em11

3

Cmaj7 **Em9** **Em11**

f Mid-range tone

7 7 5 7 5 (7) 7 9 9 7 9 0 0 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 12

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 5 5 5
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3 3 3
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 2 2 2
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Cmaj7

12 11 11 0 9 8 0 9 12 12 11 10 0 9 7 9

5 5 5 5 5 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
4 4 4 4 4 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

D₉(no3rd)

7 9 7 7 7 9 7 9 0

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

J = 80 (Original tempo)

With Fill 1

E5

A5

(G5)

ff Bright tone

The first system of musical notation consists of a guitar staff and a bass staff. The guitar staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a melodic line with various ornaments like wavy lines and slurs, and some notes marked with 'x'. The bass staff is in bass clef and contains a series of chords, mostly triads, with some notes marked with 'x'. Fingering numbers (1-4) are present below the bass staff.

E5

A5

Gmaj7/A

E5

f

The second system of musical notation continues the guitar and bass parts. The guitar staff shows more complex melodic lines with slurs and ornaments. The bass staff continues with chords and triads, including some with double flats (Bb and Eb). Fingering numbers are provided for both staves.

Fill 1

(Overdub)

mp With light fuzz

The third system of musical notation is a single staff, likely for guitar, featuring a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. Fingering numbers (1-5) are present below the staff.

A5 Gmaj7/A Fmaj7/A

K ♩ = 160 (Double time)

Em11 Cmaj7

Ah_____

mp

Em11[illegible]

Cmaj7

Em11

[illegible]

Cmaj7

12 12 12 14 12 14 12 14 12 14 12 10 9

D₉(no3rd)

9 9 10 12 5 7 7 10 12 9 7 9 9 9 12 12 14 14 12 9

L ♩ = 80 (Original tempo)

E5 **A5** **Gmaj7/A**

Go take a sis - ter then by by the hand, —
take a sis - ter then by the hand, —

f Bright tone

7 9 7 7 9 9 6 6 7 7 5 7 7 14 12 14 12 14 12

*Guitar 2 (Electric 12-string) is inaudible in mix. This suggested rhythm figure is based on the previous chorus.
Wooden Ships - 23 - 17

E5 **A5** **Gmaj7/A**

lead her a - way - from - this for - eign land. ———
for - eign land. ———

14 10 9 9 7 7 6 6 5 5 7 14 12 14

0 7 7 7 9 9 7 7 0 0 7 5

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 10 10 7 7 7 7

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 7 7 5 5

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

E5 **A5** **Gmaj7/A** **Fmaj7/A**

Far - a - way ——— where - we might laugh a - gain, ——— we are leav - in' ——— you don't

Overdub ———

9 7 6 5 7 12 5 14 5/14

0 9 7 0 7 12 5 14 5/14

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 10 10 7 7 5 5

9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 7 7 5 5

7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

M ♩ = 160 (Double time)

With Fill 2

Em11 **Cmaj7**

need
need us.

p

Em11 **Cmaj7**

us.

f

Fill 2
Overdub

Em11

12 14 14 14 12 9 12 12 10 7 10 12 10 9 7 7/12 14 12 14 12 14 16

Cmaj7

Em11

Em9

14 12 14 12 14 12 14 14 12 14 12 14 12 10 12 10 12 10 12 10 12 14 12 14

Cmaj7

14 12 14 12 14 12 11 12 14 12 11 12 14 12 14 9

*Alternate track enters.

**These two measures only, play behind the beat.

[illegible]

Em11

14 12 (9) 10 12 10 11 12 11 9 8 11 10 9 7 5

0 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 2 0

Half time feel
Cmaj7

N ♩ = 80 (Original tempo)

a tempo

Em9 Cmaj7

And it's a fair wind _____ blow-ing warm- out of the south-

Sweep

p

Em11₃ Cmaj7

o- ver my shoul- der. _____ Guess I'll _____

mp *p*

Em9 *ritard.* **Cmaj7**

— set a course and go. —

9 7 8 7 7 7 10 10 7 10 9 8 10

0 2 4 3 0 3 3 0 3 0 0 5 5 0 5 5 5 5 5 0

Em9 *Fade out*

7 7 9 7 9

0 2 4 3 5

Wozu sind Kriege da?

♩ = Ballade

Musik & Text: Udo Lindenberg

Dm F F/G G C Em F/G G C

The piano introduction consists of four measures in 4/4 time. The right hand plays a series of chords: Dm, F, F/G, G, C, Em, F/G, G, C. The left hand plays a simple bass line with eighth and quarter notes.

5 C Bb/C F C

1. Kei - ner will ster - ben, das ist doch klar, wo - zu sind denn dann Krie - ge da?

The vocal line starts at measure 5 with a quarter note on 'Kei' and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

9 C/Bb F F#m7(b5) D/F#

Herr Prä - si - dent, du bist doch ei - ner von die - sen Herrn, _ du musst das doch wis - sen,

The vocal line continues with a quarter note on 'Herr' and a half note on 'du'. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

12 F/G G C Bb/C B/C

kannst du mir das mal er klärn? Kei - ne Mut - ter will ih - re Kin - der ver - liern,

The vocal line continues with a quarter note on 'kannst' and a half note on 'Kei'. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

15 F C C/Bb

und kei - ne Frau_ ih - ren Mann. Al-so wa - rum müs-sen Sol - da - ten

18 F Dm F F/G G C

los-mar-schiern? Um Men-schen zu er - mor - den, mach mir das mal klar,

21 Em F/G G C C

wo-zu_____ sind Krie - ge da?_____ 2. Herr Prä-si-dent, ich bin jetzt

24 Bb/C F C

zehn Jah-re alt und ich fürch-te mich in die-sem A - tom-ra - ke - ten-wald.

27 C/B \flat F F \sharp m7(b5) D/F \sharp

Sag mir die Wahr - heit, sag mir das jetzt, wo-für wird mein Le-ben auf's

30 F/G G C B \flat /C

Spiel ge- setzt? Und das Le-ben all der an - dern, sag mir mal wa-rum, die

33 F C C/B \flat

la-den die Ge-weh - re und bring'n sich ge-gen-sei-tig um. Sie stehn sich ge-gen- ü - berund könn-ten

36 F Dm F F/G G C

Freun-de sein, doch be-vor sie sich ken-nen-ler - nen, schie-ßen sie sich tot. Ich fand das

39 Em F/G G C C

so be - kloppt, wa-rum muss das so sein? 3. Habt ihr al-le Mil-liar - den Men - schen

42 Bb/C F C

ü-ber-all auf der Welt ge-fragt, ob sie das so wol-len, o-der geht's da auch um Geld? Viel

45 C/Bb F

Geld für die we-ni-gen Bon - zen, die Pan-zer und Ra-ke - ten baun, und dann

47 F#m7(b5) D/F# F/G G

Gold und Bril-lan - ten kau - fen für ih - re e - le-gan - ten Fraun. O - der

49 C B \flat /C F

geht's da ne-ben - bei__ auch um so re-li - giö-sen Zwist, dass mansich nicht ei-nig wird, wel-cher

52 C C/B \flat

Gott nun der wah - re ist? O - der was gibt's da noch für Grün - de, die ich ge -

54 F Dm F

nau - so be-scheu-ert find.__ Na ja, viel-leicht kann ich's noch nicht ver-ste - hen, wo-zu

56 F/G G C Em F/G G C Em F/G G C

Krie-ge nö-tig sind, ich bin wohl noch zu klein, ich bin ja noch ein Kind.

1. Keiner will sterben, das ist doch klar,
wozu sind denn dann Kriege da?
Herr Präsident, du bist doch einer von diesen Herrn,
du musst das doch wissen, kannst du mir das mal erklären?
Keine Mutter will ihre Kinder verlieren,
und keine Frau ihren Mann.
Also warum müssen Soldaten los marschieren?
Um Menschen zu ermorden, mach mir das mal klar,
wozu sind Kriege da?

2. Herr Präsident, ich bin jetzt zehn Jahre alt
und ich fürchte mich in diesem Atomraketenwald.
Sag mir die Wahrheit, sag mir das jetzt,
wofür wird mein Leben auf's Spiel gesetzt?
Und das Leben all der andern, sag mir mal warum,
die laden die Gewehre und bring'n sich gegenseitig um.
Sie stehn sich gegenüber und könnten Freunde sein,
doch bevor sie sich kennenlernen, schießen sie sich tot.
Ich fand das so bekloppt, warum muss das so sein?

3. Habt ihr alle Milliarden Menschen überall auf der Welt
gefragt, ob sie das so wollen, oder geht's da auch um Geld?
Viel Geld für die wenigen Bonzen, die Panzer und Raketen bauen,
und dann Gold und Brillanten kaufen für ihre eleganten Fraun.
Oder geht's da nebenbei auch um so religiösen Zwist,
dass man sich nicht einig wird, welcher Gott nun der wahre ist?
Oder was gibt's da noch für Gründe, die ich genauso bescheuert find.
Na ja, vielleicht kann ich's noch nicht verstehen, wozu Kriege nötig sind,
ich bin wohl noch zu klein, ich bin ja noch ein Kind.

YOURS IS NO DISGRACE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE, STEVE HOWE, TONY KAYE and BILL BRUFORD

Moderately

E7sus4

Yes - ter - day - a morn - ing came, - a smile - up-on your face,
Cae - sar's pal - ace, morn - ing glo - ry, sil - ly hu-man race,

8va

mf

8va basso

G7sus4

On a sail - ing ship - - - to no - where, leav - ing an - y place,

8va

8va basso

A7sus4

If the sum - mer change - - - to win - ter, Yours - Is No Dis - grace. -

8va

8va basso

Hard Rock

E

E7sus4

E

8va

f

8va basso

loco

E **Esus4**

Bat - tle - ships con - fide in me and tell me where you are,
 Shin-ing, fly - ing, pur - ple wolf - hound, show me where you are,

loco

E **G** **Gsus4**

Lost in sum - mer, morn - ing, win - ter, trav -

8va basso

G **A**

- el ver - y far, Lost in mus - ing cir -

8va basso

Asus4

A

- cum - stanc - es, that's just where you are.

8va basso

This musical score is for the song "The Star-Spangled Banner". It includes guitar chords and piano accompaniment. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The guitar chords are indicated by letters (Bb, Eb/Bb, Eb sus4, Eb, Bb, D, E, G, C, Bm) and diagrams showing the fretting pattern. The piano accompaniment includes a bass line and a treble line. The tempo and feel are indicated as "a tempo, light swing feel". The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

System 1:

- Guitar Chords: Bb, Eb/Bb, Eb sus4, Eb, Bb
- Tempo/Feel: *To Coda*

System 2:

- Guitar Chords: E7sus4, D, E, G
- Vocal Line: Yes - ter - day — a morn - ing came, — a smile — up - on — your face, —
- Tempo/Feel: *a tempo, light swing feel*

System 3:

- Guitar Chords: C, D, E, G
- Vocal Line: Cae - sar's pal - ace, morn - ing glo - ry, sil - ly hu - man, sil -

System 4:

- Guitar Chords: C, Bm
- Vocal Line: - ly hu - man race. —





On a sail - ing ship — to no - where, leav - ing an - y place, —






— If the sum - mer change — to win - ter, yours — is no,







Yours Is No Dis-grace. — Yours Is No Dis-grace. Death de - fy - ing, mu -






- ti - lat - ed ar - mies scat - ter the earth, — Crawl - ing out — of dirt -

r.h. - pp
l.h. - legato

p

r.h. - pp
l.h. - legato






- y holes, - their mor-als, their mor-als dis - ap - pear. —





Yes - ter - day — a morn - ing came, — a smile up - on —






your face, Cae - sar's pal - ace, morn - ing glo - ry, sil - ly hu - man, sil -




- ly hu - man, sil - ly hu - man race. —

8va basso —

D **E** **G**

On a sail - ing ship — to no - where, leav - ing an - y -

8va basso

C **D** **E** **G**

- place, If the sum - mer change — to win - ter, yours is no, —

8va basso

C **Bm** **C** *D.S. $\frac{3}{4}$ al Coda*

Yours Is No — Dis - grace. — Yours Is No — Dis - grace.

8va basso

Coda **Bb**

r.h. white key gliss. (fingernails, hand moves backward)

8va basso

l.h. black key gliss. (thumbnail)

8va basso

fade to top of keyboard

Zogen einst fünf wilde Schwäne

(A) D A D E7 A

Zo - gen einst fünf wil - de Schwä-ne, Schwä-ne leuch-tend weiß und schön.

5 E7 A E (Bm) E7 1. A (F#m) (C#m) 2. A

Sing, sing, was ge-schah? Kei-ner ward mehr ge - se - hen. Ja! sehn.

1. Zogen einst fünf wilde Schwäne,
Schwäne leuchtend weiß und schön.
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keiner ward mehr gesehen. Ja!
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keiner ward mehr gesehen.

2. Wuchsen einst fünf junge Birken
schön und schlank am Bachesrand.
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keine in Blüten stand. Ja!
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keine in Blüten stand.

3. Zogen einst fünf junge Burschen
stolz und kühn zum Kampf hinaus.
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keiner kehrt nach Haus. Ja!
Keiner kehrt nach Haus.

4. Wuchsen einst fünf junge Mädchen
schön und schlank am Memelstrand.
Sing, sing, was geschah?
Keins den Brautkranz warf. Ja!
Keins den Brautkranz warf.

ZOMBIE

Lyrics and Music by
DOLORES O'RIORDAN

Heavy Rock beat



§



An - oth - er head _ hangs low - ly, child _ is slow - ly tak -
An - oth - er moth - er's break - ing heart _ is tak - ing o -



-en. And the vi - lence caused _ such si - lence; who _
-ver. When the vi - lence caus - es si - lence, we _

G D/F# Em


are we mis - tak - en? But, you see, it's not me, it's not my
must be mis - tak - en. It's the same old theme since nine -

C G D/F#

fam - i - ly. In your head, in your head they are fight - ing with their tanks
- teen six - teen. In your head, in your head they're still fight - ing with their tanks

Em C G

and their bombs and their bombs and their guns. In your head, in your head they are cry -
and their bombs and their bombs and their guns. In your head, in your head they are dy -

To Coda 

Chord diagrams: D/F# (D major, F# in bass), Em (E minor), C (C major).

do, do, do, do. _____

D.S. al Coda

Chord diagrams: G (G major), D^{sus2}/F# (D major, F# in bass, suspended 2nd).



Chord diagrams: Em (E minor), C (C major).

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, hey, oh,

Chord diagrams: G (G major), D/F# (D major, F# in bass), Em (E minor).

ya, ya.

Sheet music for guitar and piano, page 5. The score consists of four measures. The guitar part (top staff) has chords C, G, D^{sus2}/F[#], and Em. The piano part (bottom staff) has a continuous eighth-note bass line.

Chords: C, G, D^{sus2}/F[#], Em

Mahler
Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz'
(Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Im Volkston (ohne Sentimentalität, äusserst rhythmisch)

The first system features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note 'Zu' on a high pitch. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a triplet of eighth notes, then a triplet of sixteenth notes, and finally a triplet of eighth notes. The tempo marking *pp rit.* is present. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Mit starkem Pedalgebrauch

In gemessenem Marschtempo *ein wenig zurückhaltend*

The second system contains the first two lines of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: 'Strassburg auf der Schanz', da ging mein Trau-ern an! Das Alp-horn hört' ich'. The piano accompaniment features a steady march rhythm with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is present. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

The third system contains the third line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: 'drü-ben wohl an-stim-men, in's Va-ter-land musst' ich hin-ü-ber schwim-men, das'. The piano accompaniment continues the march rhythm with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is present. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

The fourth system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: 'ging ja nicht an, das ging ja nicht an!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady march rhythm with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The tempo marking *poco rit.* is present. The key signature has three flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

*) In allen diesen tiefen Trillern ist mit Hilfe des Pedals der Klang gedämpfter Trommeln nachzuahmen.

Ein' Stund' in der Nacht sie ha-ben mich gebracht; sie

führ - ten mich gleich vor des Haupt-mann's Haus! Ach Gott! Sie fisch-ten mich im

Stro - me aus! Mit mir ist es aus, mit mir ist es aus!

p streng im Takt

Früh morgens um zehn Uhr stellt man mich vor's Re- gi-ment! Ich

The image displays a page from a musical score for Franz Schubert's opera 'Die Räuber'. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are in German.

Lyrics:

soll da bit-ten um Par - don, um Par-don! und ich be - komm' doch mei - nen Lohn und ich be -
 komm' doch mei - nen Lohn! Das weiss ich schon, das weiss ich schon!
 Ihr
 Brü - der all' zu - - mal, ihr Brü - der all' zu - -

Performance Instructions:

- schauernd* (shakingly) above the first vocal line.
- f* (forte), *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), *pp* (pianissimo), *pppp* (pianississimo).
- trm* (trill) markings above various notes in the piano accompaniment.
- 8va bassa* (8th octave lower) marking below the piano part.

(Die unteren Noten für Sänger, die über keine Kopfstimme verfügen.)

pp

mal, heut' seht ihr mich zum letz-ten mal, heut seht ihr mich zum letz-ten mal! Der
zart hervortretend

pp

poco rit. *espr.*

Hir-ten-bub' ist nur schuld da-ran! Das

(Schalmei.)

pp poco accel. *pp poco rit.* *p*

a tempo

Alphorn hat mir's an-ge-than, das hat mir's an-ge - than! Das klag' ich an, das

a tempo

f *p* *f*

p

klag' ich an!

p *pp* *ppp*

Марку Бернесу,
для которого эта песня была последней.

ЖУРАВЛИ

Слова Расула ГАМЗАТОВА

Перевод с аварского Наума Гребнева

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Музыка Я. ФРЕНКЕЛЯ

Неторопливо H^7 Em

нар p

H^7 Em H^7 A_- A_- M 7

Em H^7 Em A_- A_- M 7 Мне

Em H^7 ка-жет-ся по-ро-ю, что сол-да-ты, с кро-

M 7

Музыкальный фрагмент 1. Ключ: D major (два диэза). Темп: 7/8. Аккорды: H⁷, Em.

Голос: ва - вых не при-шед - ши - е по - лей, не

Правая рука фортепиано: мелодическая линия с шестнадцатыми и восьмыми нотами.

Левая рука фортепиано: басовая линия с октавами и аккордами.

Музыкальный фрагмент 2. Ключ: D major. Темп: 7/8. Аккорды: Em, H⁷.

Голос: в зем - лю на - шу по - лег - ли ко - гда - то.

Правая рука фортепиано: мелодическая линия с шестнадцатыми и восьмыми нотами.

Левая рука фортепиано: басовая линия с октавами и аккордами.

Музыкальный фрагмент 3. Ключ: D major. Темп: 7/8. Аккорды: H⁷, Em.

Голос: а пре-вра-ти - лись в бе - лых жу - рав - лей. О.

Правая рука фортепиано: мелодическая линия с шестнадцатыми и восьмыми нотами.

Левая рука фортепиано: басовая линия с октавами и аккордами.

Музыкальный фрагмент 4. Ключ: D major. Темп: 7/8. Аккорды: Em, Am, H⁷.

Голос: - ни до сей по-ры с вре-мен тех даль - них ле - тят и по - да-ют нам го-ло.

Правая рука фортепиано: мелодическая линия с шестнадцатыми и восьмыми нотами.

Левая рука фортепиано: басовая линия с октавами и аккордами.

Em Am H7 C

- са. Не по-то - му ль так ча - сто и пе - чаль - но мы за-мол.

M 7 Б

F#7 H7 Em H7

- ка - ем, глядя вне-бе - са. А, а,

7 7 M 7

Em H7 Em

а, а, Ле -

M 7 M

Em H7

- тит, ле - тит по не - бу клин у - ста - лый, ле -

M 7

Н⁷ Еm Еm

-тит в ту-ма-не на ис-хо-де дня, и в том стро-ю есть про-ме-жу-ток

Н⁷ Н⁷

ма-лый,— быть мо-жет, э-то ме-сто для ме-

Еm Еm Am

-ня. На-ста-нет день, ис жу-равли-ной ста-ей я

Н⁷ Еm

по-плы-ву в та-кой же си-зой мгле, из-под не-

Am H7 C

- бес по-пти - чьи о-кли - ка - я всех вас, ко-

M 7 Б

E#7 H7 Em 8 9 Em

- го оста - вил на зем - ле. А - // лей. А -

7 7 M M

H7 Em H7

А - А - А -

7 M 7

Em

8

M

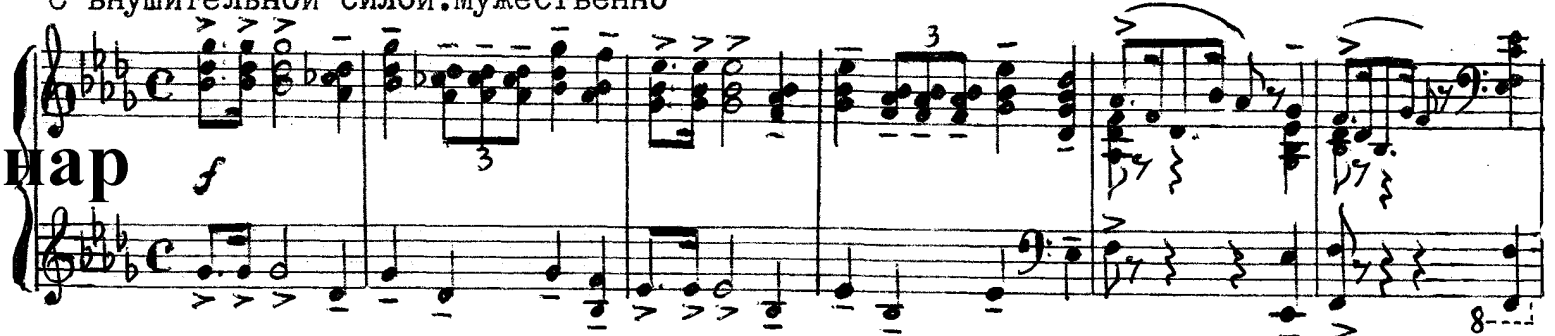
Слова А.Жарова

МЫ ЗА МИР

Музыка С.ТУЛИКОВА
Ноты с сайта - www.notarhiv.ru

С внушительной силой. Мужественно

нар



mf Всей зем-ли на-род пусть тре-во-гу бьёт:

dim. 3 *mf*



бу-дем мир бе-речь! Вста-нем, как один, - ска-жем: не да-дим вновь вой-ну за-

припев



-речь! Мы за мир! И пес-ню э-ту по-не-сём, дру-зья, по све - ту.

Пусть о-на в серд-цах лю-дей зву-чит: сме-лей, впе-рёд, за мир!.. Не бы вать вой-

-не-по-жа-ру, не пы-лать зем-но-му ша-ру! На-ша во-ля твёр-же чем гра-нит.

твёр-же, чем гра-нит.

ff *sff* *sff*

2. Есть у нас наказ:
Строй народных масс
Дружбой укреплять,
Чтобы не могли
Изверги земли
Голову поднять!

Припев: Мы за мир! И песню эту
Понесём, друзья, по свету.
Пусть она в сердцах людей звучит:
Смелей, вперёд, за мир!..
Не бывать войне-пожару,
Не пылать земному шару!
Наша воля твёрже, чем гранит.

3. Наших сил не счесть.
Мы стоим за честь
Братства и труда.
Наш заветный знак, —
Всей земли маяк —
Красная Звезда.

Припев:

РУССКОЕ ПОЛЕ

Слова В. ЛАЗАРЕВА

Музыка Р. МАНУКОВА

Широко, напевно

нар *tr*

У - па - ди, да -

- ре - на - я ро - са, рас - сту - пи - тесь, си - ни - е ле -

- са... За - све - тил - ся в по - ле ко - ло - коль -

В

чик и по - ет на го - ло - са... Ой, ты,

по - люш - ко - раз - доль - е, свет - лый край мо -

- ей зем - ли! Ты пе - чаль у - но - сишь,

Для повторения

по - ле, и те - ря - ешь - ся вда - ли...

Для окончания

- ли...

Упади, дареная роса,
Расступитесь, синие леса...
Засветился в поле колокольчик
И поет на голоса...

Припев: Ой, ты, полюшко-раздолье,
Светлый край моей земли!
Ты печаль уносишь, поле,
И теряешься вдали...

Здесь меня отец на руки брал,
Над широким полем поднимал.
Ох, меня мальчишка в этом поле
Первый раз поцеловал.

Припев.

Если поле русское вздохнет,
Запах меда ветер принесет,
А приснится в стороне далекой,
Прямо за душу возьмет.

Припев.

Я опять вернусь издалека,
И нахлынет свежесть, как река,
И пройдут по травам, замирая,
Легкой тенью облака.

Припев.

ХОТЯТ ЛИ РУССКИЕ ВОЙНЫ?

Слова Е. ЕВТУШЕНКО

Ноты с сайта - www.notarhiv.ru

Музыка Э. КОЛМАНОВСКОГО

Широко, певуче

нар

pp

В сдержанном темпе $\text{♩} = 100$

Cm

Хотят ли русские войны?

Спроси - те

вы утиши - ны

над ширью пашени полей

и убе -

- рез, и то - по - лей.

Спроси - те вы

у тех

сол.

Fm⁶ G⁷ Bm⁶ C⁷ Fm

—дат, что под бе — ре — за-ми ле — жат,

Fm⁷⁺ Fm⁷ B⁷ Eb Eb⁷⁺ Eb⁷ *p* C⁷

и вам от — ве — тят их сы — ны — хо-тят ли

Fm Ab⁶ B⁷ Eb⁷⁺ Eb⁷ Ab⁷⁺ *f* Ab⁷ Fm⁶

рус — ски-е, хо-тят ли рус — ски-е, хо-тят ли рус — ски-е

Db⁹ G⁷ Cm G⁷ 1. Cm *p* 2. Cm

вой — ны! Не толь-ко // Да, мы у-

Cm Cm Fm Fm Fm
 M M M M M M M

Cm Cm Gm Eb6 Ab Cm Fm Ab
 3 М Б М М Б Б Б

Ab Eb Gm Eb7 *p* Fm6 G7
 Пой-мет и до-кер, и ры-

Fm6 G7 Bm6 C7 Fm
 -бак, пой-мет ра-бо-чий и бат-рак,

Fm⁷⁺ *f* Fm⁷ B⁷ E^b E^b7 *p* C⁷
 пой-мет на - род лю - бой стра - ны— хо-тят ли

Fm A^b6 B⁷ E^b7+ E^b7 A^b7+ *f* A^b7 Fm⁶
 рус - ски-е, хо-тят ли рус - ски-е, хо-тят ли рус - ски-е

D^b7 G⁷ Cm
 вой - ны!

Хотят ли русские войны?
Спросите вы у тишины
Над ширью пашен и полей
И у берез, и тополей.
Спросите вы у тех солдат,
Что под березами лежат,
И вам ответят их сыны—
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские войны!

Не только за свою страну
Они погибли в ту войну,
А чтобы люди всей земли
Спокойно ночью спать могли.
Спросите тех, кто воевал,
Кто вас на Эльбе обнимал,—
Мы этой памяти верны,—
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские войны!

Да, мы умеем воевать,
Но не хотим чтобы опять
Солдаты падали в бою
На землю горькую свою.
Спросите вы у матерей,
Спросите у жены моей,
И вы тогда понять должны—
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские войны!

Поймет и докер, и рыбак,
Поймет рабочий и батрак,
Поймет народ любой страны—
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские,
Хотят ли русские войны!

